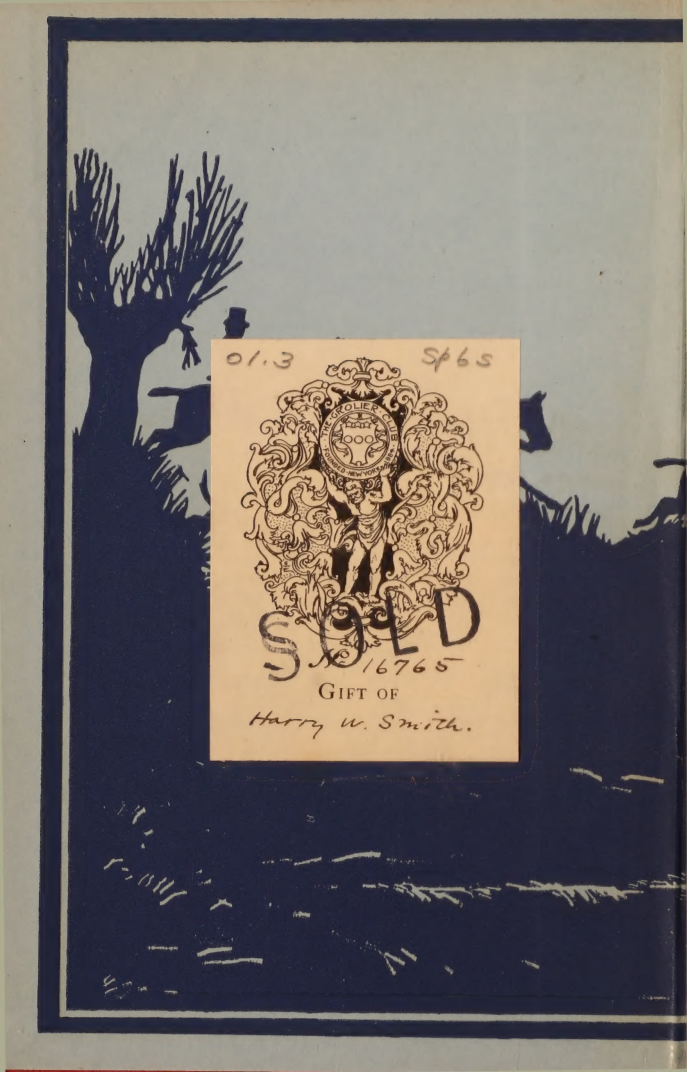
A SPORTING TOUR

THROUGH IRELAND, ENGLAND, WALES AND FRANCE

HARRY WORCESTER SMITH



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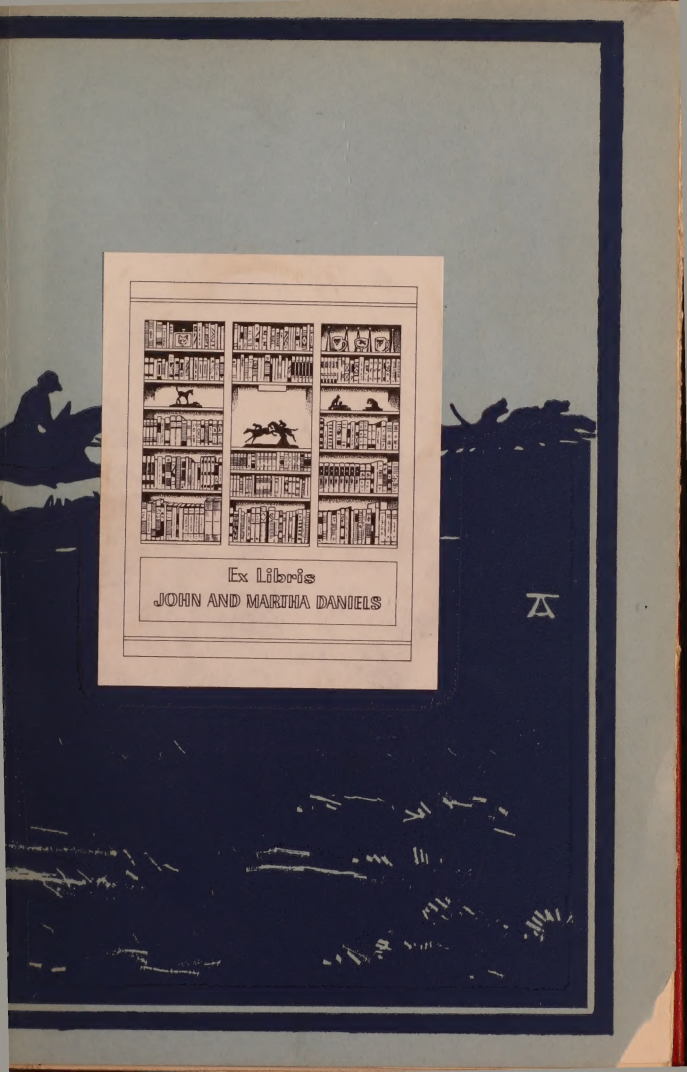
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A SPORTING TOUR THROUGH
IRELAND, ENGLAND, WALES AND FRANCE

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Harry Worcester Smith.

To the Bowlers Club
from the Author

D.C./1925

Westmeath Hounds. Porters Lodge. Knockdrin Castle.
Tom Jenner on Success. the Master on The Cad.
Jackey Brown on Sir Ritchie.

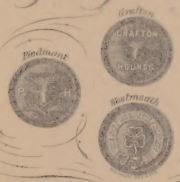
A Sporting Tour

THROUGH IRELAND, ENGLAND, WALES AND FRANCE

by

Harry Worcester Smith

Master of Foxhounds



IN TWO VOLUMES

Published by The State Company
Columbia, South Carolina

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A

SPORTING TOUR

THROUGH

IRELAND, ENGLAND, WALES AND FRANCE,

IN

THE YEARS 1912–1913:

INCLUDING A CONCISE DESCRIPTION OF THE

PACKS OF FOXHOUNDS, MODE OF HUNTING,

TYPES OF HORSES AND THE CRACK RIDERS.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON THE

History of the Counties of Ireland, the Castles and Cabins:

A VIEW OF THE CUSTOMS AND MANNERS OF THE

Irish People;

TOGETHER WITH A STORY OF

FOX HUNTING IN ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

AND A CHAPTER ON THE

WELSH AND MR. CURRE'S HOUNDS,

CONCLUDING WITH A WORD PICTURE IN DETAIL OF THE

GRAND NATIONAL STEEPLECHASE OF 1913

BY

HARRY WORCESTER SMITH,

LORDVALE, WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAVURES AND OVER SIXTY PHOTOGRAPHS FROM LIFE ILLUMINATING THE TEXT.

VOLUME I.

1925

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BY
HARRY WORCESTER SMITH

"Happy the man, who with unrival'd speed
Can pass his fellows, and with pleasure view
The struggling pack."

—SOMERVILLE.

DEDICATED TO

The Irish sportsmen and women who accorded a stranger every possible kindness and courtesy, and who not only welcomed him in the hunting field and by their firesides, but often gave him a lead over their country, the most *difficult* in the world to cross.

"And when you would say something that is sad
Speak how I fell."

—SHAKESPEARE.

PREFACE

The book which follows tells of a trip to the Emerald Isle for the hunting season, 1912-1913, with horses and hounds bred in the United States.

After having hunted with almost every pack in America and with five or six of the best in Leicestershire, England, I was interested, as a lover of the chase, to try my luck with the gallant sportsmen of Ireland. As I had always ridden "blood" horses, when accepting the Mastership of the Westmeath Hunt, I took with me the Grafton stud of registered thoroughbreds, listed later on with their records. What they did on the "Old Sod" the chapters tell.

When I first landed in Mullingar, all who came to see the string stated they were race horses, not hunters, and I was surprised to find how seldom the blood horse is found in the hunting fields of any of the Irish hunting countries. I felt sure of what my horses would do before taking them over, believing what one horse or man can do, another can accomplish; and I well knew a blood horse to be superior to one with a taint in his pedigree in following any pack in any country.

For years, in America, we had heard of the Irish hunters that Messrs. P. F. Collier, Lothrop Ames, Harry Hamlin, and others had imported from time to time, big, coarse hunting horses, which, they stated, were Irish hunters and could not be headed by any clean-bred horse over the banks and ditches of their native heath.

This seemed incredible to the hunting men in the States, and while the imported horses learned to jump our country well enough, when American hounds really ran, in Virginia and elsewhere, they were soon left in the ruck.

Before going across to Ireland, many Americans who had hunted there assured me that it would be impossible to ride American horses after the hounds until they had been thoroughly schooled, as the ditches, banks, and boreens were tremendous; some of them even said that unless a horse was bred to jump them, he would never learn.

My experiences show that the American horses soon learned the country, and although they were hunted after the Westmeath, Ballymacad, Limerick, Black and Tans, Tipperary, Kilkenny, Queen's County, and East Kilkenny Hounds, and over all sorts of obstacles—wide ditches, narrow ditches, broad banks, narrow banks, ditch and bank, walls, etc.—they were game to the core. Never was there a run from any covert in any country that they were not in the first flight, and with the exception of the time when Success was injured in the hunt from Horseleap, never was there a run in which they were not with the first three or four at the finish.

Old Sport, which one of my first whips rode in Ireland, was sold at the end of the season, and the next spring won a good Irish Point to Point, which shows how proficient he became.

When Captain E. Pennell Elmhirst (Brooksby) came to the States in 1894 and hunted at Meadow Brook, he wrote in *The Field* (London) that he was a strong believer in an occasional "nerve test," and that for one he could safely commend a ride over the timber fences of Long Island.

Any one riding horses over an Irish country will also have a "nerve test", but allow me to say that if they want to get the sublime test of all, let them ride American thoroughbreds just off the race track over the same country. To one in search of sensations there is nothing more interesting or startling.

For years I had believed that the greatest sport was taking a green three-year-old out behind hounds, wait till he "found himself", and then let him slip along in their wake. This pleasure in the States had become an old story, so the season in Ireland gave me the added dash of exhilaration which I had looked forward to, and although I "met the ground" some thirty-eight times in seven short months, I got up each time hungry for the next.

"Atty" Persse, the well-known English trainer, I had met when he was steeplechasing in the States a number of years before. We had many a good hunt together in Westmeath, and when he saw how "saucily" the American horses went, he dubbed me "Worcestershire"; but towards the end of the season,

when he found that nothing would stop them—as he and I were often fighting it out at the finish—he changed it to "Tabasco", for, he said, he wanted to get something that was even sharper and keener.

Persse was one of the best men I have ridden with to hounds, full of mirth and unselfish to a degree. He was one of the crack gentlemen riders of the nineties, heading the list for two seasons in the U. S.

When I accepted the Mastership of the Westmeath, I did so with the understanding that I could hunt my American hounds in the country unhunted by the Westmeath packs, and I appreciated the fact that although the outside country might be bad for sport, I would at least have the opportunity of testing out my hounds, and I hoped that even in the unused country there would be a chance of some sort of wild fox-hunting.

The Grafton hounds of course were handicapped by being kept six months in quarantine before sailing and three months after their arrival in London, so that the six couple of young entry during their life of eighteen months had been yarded up for exactly half that time, and before sailing for Ireland never had their noses to the ground, because I had to make a sworn statement to that effect to the Department of Agriculture and Fisheries. Had they been taken out only once, it would have been impossible to have procured their deliverance from quarantine after three months, and they would have had to stay for the full term of six months.

Although they never were allowed *once* to hunt a good country in Westmeath, I was perfectly satisfied with their performance, and the runs described at Lediston and Crookedwood in the Appendix on "Horses and Hounds" showed that they were rapidly rounding to shape when the Executive Committee requested me to take my hounds to Moate and confine my hunting to that impossible district.

There I soon found out that starting foxes which ran out on to the bog three or four miles, only to turn back and go to ground (where not one inch of the run could be followed on

foot or horse) was poor sport, so as the Diary of the Grafton Hounds shows, I sent them back to their kennels.

Many may ask why, as Master of the Westmeath, I did not hunt my American hounds where I pleased. In answer to that I would state that I took the Mastership and agreed "to hunt the country in a way acceptable to the Committee", and if the Committee had requested me not to take the American hounds to covert in their Westmeath country I would have followed their command without a word.

As a sportsman representing America, I had not journeyed three thousand miles to enter into any conflict or discussion with any one, and I had not been in the country three days before I found that any opportunity of giving the American hounds a fair trial was impossible.

As my Diary of the Grafton Hounds shows, I did not take this ruling of the Committee to heart for the reason that, as Lord Roberts said of India, "When you go to a country you must conform to the habits of that country if you wish to be successful."

The Westmeath Hounds have been kept up as a pack since 1740, thirty-six years before our Revolution. For years the Committee and the countryside had subscribed to the hounds as did their fathers before them, and coverts had been planted here and there. Not only were they perfectly satisfied with the sport shown by their own pack, but they were not interested that there should be any test of the two breeds.

So much for horses and hounds! Now as to the people of the country. They are hard-riding, keen, and game to the core. No more sporting race exists than the Irish, and let a sportsman go into any hunting field in Ireland, ride straight, and pay his subscription, then he is soon welcome everywhere.

H. W. S.

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CHAPTER I.

AN AMERICAN M. F. H. IN IRELAND

SIGHT OF ERIN'S ISLE FROM THE *LUSITANIA*—TRIP FROM LIVERPOOL TO NORTH WALL—SHIPMENT OF HORSES AND BAGGAGE TO MULLINGAR—THE MANSE—THE KENNELS—LOUGH OWEL—MIDDLETON PARK—BALLYGLASS—SCHOOLING HORSES—KILLUCAN HORSE SHOW—PRESS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM—FOOT AND MOUTH DISEASE—GALWAY BLAZERS PUPPY SHOW—RUINED HOUSES OF GALWAY—DONKEYS—GALWAY TRIBES—GILES EYRE—THE KENNELS AT GALWAY—THE SHOW—MOYODE CASTLE, THE HOME OF BURTON PERSSE—DUNSANDLE CASTLE—EASTWELL—GARBALLY PARK—LORD CLANCARTY AND BELLE BILTON—KNOCKDRIN CASTLE.

MONDAY, August 12, 1912, came the welcome cry of "Land" after five days of ploughing the smooth seas in the *Lusitania*, and to the north of us we saw the rocky headlands of the islands on the south coast of Ireland.

Varied sensations raced through my brain. By the aid of the wireless I knew that the *Devonian* of the Leyland Line, bearing my son, Crompton, seventeen horses, and the colored servants, was not far off. My hounds were already in quarantine in London. Thus all that I had worked for many years to bring to perfection was, to a certain extent, at the mercy of the wind and tide and strange hands. Would the horses jump the country as I had for years figured they must; and would the hounds show sport on the very land of the enemy?

The next morning we landed at Liverpool. My agent met me on the dock and told me that the *Devonian* was already in, and by five o'clock all the horses were unloaded and being put through the twenty-four-hour Maline test for glanders.

At the end of two days we had the proper papers for the Dublin authorities, and on Thursday night, the fifteenth, the horses were on the Dublin packet bound for the Emerald Isle. That night I met one or two wealthy farmers from Westmeath who had been over selling their cattle, and they were the first to extend a hearty welcome to me as Master of the country.

Friday morning, bright and early, I was on the deck, and soon the beautiful green of Ireland grew plainer and plainer, as the little packet steamed up Dublin Harbor. The horses,

baggage, etc. were unloaded at the celebrated North Wall, and I engaged a special train, so that by ten a. m. all were reloaded and started for Mullingar. The negroes caused a great deal of comment on the dock, as did also the black-red gamecock my trainer, Wheeler, had brought with him. Every one was most courteous in helping to hold the horses, move the luggage, and so forth. The onlookers seemed to think it was a most energetic undertaking for one to come so far for sport, but as one of them remarked, "Americans will do anything."

The following appeared in the *Irish Herald* that evening:

NIGGERS AND HORSES

REMARKABLE ARRIVALS AT NORTH WALL

AN AMERICAN'S CURIOUS RETINUE

By the cross-sea steamer *Carlow* from Liverpool there arrived at the North Wall this morning Mr. Harry Worcester Smith, together with his youngish son, seven niggers, a string of seventeen horses, one big game-cock, one motor car, three Yankee four-wheel "buggies" and a two-wheel "sulkey" used for the limbering up of trotters.

Mr. Smith, whom one of the niggers characterized as "one of dem awfully rich Americans", landed in Liverpool this week by the steamer *Lusitania* with his miscellaneous retinue. He is stated to be a wealthy Mill owner from Massachusetts, U. S. A.

His motor car, the "buggies", and the "sulkey" are painted yellow.

Mr. Smith was met on board the *Carlow* by a Mullingar gentleman.

The miscellaneous cargo having been discharged, Mr. Smith was surrounded by a great crowd of dockers. To some of these he passed out seventeen shillings for holding his horses while the niggers were arranging for the luggage.

Mr. Smith then mounted the running-board of his yellow motor car, bowed very low, and with his cap pulled low over

his ears he cried out to the dockers, "Gentlemen, I thank you for your very kind reception."

With this he took his seat in the motor car which his son was driving, and they rolled away to the Railway Station, the niggers leading the seventeen horses. One "Coon" carried the game-cock under his arm.

When asked why he had fetched the bird over from the States, he said, "Why, Boss this ye'ah horse wouldn't work or run in de hunt if he couldn't see dis game-cock ebery morning and hear him crow."

The mixed cargo was put aboard special train for Mullingar.

How different were the facts. At North Wall, as each of the seventeen horses trotted up the chute from the boat, a willing hand seized him, until they were all in the yard opposite, separately held. Turning to the foreman of the steam packet, I said "Are those your men holding the horses?" He said, "No, those are dockers." I asked "How much do I pay them?", and he replied, "You had better make your own trade."

As we should be delayed for one and a half hours, I went over to the dockers and said, "There is a shilling apiece for each man for one and a half hours while my servants are gone to breakfast." Before you could say Jack Robinson, they all struck, and Crompton and another man and myself suddenly became very busy holding the seventeen horses. I promptly put the leaders of the strike out of the yard and arranged to pay the remainder one shilling and sixpence each. This worked well until I began to pay them off, when, not having any sixpences, I lined them up in pairs.

I handed the first man three shillings and told him to divide it with his partner. He looked at me with a far-off smile, and the last I saw of him he was breaking the tape at the end of the dock. Then came another interval of ten minutes before exact change could be procured.

By this time the leaders of the strike were back, and in the true Dublin docker style asked if they could not be of some service. It was to this pack of human cormorants that flock

about the incoming steamers that I sarcastically took off my hat with thanks for their courteous attention.

But be that as it may, the seventeen horses, the seven niggers, the gamecock, the motor, the sulkey, as they termed it (an old breaking cart I bought in Genesco seventeen years ago), a Concord buggy of the 1890 vintage, and a small four-wheel trap of earlier date, all of oriole hue, caught the attention of every one.

The newspaper article was copied in all the leading papers of England, Ireland, and Scotland, and soon I was besieged by letters from sporting men who wished to make a match against the gamecock, from others who wanted to borrow money, and from a large number who desired to enter my employment. Shortly after these came an avalanche of letters from those who wished to furnish my house, install lighting plants, and so forth.

We went by motor through the ancient city of Dublin, which is most attractive, then through a mile or so of beautiful Phoenix Park on to Mullingar. The fifty-mile trip down was uneventful, and although we ran through a part of Kildare, no opinion of it could be formed, as the road was low and the hedges high.

Friday afternoon saw us at The Manse, the little house my agent had taken until we could settle in comfortable quarters for the winter. About three p. m. we unloaded the horses, and the fun began. Every one in the town wanted to welcome the new Master, and every other one wanted a sixpence because he looked pleasant. It was your honor this, your honor that, and it was with difficulty the negroes could get anything done, as they were besieged on all sides. At last the cavalcade was started for Culleen, where the kennels lay charmingly located on top of a hill just at the west gate of Knockdrin Castle.

There we found everything in order, the stalls well whitewashed and tarred, and the whole place as neat as wax. After the horses had been put away in the roomy box stalls, I looked over the big Irish hunters which Mr. Pollok had bought for

JACK BROWN FROM A SKETCH BY G. D. ARMOUR

From *The Passing Years* by Lord Willoughby de Broke, 1924, by courtesy of Constable & Co., Limited.

me. The horses were of the Irish type, heavy, and, to my mind, clumsy.

That night I had a good sleep with at least two thirds of the worry gone, for when one has been longing to do something for ten or fifteen years and then suddenly finds that he can do it, there is naturally a great deal of pleasurable excitement. Add to that the planning and detail of moving a whole establishment from Grafton, U. S. A. to Mullingar, United Kingdom, and it is easily seen my brain had been busy, so that when the whole retinue was landed, the "let down" came.

Saturday we visited the kennels, straightened things out, and were glad to see that every horse had come over without a cough or cold, and all were busy eating and as happy as they were at Lordvale. We next inspected the hounds under the care of the noted Jack Brown, who beamed all over his large red face. We first saw the dog pack, then the bitch pack, and then the young entry. I never saw hounds in such condition; they fairly bloomed. Where they were tan, it was rich and mellow, where they were black, it was like satin, and their eyes were bright and snappy. I spent fully an hour looking them over and had not then done one quarter of the work.

Lucky Westmeath was to have Jack Brown, whose past was a repetition of successes. His first Master was Lord Harrington, who, at seventy, was still one of the keenest sportsmen in England. Brown then went to Warwickshire to the late Willoughby de Broke, the greatest Master England has seen in two generations. Then he came to Westmeath through the retiring Master, Mr. Frank Barbour, who had done all in his power, during his five years of leadership, to breed up a splendid pack.

Sunday we took a charming run in the motor towards Lough Owel and got a view of the country. The houses are stone generally, with thatched roofs; all are clean and neat, and the majority are painted white. Even the humblest had flowers

in their yards. All the hedges were well cut, and the whole country looked like a big garden.

On the way to Middleton Park, where we were to lunch, we ran by one of the best coverts, Frewin Hill, a small gorse covert, but splendidly located for sport.

Middleton Park, down below Castletown-Geoghegan, has a splendid avenue and a fine mansion of stone and plaster built some two hundred years ago, with a grand entrance hall, broad stairway, and large reception rooms. Oil paintings of ancestors hung on every wall, especially in the dining room, which was furnished at each end with wonderfully carved oak side-tables. I was given the seat of honor on the right of Mrs. Boyd Rochfort.

The name Rochfort is an old one, one ancestor being Lord Belvedere, whose predecessors carried the title before Cromwell. A number of the gentry had been asked to meet us, and we passed a most enjoyable luncheon hour, Crompton especially having a grand time. Afterwards we walked over the grounds, which consist of tennis courts, a splendid garden bounded by stone walls, farm buildings and stallion barns, all made of stone.

One is impressed with the great use to which stone is put in Ireland; there are stone houses, stone walls, stone buildings great and small, large stone posts at the entrance to every field; in fact, the whole country seemed to be substantial and comfortable.

The people are simply charming; as Master, I was welcomed everywhere, and each and all went out of their way to confer every possible favor. The conversation at luncheon had a truly sporting flavor, for Mrs. Boyd Rochfort's brother, Mr. Ussher, was the leading gentleman rider in England the year before, and her sister's husband, Mr. Freake, had been selected by the Duke of Westminster as a contestant at Meadow Brook for the International Polo Cup. Her husband, Mr. G. A. Boyd Roch-

GRAFTON CRACKS IN IRELAND.
Tom Jenner on Sir Ritchie. The Master on Success, Jackie Brown on The Cad.

THE FAITHFUL GRAFTON HUNT SERVANTS.
Norman Brooks, Dolph Wheeler, Sam Webster, Wiley Thrash, Joe Thomas.

fort, had gone to Scotland for the twelfth, the opening day for grouse shooting, and had not returned.

After tea we started home. My motor proved a splendid car for the Irish roads. There was no dust, for it rains two or three times a day, but not enough to trouble about, and every tree, shrub, and flower, seemed to vie with one another in perfection of growth and color.

Monday brought a little more settling and then a trip to Ballyglass, a charming mansion on the outskirts of the town towards the kennels. I at once arranged with the owner to take Ballyglass, and the next day saw us moving the great packing cases, forty in number, from the station to the house, so that all the books, chairs, lounges, rugs, and pictures which had become dear to me by association at Lordvale, Genesee Valley, Piedmont Valley, and Leesburg should again be near me over three thousand miles from home.

In engaging servants for Ballyglass, I was surprised at the wages paid; for instance, a first-class cook received twenty-five pounds, or one hundred and twenty-five dollars, a year; a good second girl one hundred dollars a year; a valet about the same price; and a capital chauffeur about one pound per week.

The price for shoeing a horse all round was four shillings, or a dollar; good hay was fifteen dollars a ton, and living was approximately one third less than in America.

Tuesday bright and early saw us at the kennels. Soon all were mounted and headed towards town. I rode Success; Crompton, Splitwood; Wheeler, Sport; Joe Thomas was on Sir Ritchie, and Norman Brooks on See Saw.

In town we met a number of sportsmen and women, and where we were to school the horses quite a cavalcade had formed. Mrs. Boyd Rochfort and her house-party had come over; members of the hunt were there, and soldiers from the garrison. Harry Rich from Ballinagore, who had been in America playing polo two or three years before and was as strong a man as I ever saw on a horse, led the way.

For one hour and a half he was closely followed by Crompton and myself, and then the rest of the string, over every conceivable sort of ditch and bank, narrow bank (which is a little thin bank between two ditches), and double banks where you jump a ditch four feet wide on to a big bank which rises four or five feet high in the middle, and then jump off that over another ditch on the ground.

I never felt prouder of my horses than I did that morning, and even the sportsmen present had to acknowledge that our mounts were wonders. Every jump was strange to them, yet instead of fighting not to jump, they looked about and did their best to follow. After every jump we from America would cast an enthusiastic eye towards each other, and on the trip home the decision was, "Well, if that's the worst we have got to do, we shall not be last every time."

The next morning we had another school. I rode Scribbler; Wheeler, The Squaw; Crompton, Stripling; Joe Thomas, Sherwood; and Norman, Nattie Bumppo. This time we schooled over an entirely different country. First, Mr. Rich led the way off the road, straight down a bank wall five feet, then over a small ditch, and up a bank wall fully four feet. Happy was I when each horse of the second squad checked off these three good jumps.

Then we went to the regular training grounds which young Mr. Large had in perfect order for us. There were brooks three and five feet wide, with three-foot walls on the landing side, and big double ditches five feet deep. All the horses went well again, especially Sherwood and Stripling.

Nattie jumped a little quick, but made a clear performance each time. Scribbler, who had not been out since he landed, bucked all the way from the kennels to the town, and about half the time on the schooling ground. Time and again he had me almost off; but how he did jump the country—as elastic as a steel spring!

The Squaw did not start off very well. She had only been schooled a few times at home, consequently young Large

THE LATE LORD LONGFORD.
Ex-Master of the Westmeath Hunt.

ANCIENT CORPORATE SEAL OF MULLINGAR.
—From "Annals of Westmeath" by James Woods.

put a long rope from each ring of the bit down through the stirrup irons, keeping the latter in place by a stirrup leather passing through each iron and buckled under the horse's breast. Then he started to drive The Squaw over the jumps, guiding her by the ropes attached to the rings of her bit, and I never saw anything more skilfully done. Time and time again she would refuse, only to be started up by hits from the ropes on her sides, and within twenty minutes she was jumping like an old stager, which showed the great value of the rope method.

That afternoon we drove to Killucan, where there was a Horse Show and Fair in the Park. At the Show Grounds we met a large number of the Hunt Committee; Richard Reynell, Secretary; Lord Longford (the most generous supporter of the Hunt, who subscribed one hundred pounds a year, even though he resided during the hunting season in England); Sir Richard Levinge of Knockdrin Castle, who was there with his wife and his brother; Colonel Fetherstonhaugh, and others.

I was much impressed with Lord Longford; he was about fifty-two years old, the embodiment of a high-bred, cultured gentleman. He gave me a cordial welcome to Ireland, and permission to draw his coverts at any time and an invitation to stop at Pakenham Hall when hunting up his way.

The Show itself did not amount to much. What interested me most were the contests in dancing. Young Irish girls with their hair just out of braids got up on a platform where a fiddler sat, and danced for five or ten minutes, while twenty other competitors and the crowd kept their eyes glued upon them.

The horses jumping were not high-class, and bore out the statement so often made that it is impossible to keep a good horse in Ireland. Agents from England, France, Italy, Germany, and Belgium are continually scouring the country, and it is never necessary for the owner to leave his gate to make a sale, for the buyers are swarming everywhere in motors.

The jumps themselves were not difficult, and a dozen of our horses could have won. I saw Mr. Large down at the Show, and

he said he would be very glad to drive The Cad and Sallust over his training grounds by ropes on Saturday, and I promptly availed myself of the opportunity. Thinking as much as I did of The Cad, I wanted to see that he had every chance to start the game properly, for surely seventeen years of true friendship merited every attention I could give him.

As I saw the great advantage of the system of roping the horses, I later engaged a capital man to go to the kennels and help Wheeler drive them over the ditches and banks and give them a fall or two to make them thoroughly understand what was wanted of them.

I planned to get in as much sport as possible before the cubbing commenced, and as the Puppy Show of the Galway Blazers, one of the best Hunts in Ireland and spoken of in Lever's novels, was to be held within a day or two, we decided to run up, especially as Jack Brown, my kennel huntsman, and the huntsman of the Meath were to judge the young entry. It was a seventy-mile run but well worth while, as Galway is one of the stone-wall counties of Ireland and very different from the ditches and double banks of Westmeath.

That the press in the United Kingdom are not slow is shown from the fact that an appointment had to be made to meet the Dublin correspondent of the *New York Herald*, who wanted to get my impressions of Ireland, and *The Sporting and Dramatic* from London arranged to send over their photographer to take pictures of the negroes, the hunters, and the gamecock.

Many of the leading sportsmen of the county who visited the stables were loud in their praise of my hunters, which, they said, were "race horses", in their opinion. Perhaps they were right, but as events proved, the race horses showed they could jump as well as run.

The Spratts Company advised me weekly in regard to my hounds, and stated that they were in good order, and I felt that if I could only get a chance to give them a fair show in Ireland, they would prove as satisfactory as the horses. I knew that

they should run like smoke, for the coverts were small and well situated, the going clean, and there was almost no woodland. In fact, there are only two or three parks or woods where we got cub hunting, and less than two per cent of the area of Ireland is woodland.

Crompton and I now began to look forward to the gala week of the Horse Show in Dublin. Already the theatres were displaying cards of the best English attractions, and rooms at the Shelbourne were at double premium, as horse buyers and sportsmen all over the world make Dublin Show a Mecca each year.

The only fly in the ointment thus far was the foot and mouth disease among the cattle. It had not reached Westmeath, but it was in Meath, and there was some talk of stopping hunting in that country, for the hounds running from field to field might carry the disease.

Thursday, August 22, we started in the motor for Galway, which is the extreme west of Ireland. Galway Town is only three and a half days by steamship from Halifax, and has one of the most beautiful harbors in the world. It seems that in the seventeenth century this port used to do a large amount of shipping with Spain, and to-day in Galway can be seen old, ruined stone houses built about courtyards after the manner of the Spanish homes.

The Galway families, or Tribes, as they used to be called, are very proud, and any descendants of the Martins, Blakes, and others, are not ashamed of their name.

Perhaps from Spain also first came the donkeys which to-day are scattered all over Ireland, and which furnish the chief means of transportation. A more honest little animal was never bred, and frequently they are seen trudging along with a load behind them weighing five or six times as much as themselves.

After running thirty miles west, we came to the little town of Banagher beside the Shannon. When Oliver Cromwell came to subdue Ireland, he was held up by the inhabitants of

Banagher, and when his cannon finally opened the walls, he said, "That bangs Banagher."

Far up on the hills of Galway, as one drives from the Shannon, can be seen seven clumps of trees which are visible from the country for miles around, and are called "The seven daughters of Eyre."

Giles Eyre, one of the first Masters of Hounds in Ireland, was a great sportsman and lived at Eyre Court, a wonderful old mansion of the sixteenth century, with a splendid, carved-oak staircase, and, strange to say, oak window-sills also carved. We drove a little out of our way so as to see the mansion and run through the park, and therefore went through a portion of the King's County country, over which Assheton Biddulph has been Master for thirty years. He was an unusual character, living entirely for his hounds, and has his own idea as to their breeding and looks. When all of the Hunts in Ireland were stopped on account of the Land Agitation, he refused to withdraw, but hunted regularly, naming his meets in one direction and then hunting exactly opposite. He ran his hounds all times of the day and night, and showed conclusively that at least one man could not be beaten.

Soon we had left the bank and ditch country and come to the stone walls of Galway—and what walls they were! All about four feet three inches high, fourteen to eighteen inches through at the bottom, and tapering up to the top, which is made of small stones, round and smooth, about the size of a cantaloupe. The ground originally must have been covered with these rocks, which have all been ploughed up and built into walls; where the rocks were very plentiful, the enclosures are even smaller. One place is actually called "The Pews", as there are simply walls on walls, so that the enclosures cannot be larger than an ordinary-sized room. One sportsman remarked, "I got into the open-air church once, and let me tell you it took some jumping to get out again." In looking over the country diagonally, you see nothing but gray walls; it seems like looking down the clapboards of the side of a house,

for as one wall laps on to the other, none of the green grass is seen.

Soon we were at the kennels, where the Master, young Mr. J. Pickersgill, received us cordially, and we did ample justice to a tempting luncheon of fresh salmon, hare pie, and Irish bacon. Liquids were not forgotten in the shape of champagne and Irish whiskey, with beer and ale for those who craved it.

The kennels at Galway are most attractive, and the stabling, servants' quarters, and the house for the Master are built about a square yard which makes a most convenient starting place for the Hunt.

The hounds were shown in one of the yards of the kennels, which were thoroughly up to date. There were seven and a half couple of dog hounds, and eight and a half couple of bitch hounds. It was the young entry, walked by such well-known names as the Honorable Mrs. Persse, Cleg Clare, Colonel Daly of Rockfert, J. Martin of Rockmore, Captain Daly of Dunsandle, and Shaw-Tayler of Castle Tayler. A number of the hounds were by Westmeath Dasher, and they ran well up in the winnings.

Mr. Pollok* and myself were brought into the yard while our kennel huntsman, Jack Brown, with the Meath huntsman, Fitzsimons, judged the classes. Mr. Pollok was glad to see a fine bitch by Kildare Veteran, which he said was as good a foxhound as he had ever followed, and he was greatly surprised to learn that he had been drafted from Kildare and bought by the Galway Blazers. Soon the old dog was brought out, and a grand specimèn of the light type he was, with enough neckcloth about him to betoken a good nose. Mr. Pollok said he was the best hunter he ever saw, would never leave a fox behind him, had a beautiful bell-note, and was well in front when hounds ran hard.

After the Show, I inquired the way to Moyode Castle, the home of Burton Persse, who for thirty years was at the head

*Mr. Pollok, Ex-Master of the Kildare, was engaged by me to hunt the Westmeath (English) pack.

of hunting in Galway and one of the greatest sportsmen in the annals of fox-hunting in the United Kingdom.

An old woman from the Lodge let us through the park gate into the avenue, which was overgrown and dank. After fully half a mile we drove into the open, and our eyes were transfixed with the beautiful sight before us. Oaks, beeches, and other trees were dotted here and there in the park, with sheep and cattle grazing under them. In a few moments the castle came in sight, and how majestic it looked! All of stone, with great towers at the ends: it seemed to say, "Although I have not been lived in for thirty years, I am still proud of my strength."

We ran through the stone-covered entrance into the coach yard, which was bounded on one side by the castle and on the other by the stabling, on the third side by the servants' quarters, and on the fourth side by the kennels. Soon the caretaker arrived and admitted us into the castle itself. What a succession of magnificent rooms! The first floor included a beautiful library, a spacious dining room with windows on two sides and open fireplaces everywhere, a butler's pantry, and ample kitchens. On the second floor were large bedrooms, at least eight in number, and on the third floor two or three more. The roof still withstood the advance of time, and even the plaster and in fact the paper in some of the rooms was in good condition.

What a flood of thoughts comes over one as he walks through the vaulted halls, for years and years deserted. How Lady Fair and Gallant Gay have whiled the hours away in the castle or idled in the grounds, where walks could still be discovered here and there, leading to different promontories guarded by huge rhododendrons, box, and monkey-trees; one imagines how gaily Burton Persse and his army of friends breakfasted and then gathered in the courtyard as they set out for the hunt, or, on their return, seated themselves about the mahogany table in the dining room and boasted of the events of the day, while flunkeys in satin breeches and silk stockings served their every wish!

Burton Persse was a keen old man and played the game to the limit. When times became bad in Ireland, he went to Lord Ardilaun, who was one of the firm of Guinness, the big brewers in Dublin, and mortgaged all his acres. When he died, as the heirs were not able to pay the mortgage, the place became the property of Lord Ardilaun, but the old sportsman had "lived" during his stay.

After leaving the castle, we went into the courtyard and then to the kennels. They were spacious, with a great walled yard for the dogs and bitches, and ample sleeping rooms with stone benches. In the yards themselves were the very stone flags on which old Persse had stood for hours, discussing with the huntsmen and the neighboring Masters the qualities of the different hounds.

Then we walked into the garden, the most interesting one I have ever seen. Every plot was bounded by box which was cut to the roots each year with the scythe, and was therefore green and fresh and about four inches high. Old pear and apple trees were scattered about, long past their usefulness; on the walls clung ivy and vines, for years in a tangle.

Like all the Irish places, Moyode is surrounded by a demesne wall, and it was at least ten minutes before we ran out of sight of it.

Three or four miles beyond is Dunsandle Castle, owned by Captain Daly, looking well kept and spacious in the distance; and eight or ten miles farther on lies Eastwell, where Mrs. Boyd Rochfort and her sisters and brothers—the Usshers—for years reigned supreme, and made it the happiest home in Galway.

Half-way home we ran by Garbally Park, owned by Lord Clancarty, who startled the world by marrying Belle Bilton, the actress. Stories are still rife as to how the couple amazed the countryside when they came home from their marriage tour. She would often turn up at the meets in a red coat, driving a spanking tandem from an outside or jaunting car, with Lord Clancarty on one side, and on the other the footman,

who waked the echoes of the walled roadways with merry coaching songs from a bugle which he carried. Nevertheless, she proved a good wife, and left a young heir and three children to mourn her death.

Garbally Park is in the remote part of Westmeath County, and is hunted possibly only once or twice in the season.

The next day we mounted our hunters and rode through the majestic stone archway, with its porter's lodge, at the entrance of Knockdrin. It was fully half a mile through the park to the castle. On the way we met Thomas Levinge, brother of Sir Richard, who said he would be glad to show us about the park, so that when we came cub-hunting in the next ten days we would know where to go. The castle is most attractive from the outside and as we were riding over the lawn, Lady Levinge sent a messenger to ask us to stop in for tea.

We rode for an hour all over the park and beside the charming lake below the castle, and got as good an idea of the country as one could get for the first time, especially at that season of the year, as everything was green and so obstructed the view. The park itself was splendidly laid out, beeches, oaks, larches, and evergreen trees being scattered all over the lawn, while the woods and the upper part of the estate afforded a splendid cover for the cub-hunting.

We found the inside of the castle even more interesting than the outside, as fair Lady Levinge had furnished it in a most homelike, attractive manner. We had tea in the beautiful reception room, and after a delightful twenty minutes wended our way back to the kennels.

Knockdrin Castle is three miles from Mullingar, a town of about five thousand inhabitants on the Royal Canal, which is in the centre of the Westmeath hunting country, and is best known to Americans by the quaint old saying:

"Beef to the heel like a Mullingar heifer,"

for, from ancient times it has been the seat of the great monthly fairs for cattle, sheep and swine.

KNOCKDRIN CASTLE.

Westmeath Hounds, the Master, Servants and American horses.

VICE-PRESIDENTS OF THE ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY.

The Marquess of Kildare.

The Hon. Lord Ashbourne.

The Hon. [illegible]

The Right Hon. the Earl of Rosse.

A WORLD-FAMED SHOW.

THE INCEPTION AND PROGRESS OF A GREAT ENTERPRISE.

AT a meeting of the Royal Dublin Society, held in Leinster House, on the 28th August, 1867, the late Lord Talbot de Malahide in the chair, and the Hon. George Handcock in the vice-chair, a report was read from the Committee of Agriculture recommending that the Royal Dublin Society should hold an Annual Horse Show. After a full discussion the recommendation was embodied in a resolution, that "this suggestion be adopted, reserving for further consideration the time that may appear most suitable for holding such proposed show, also that it be referred to a special committee to prepare and submit a plan for the Council, with a view to carrying out this resolution, and that the following noblemen and gentlemen be invited to act as a special committee of the proposed Horse Show, viz.—Lord Cloncurry (the late), Lord Crofton, (the late) Lord St. Lawrence (afterwards the Earl of Howth), Lord Langan (the late), the Right Hon. Richard Chaloner, Esq., John Wright, Esq., Col. Henry Attwell Lake, (the late), John Jameson, Esq. (the late), J. L. W. Napper, Esq. as Secretary, Lord Cloncurry, the Marquis of Downshire (the late), the Marquis of Drogheda, Colonel Taylor, M.P. for Co. Dublin (the late), R. C. Wade, Esq., Sir Robert Usher, Bart., Sir Percy Nugent, Bart., Alan Pollock, Esq. of Leinster, Co. Galway (the late), and Lord Dunlo (afterwards Earl of Clancarty, father of the present Lord). Two prizes were read, offering generous subscriptions towards prizes should the Society adopt the proposition of holding an annual show, one from Mr. John Wade promising the sum of £50, the other from Mr. Wm. Jury offering £25, and his personal assistance in collecting further subscriptions. Both gentlemen were accorded the thanks of the Council in return for their friendly offers, which were both accepted, and when we may say, was the great Dublin Horse Show started.

A special meeting was duly followed on the 19th October at which the Marquis of Kildare (afterwards 6th Duke of Leinster) occupied the chair, and the late Provost Lloyd the vice-chair, and at which it was resolved "That Messrs Barrows and Mr. Charles Cameron be requested to act on the Horse Show Committee" and that the Agricultural Committee should be asked to appoint each of their members as they saw fit. At a further meeting, held on the 14th November, the Agricultural Society was also created to co-operate with the Dublin Society in holding annual Horse Shows, and to nominate representative members to act on the committee. This society has ceased to exist, but has become merged in the larger body of The Royal Dublin Society.

The First Horse Show.

was held on the Society's premises, Kildare Street, on the 28th, 29th, and 30th July, 1868, the Council having granted a sum of £100 out of the Society's funds, to be awarded in prizes, in sums and for entries as under quoted.

£40 and £20 for Thoroughbred Horses or Mares in Stud Book, best calculated in opinion of judges to perpetuate and improve the breed of sound Thoroughbreds.

£25 and £12 10s. for Thoroughbred Sire calculated to get carriage, hunters, or good roadsters.

£20 and £10 for Weight carrying Hunters not less than 5 years old, and able to carry 14 stone and upwards.

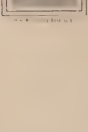
£15 and £7 for Hunters of 5 years old to carry 12 to 14 stone.

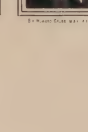
£20 and £10 for Young Horses, suitable for Harness, best four year old colt, able to carry 13 stone 7 lbs. also a Third Prize of Silver Medal for same.

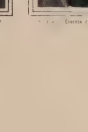
£15 and £7 10s., also Third Prize of Silver Medal for best Four Year old Filly, up to 13 stone 7 lbs.

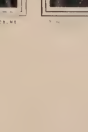
£10 and £5 for best Four Year old Colt up to 14 stone 7 lbs.

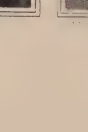
£7 and £4 10s. for three Colts.











CHAPTER II.

DUBLIN GAIETY

DUBLIN HORSE SHOW—FITZWILLIAM SQUARE—NIGHT AT THE SHELBOURNE—HORSE SHOW AT BALLSBRIDGE—SPORTSMEN OF IRELAND—LUNCH WITH INSPECTOR GENERAL TYACKE—LADY CONYNGHAM OF SLANE CASTLE—JOE WIDGER AND OTHER STEEPLECHASE RIDERS—DINNER AT MRS. BARRY'S—LINDSAY FITZPATRICK—LORD AND LADY ABERDEEN AT SHOW GROUNDS—COMMENT OF *IRISH TIMES*—SMALL DANCE AT THE CAFE CAIRO—SOCIETY REPORTER—YELLOW CAR ON FITZWILLIAM SQUARE—SCENE AT THE SHELBOURNE—DINNER AT INSPECTOR TYACKE'S—MASKED BALL, ROTUNDA—ARRIVAL OF VICEREGENT AND LADY ABERDEEN—ALBERT WHITIN—PHOENIX PARK RACES—HARRY WHITWORTH—RICHARD CROKER—DEPARTURE FROM FITZWILLIAM SQUARE.

MONDAY we motored up to Dublin, where we were fortunate enough to lease for the week a splendid house on Fitzwilliam Square, the property of the Barry family and formerly the home of the late Lord Chief Justice Barry. It was situated at the head of Fitzwilliam Square, which, as Thackeray says, "You reach through several old-fashioned, well-built, airy, stately streets, and the Square itself is a noble place, the garden of which is full of flowers and foliage." Here we found everything for our comfort, and Donohoe, the old butler of the Lord Chief Justice, still in charge.

That night after dinner we went down to the Shelbourne, of which Thackeray wrote, "a remarkably respectable old edifice majestically conducted by clerks, the landlord himself not appearing, but living in a mansion hard by, where his name may be read inscribed on a brass plate, as that of any other private gentleman."

The rush of the Horse Show week was so great that at the door of the Shelbourne we were stopped by the porter, and it was only after giving the name of some friends there that we were allowed to enter. We found out that this was done to keep out the rabble and give the guests of the hotel the use of the cafe, etc. without inconvenience.

It was a beautiful moonlight night as we ran back to Fitzwilliam Square through the quiet streets, the names of which could be plainly read on the signs at the corners, written in both the English and Irish characters.

The next morning saw us at the Horse Show at half-past ten, and it was a truly wonderful exposition. There one met all those in Ireland who counted themselves anybody, for not only were horsemen there, but Lords, Squires and Masters from Cork, Galway, Mayo, Louth, and the nearer counties. In fact, no one who was able to go felt that he could stay away from Ballsbridge, where the Show was held on the banks of the Dodder.

The entrance was through turnstiles, and there each season the ticket-holder was compelled to write his name, a clever way to get it for use in the press, as it turned out.

The main hall was used for the exhibition of sporting goods, articles of Irish manufacture, laces, blankets, a splendid show of Irish poplin and homespun fabrics, and at the sides were looms on which were weaving carpets and rugs.

Beyond the exhibition hall one found the stables, which were built in a strong substantial manner from cement. They were spacious, and as the Show had been in existence for forty-five years, every possible arrangement was made for the comfort of the spectators as well as the horses; and well it is so, because the principal business in Ireland is the raising of fine horses. As I walked about the Show, day by day, I found Italian officers on one side inspecting chargers; on another, French breeders were looking over stallions suitable for siring war horses; while just beyond Germans were diligently buying mares for their breeding studs.

One sportsman that I had met said that he knew an old German buyer who had been given *carte blanche* by his Government to buy mares of a suitable type, not over six years old, and who combed the breeding studs in Ireland with a fine-tooth comb each year, and in the last twenty years had shipped out fully twenty thousand of the best fillies that could be found.

This shows that for decades breeders from all parts of the world have appreciated the Irish horse, and it is by aid of the yearly exhibition at the Dublin Show that the breed and quality are maintained.

DUBLIN HORSE SHOW GROUNDS.

RINGSIDE DUBLIN HORSE SHOW, 1912.

The first day, Tuesday, saw the seven rings with different sets of judges all busy at work judging the horses on their conformation, manners, and way of going *without* being jumped. In one was seen the weight-carrying hunter, in another the middleweight, and beyond the lightweight. Riding cobs and ponies occupied another ring, and farther on thoroughbred stallions were shown on lead lines.

The moment that six or eight horses were selected as the most suitable, they were without further inspection sent to the veterinary paddock, where they were put through a most searching examination for soundness as to limb, eye, and wind, first by one veterinary and then by another. Any horse that went through the Dublin veterinary test you might be sure was as sound as a nut.

Standing about the ringside as the judging went on were sportsmen from everywhere. Lord Castlemaine of Moydrum Castle,* a subscriber to the Westmeath, came up, welcomed me to the country, and hoped I would enjoy the coming season.

How the history of his family ran through my mind when his name was announced, for the Castlemaine Peerage is said to have come from Charles II, who met a beautiful Mrs. Palmer and her husband, Roger, wandering abroad. The King bought the lady from her husband for one Irish Peerage and she started life anew with the beautiful name of Barbara Villiers and later on was known as the Duchess of Cleveland, and even at sixty-five was still beautiful, for at that time she had an affair with Beau Fielding. Sir Peter Lely painted her in the character of Minerva, holding the spear and shield, which now hangs at Northampton Court, forming one of the set of "The Beauties of Windsor."

A few moments later I had the pleasure of meeting the Misses Wakely, who hunted a pack of harriers in the northern part of the county, and to give one a little idea of the sporting spirit of the ladies of Ireland—it seems that the Edenderry Harriers

*Moydrum Castle was one of the fifty-odd country seats, mansions and castles burned by "The Irregulars" out of spite in the past few years.

hunt the hare and fox Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays; the Master is Miss N. Wakely; the huntsman, Miss O. Wakely; and the whipper-in is their father, John Wakely.

So on all sides, as the day went on, friends and comrades joined together for a grand reunion. Many, like ourselves, had taken a house for the week, so various luncheon parties, etc. were arranged, but by three o'clock all again were interested spectators at the ring side, where the best hunters in Ireland were to be shown for purchase by sportsmen from the world over.

That night at dinner Miss Eyre of Galway was our guest, and she told me very interesting stories about the country and of her grandfather, old Giles Eyre;* and asked me down to stay at Eyre Court on the opening day of the East Galway Hunt.

Wednesday saw us again at the Show early, and we were asked to lunch by Mr. Tyacke, who was second inspector in command of the Constabulary Force in Ireland. He had taken for two months a most delightful house within a few minutes' walk of the Show, and Mrs. Tyacke loved, like every good hostess, to have her rooms filled with interesting and attractive people to do justice to the delicious viands which she daily spread upon the tables.

Here I had the pleasure of meeting Lady Conyngham of Slane Castle. She is a sportswoman of great renown, the breeder of Lomond, the first favorite for the St. Leger, which was won by Mr. August Belmont's Tracery. Young Cecil Boyd Rochfort, brother of the owner of Middleton Park and manager of Sir Ernest Cassel's Stud, an intimate friend of the late King Edward, was also a guest. Of Sir Ernest it was said he never appeared in the limelight of the turf, being rich beyond ordinary riches, but his winnings last year showed that in Mr. Boyd Rochfort he had a most successful agent.

*Colonel Eyre was one of the original subscribers to the Turf Club in Ireland, as shown by the *Irish Racing Calendar* of 1791, together with twenty-two Dukes, Lords, Honorables, Right Honorables and Sirs. His colors, orange and black, were twelfth on The List published at the same time.

Ten Years Cup Winners at the Dublin Horse Show.

THE HUNTERS' CHAMPION CUP.

Presented to the Royal Dublin Society by Messrs. Sewell, Son and Simpson, Lower Mount Street, Dublin. Value 50 Guineas, and Silver Medal, for the best Horse ridden for a Hunter Must be won three years by the same exhibitor before it becomes his property).

1912 –The Earl of Kenmare, Lisnagree, Charleville, Co. Cork " Bushy."

1911—The Earl of Kenmare, Lisnagree, Charleville, Co. Cork The Cobbler'

1910—Mrs. John Ferguson, Silverspring, Templeparrick, Co. Antrim - - "Grey Man."

1909—Mr J. A. Holms, Sandyford, Paisley - - "Skittles."

1908 - Major R. G. Alexander, Newtown, Straffan, Co. Kildare - - "Redshank."

1907—Mr. John Drage, Chapel Brampton, Northampton "Chatterbox II"

1906—Mr. John Kennoman, V.S., Ballymena "Greater Britain."

1905—Mr. Abel Buckley, Gaiety Castle Mitchelstown "The Rock."

1904—Mr. John Doyle, 60, N. Circular Road Dublin - "Moyclash."

1903—Mr. A. Buckley, Gaiety Castle, Mitchelstown - "Gold Dust."

The Earl of Kenmare's The Cobler, chestnut gelding, 4 years old; bred in Charleville; sire Golden Slipper by Ben d'Or; dam Peronion.

WINNER HUNTERS' CHAMPION CUP, 1911.

All the Horses bred in Ireland, and in 1911 listed in Classes 9 to 23 inclusive, were eligible to compete for this Cup, one Horse being selected by the Judges from each Class. The Cobbler was also the Winner, at the 1912 Show, of

THE CHAMPION GOLD MEDAL, VALUE £10.

The Earl of Kenmare's Bushy, bay gelding; 4 years old; bred by D. Y. O'Leary, Castlehaven, Charleville, Co Cork; sire Tuti's Cap by York.

WINNER HUNTERS' CHAMPION CUP, 1912.

All the Horses bred in Ireland and in 1912 listed in Classes 19 to 25 inclusive, were eligible to compete for this Cup, one Horse being selected by the Judges from each Class. Bushy was also the Winner, at the 1912 Show, of

THE COOTE PERPETUAL CHALLENGE CUP and THE CHAMPION GOLD MEDAL VALUE £10.

Mr. J. A. Holms Skittles, bay; 8 years old; bred by Thomas French, Bushey Park, Ireland; sire Hotspur by Galopin; dam by Ascetic

WINNER HUNTERS' CHAMPION CUP, 1909.

All the horses bred in Ireland, and in 1909 listed in Classes 8 to 20 inclusive, were eligible to compete for the Cup, one Horse being selected from each of the above Classes by the Judges to compete. Skittles also won the Bearnet Usher Roberts Challenge Cup and Silver Medal for Horses bred in Ireland and exhibited in Classes 10 to 16 inclusive.

Mrs John Ferguson's Grey Man, Grey Gelding, 8 years old: bred in Co. Cork; hunted with the East Antrim Staghounds.

WINNER HUNTERS' CHAMPION CUP, 1910.

All the Horses bred in Ireland, and in 1910 listed in Classes 8 to 22 inclusive, were eligible to compete for this Cup, one Horse being selected by the Judges from each of the above Classes to compete. Grey Man was also the Winner at the 1910 Show of

THE CHAMPION GOLD MEL AL VALUE £10.

That afternoon there was jumping in the enclosure; the first was a bank and ditch, not much to jump; second, a ditch and bank; third, a stone wall; fourth, over a large bank flanked by a ditch on both sides, known as a double bank; fifth, a water-jump; and last, a flight of sheep hurdles; and in the middle, the champion stone wall, which was only used for the high jump. The jumps were very fair, not excessive, but an honest test for an Irish hunter. The horses went in pairs, one rider with a red and one with a white ribbon over his shoulder. If the judges wanted both to jump again, a red and white ball was raised. If only one, the ball of the desired color was lifted, and if neither one, a black ball appeared.

The judging was conducted promptly, as some of the classes were very large, having as high as sixty-six entries, and was kept going continuously. On the outside of the ring one pair of mounted horses stood ready to enter as soon as the preceding pair was through, so there was no delay at any time.

Riding one of the hunters was Joe Widger, who won the English Grand National on "The Wild Man From Borneo", and other steeplechase riders and hunting men of renown were in evidence.

That night we dined with Mrs. Barry, who lives beyond Phoenix Park, and I had the pleasure of meeting that well-known Irish character—Lindsay Fitzpatrick—who, had he lived at the time of Lever, would surely have been portrayed in a separate volume as were Harry Lorrequer and Tom Burke.

It would be impossible to describe his attractive manner, bright conversation and witty sarcasm that did not hurt, all pervaded with an air of courtesy and friendliness that only an Irishman can portray. His story as told to me was truly a romantic one. Coming from a fine old family, he drifted about from one thing to another, and finally went to America as a secretary to Mrs. Langtry on her first tour of the States, when she astonished all the ladies by her wonderful costumes and charmed the men by that beautiful figure which was so often commented upon. During his trip to the States Fitzpatrick

had met many of the sportsmen of Boston, New York, San Francisco, etc., and as we soon found we had many friends in common, we struck up a splendid friendship and enjoyed ourselves greatly throughout the week.

Now to hark back a moment,—at 3:45 that afternoon the gate of the Horse Show was thrown open, and in came a troop of cavalry followed by a barouche drawn by four black horses ridden by postilions. Seated in the carriage were the Lord Lieutenant and Lady Aberdeen, with footmen up behind. Just after them came another barouche similarly drawn, with other members of the Aberdeen family, and another troop of cavalry behind. They drove at a spanking trot up the track, drew up at the centre of the grand stand at the Royal Box, and there were met by the president, and walking in upon the carpet, which was unrolled for them, they seated themselves in the box.

At their entrance and when they drew up in front of the multitude, not a sound was made, and when in about an hour they took their departure, the same silence was manifest. Strange to say, the *Irish Times* on Thursday morning brought out a two-column editorial on the coldness shown to Lord and Lady Aberdeen at the Show, and gave point-blank reasons for it. This opened the way for many letters pro and con which were published at length; then the *Irish Times* brought out a second editorial which strongly upheld their position.

That Lord and Lady Aberdeen were entirely out of touch with the people was clearly shown by the fact that all through the week every one took pains not to attend their receptions or balls. In fact, that very night, all those of Ireland who considered themselves in the smart set had accepted an invitation to what was called "a small dance" given at the Cafe Cairo.

Lord Iveagh, a member of the Guinness family, had a large house-party through the Horse Show week, among whom was Lord Kitchener, and it was interesting to note how the crowd went wild over him at his every appearance on the grounds and as he drove by. I had an opportunity of viewing him at close

LADY POLE CAREW (Lady Beatrice Butler of Kilkenny Castle).
Wife of Major-General Pole Carew.

range for twenty minutes on the grand stand, and could not but appreciate his iron jaw and wonderfully strong features.

His Lordship had selected many attractive guests, among whom was Lord Dalmeny, the oldest son of Lord Rosebery, and his wife. Lord Rosebery is by many considered the most brilliant statesman in the United Kingdom, and it is a pity he does not allow the light of his great mind to shine out more over the English-speaking race. It was he who said, when he left Oxford, "I will marry the richest heiress in England; I will be Prime Minister; and I will win the Derby." He married a daughter of the Rothschilds, was Prime Minister, and both Cicero and Ladas brought the blue ribbon of the turf to his hand. To lovers of Napoleon he will best be remembered as the author of that splendid work, *The Last Phase,* which goes a good long way to mellow the harsh feeling against the drastic treatment of Napoleon by the English.

Also in His Lordship's party was Lady Pole Carew, formerly Lady Beatrice Butler of Kilkenny, and now wife of the great general who won all the honors from Queen Victoria that it was possible for him to win for his successes both in India and Africa. Lady Pole Carew is said by many to be the most beautiful woman in England or Ireland, and a perfect profile with wonderful eyes explains the reason.

Lord Iveagh's guests attended the Cafe Cairo ball. It was given in that interesting restaurant whose air is so foreign to Dublin. There was a small ball-room on the ground floor; below in the basement was a dining room; and above a reception room, all so interwoven with staircases that it was rather difficult at times to find your friends or partners.

The interest aroused in Dublin by the newspaper comments on myself and the landing of my "retinue" at the North Wall, and the general satisfaction that an American sportsman should have selected Ireland, rather than England, for his playground, all combined to put the man from Worcester in the limelight, and at the small dance that night I had the pleasure for once of being the lion of the hour, and spent the evening till the wee

hours most interestingly. I recall with special delight a lancers with Lady Dalmeny, who was fetchingly attired in a Worth production of striking originality, fifteen or twenty minutes of interesting talk with Lady Pole Carew as we sat on the side lines, and a waltz—as best I could—with Mrs. Crofts, whose husband had been talking hounds with me.

Mr. Crofts had just purchased the pack of stag hounds which Lord Ribblesdale with Peter Ormrod had been hunting in the north of England, importing for their quarry a large number of Java deer almost black in color and most belligerent as to manners.

Ribblesdale was one of the last Masters of the Queen's Hounds after the carted stag, before the Royal Hunt was given up, and Sargent's wonderful painting of him in boots and breeches is known to all lovers of art.

Mrs. Crofts was also an ardent sportswoman, and was said by all to ride as well as she looked, which would put her in the front rank always. The dance went faster and faster, while the rain poured in the streets, and the doors and windows were alive with those who, for the sake of a glance at the "swells", stood in the wet for hours.

About three a. m. in came an old lady dressed in black, took out her pencil, and said, "I am so glad to get among the real Irish people. I have been up at the ball at the Viceregal Lodge, and the best part of the whole evening was the coming away."

What a wonderful society reporter the old lady was! She soon had young Boyd Rochfort aiding by bringing the different gentlemen and ladies before her; then his or her costume was promptly described by all present, and where there was lack of costume, the fact made plainly known. I was pushed up by three or four, and every separate Hunt button on my waistcoat, from Geneseo to Loudoun, was carefully jotted down.

Then the band struck up an American air, and a cakewalk was on, and it was only by eluding my pursuers and with the aid of my friends that I finally found the yellow car and soon after was at Fitzwilliam Square.

LORD LONSDALE CONGRATULATING LADY DALMENY ON WINNING THE GOLD CUP AT THE RICHMOND HORSE SHOW.

"There is not perhaps in the Shires, where naturally the cream of the women riders are to be found, any-one of her own sex who exhibits quite the same degree of fearlessness and intrepidity in the negotiating of big obstacles as Mrs. Brassey, formerly Lady Dalmeny, displays."

Bailey's Magazine, November, 1923.

With the chauffeur dismissed for the evening, I naturally left the car out in front of the late Lord Chief Justice's residence with the lights burning, and when we came out at half past ten the next morning found it standing there as we expected. On going to the Show, however, I found that a weird story had been put in circulation. The mere fact that the yellow car was seen with lights lit by the early risers and others going down to business caused great comment. One good old sportsman from near Cork said, "Smith, it is all right about this water business (as I was known to be a non-drinker) but do you think every main street in Dublin a garage, and in America do you light your lights in the daytime."

At the Show one could not but be impressed with the splendid quality of the Irish hunters, light, middle, and heavyweight, all of the one type,—not the thoroughbred type which I love so well, but the heavy, strongly made horse capable of carrying a big weight across country, and the type accepted the world over.

Most of the winners owned by officers in foreign countries at the New York Shows were Irish horses, and nowhere is so much pains taken to breed to a regular type as in Ireland.

That afternoon I had the pleasure of meeting Richard Healy of Worcester. He had forgotten business for a month or two, and we had an enjoyable chat at the ringside.

Then came another lively evening, dinner with Boyd Rochfort at Jammet's with his brother-in-law and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Freake, then half an act at the two different theatres, and the Shelbourne for a nightcap.

Fitzwilliam Square had proved such a good garage that we again honored it with the presence of the yellow car all ablaze. The next morning Inspector-General Tyacke said, "You must lunch and dine with us to-day, as we want to keep you out of mischief, and then we are going to the masked ball in the Rotunda."

So by ten o'clock that night I was busy buying tickets for the party at the door when the porter of the Shelbourne Hotel

brutally pushed by me and entered the Hall with a lady on his arm.

Only in Dublin could such a masked ball be seen. Everyone was joyful and full of frolic; some were dancing the two-step, some the waltz, and some holding their shoulders in the air, clad in costumes of every nationality, which made two or three of us ashamed for not properly garbing ourselves.

Soon I espied Mrs. Crofts and was walking towards her when I was again rudely intercepted by the Shelbourne porter. I expostulated, and he replied, "Enough of that," and then I recognized the voice. Sure enough it was Lindsay Fitzpatrick, who was gay and young enough to settle with the Shelbourne porter for his outfit and come to the ball, the best counterfeit of all.

At about half-past eleven Lord and Lady Aberdeen arrived with their party and seated themselves in state at the head of the ballroom. Mrs. Crofts, who came from Galway, was telling me about the sport there and had accepted my invitation for dinner, when down walked one of the followers of the royal party. He was wearing a coat of royal blue with silk on the lapel, and, bowing to Mrs. Crofts, said the Viceroy wished to see her. With a last look at me, she took his arm and went to the head of the hall.

Lord Aberdeen came attired in a Scottish costume, and soon his bare knees were bobbing up and down in the mazes of the waltz with my partner at his side. Then the music stopped, and round went the word—Supper. The Viceregal party, evidently knowing the ethics of a ball in Dublin, set sail at once to the supper room, Mrs. Crofts still in tow, and behind them a seething mass of Europeans, Chinese, Spaniards, Indians, Scotch, and even German peasants in wooden shoes. In the middle of the flood was Lindsay Fitzpatrick, holding his own as the tide set towards the dining room; then the doors were closed, and the rest of us who wished to sup were compelled to wait for the first table to be entertained.

As our party wended their way towards the cloak room, whom should I meet on the stairs but Albert Whitin of Whitinsville, commonly known as Count Whitin. Quickly we exchanged a few words, I had to say why I was there without Mrs. Smith; he had to say that he had not been home for a number of years and did not expect to be for five or ten more, and we both agreed on what a small world the universe really is.

The next day we motored out to the Phoenix Park Race Track, the sun was bright and warm, and all the youth and beauty of Ireland were assembled there, occupying their respective boxes in stately pomp and ceremony. Soon I was busy greeting my friends of the week made at the dinners, balls, the Show, and so forth.

Lord and Lady Dalmeny were most interested spectators, as was Miss Eyre who knew when to back the favorite or an outsider. There was Harry Whitworth, the late Master but one of the Westmeath, and sportsmen from everywhere, attracted by the bloodstock sales at the Horse Show. At the former, early in the week, I saw Richard Croker, looking not a bit older than when I sold him my crack tandem wheeler, Sans Reproche, in 1893.

The crowd was too great to have a word with the Tammany Hall Chieftain at the sales, but the night at the Rotunda the old lady of the newspaper was present and busied herself pointing me out as the man with the yellow motor-car and the "niggers." After a few moments, she came up to me and said that Richard Croker's niece wanted to see me, "hearing you are from America."

So I went over and had a pleasant chat with her, and told her how delighted with Ireland I was, and she said she hoped that I would come and see Mr. Croker's stud.

After the races, the scene was a truly Irish one. No taxicabs are allowed in Dublin, but there are outside cars which are built for four, but which carry almost fourteen. Drawn by all types of horses, from the broken-down thoroughbred to the broken-winded hack, they formed an endless line from

Phoenix Park to the city, and one might as well try to force himself through the links of a chain as to drive a motor between this procession of Paddies and Mikes. They were after every sixpence, and although it was only three miles to town through the beautiful Phoenix Park, it was nearly an hour before we got started.

Late in the afternoon, as we were packing the bags in the motor to start for home, Donohoe, the old butler, said "It has been a real pleasure to have you with us this week. Since the death of the Lord Chief Justice, there has been little to bring Number Three Fitzwilliam Square to high repute, but the yellow car this week has made it the talk of the servants' halls all about the town."

CHAPTER III.

PORTLOMAN AND ITS TRADITIONS

PORTLOMAN MANSION, FORMERLY OWNED BY LORD DE BLACQUIERE—JOHN DE BLACQUIERE—VISIT OF THE VICEREGAL PARTY TO PORTLOMAN—MULLINGAR SWEEP—YACHT *AMERICA* AND QUEEN VICTORIA.

I HAD written from America to my agent, asking him to procure without fail a house where I might have my hounds on the grounds near me, for as they had been in quarantine in Grafton for six months and would be held in England for three months, it was necessary that I should have them under my eye and be able to be with them daily.

He tried his best, but was unable to procure a better place than Ballyglass, so I arranged with the Committee to have my American hounds kept in the old Westmeath kennels near the English hounds, a most unsatisfactory arrangement, as the kennels were three miles from Ballyglass, and it would be impossible for me to give the hounds the personal attention which at home marked their success.

Mrs. Boyd Rochfort, to whom my agent spoke of my desire for a country place, told him of Portloman. She had seen it many times when following the Westmeath hounds, which often run from Frewin Hill along the western shore of Lough Owel by the front of the house. Few had ever entered the old mansion, and on all sides it was said to be untenantable, with roofs and floors down, but Mrs. Rochfort out of curiosity one day inspected the whole place. When I complained of the drainage and cold at Ballyglass, she said, "Go and look at Portloman, for I believe, with your American energy and resourcefulness, you can make a beautiful home for yourself as Master. There are grand vaulted rooms, plenty of opportunity for entertainment, and by using the old walled garden for a hound-yard, you have the best exercise quarters in the United Kingdom."

I journeyed to Portloman and found it a grand old stone mansion situated on Lough Owel, a lake rich in historic and fairy lore, lying northwest of Mullingar. The lough is about

four miles long and two broad, and is a deep blue sheet of water fed by internal springs, and forms the principal supply of the Royal Canal which connects Dublin with the Shannon. The lake, with the lovely grassland which lies around it, is seen to great advantage from various parts of the public road. Its history dates back to A. D. 837, when one of the Norman commanders was chained and drowned in the lake by the Lord of Westmeath.

On the side of one of the bordering hills lies one of the fox coverts of Westmeath, namely Frewin, while the wooded banks around the lake and the timbered islands are filled with mournful associations of the ruined churches, which render the scenery deeply interesting.

The residence of Lord de Blacquiere was the only mansion on the western bank; on the north was Mount Murray; on the east Clonhugh, the country seat of Lord Greville; and on the south Levington, the home of Hugo Fitzpatrick.

There was an abundance of fish in the lake, the trout being the best and largest in the county. Strange as it may seem, mingling with the rooks over the lake might be seen beautiful white and blue sea-gulls, for Ireland is so completely surrounded by water that they nest and rear their young in all parts of the country.

St. Loman, whom Portloman was named for, was nephew of St. Patrick, and built the church of Portloman on the western slope, and a house on an island near by it. The ancient church, evidently a monastery, is situated on a gently rising green ridge immediately over the waters of Lough Owel, a quarter of a mile from Portloman mansion.

The name Port is given to many mansions on the different lakes of Ireland, Portumna on Lough Derg being the title of the residence of the Countess of Clanricarde, where Charles Lever used to spend so many happy summers as a young man.

A coffin-shaped stone was discovered deeply imbedded in a mound on the Portloman property some years ago; it was duly

inscribed and was supposed to mark the resting place of some pagan of early times.

Through the grounds formerly ran one of the great five roads from Tara, known as the "Sligi Assail", which led north to Croghan, County Roscommon, where Queen Mab held sway, and traces of it are still visible to the eye.

The De Blacquiere* family was originally French, coming from the Province of Guienne and emigrating to England on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1585. They are well known in the past history of Ireland, and in 1841 the parish of Portloman consisted of one thousand nine hundred and forty-three acres and four hundred and seventeen inhabitants.

The first Lord de Blacquiere was appointed caretaker of the Phoenix Park in Dublin and was permitted to feed any number of cattle there, by that means amassing a large fortune.

John de Blacquiere, who built the mansion, also laid out and completed the garden, which was considered the finest and most productive of the day. The garden lies just north of the house, and is surrounded by a cemented stone wall fifteen feet high and over a quarter of a mile in circumference, enclosing eight or ten acres which years ago were beautifully situated both for flowers, vegetables, and fruit. Even pears and apples yet bear abundantly on the walls; the giant box, uncut for years, still marks the walks, and the yew and other ornamental trees are scattered here and there.

The mansion itself is situated in a finely wooded demesne, principally of beech, whose size and beauty are unexcelled in Ireland. It is a large square house, three stories in height, and wonderfully built, the outside walls being fully two feet in thickness, and the plaster walls and ceiling so carefully arranged as to air spaces that at the time of this writing not one crack can be found on the surface of any of the rooms.

*Lady de Blacquiere, widow of the Sixth Baron de Blacquiere, spent the summer of 1923 in Canada. Her two sons both lost their lives in the war. The Hon. John was killed in action in 1915, and the Hon. Allen Boyle was lost on the "Laurentic" in 1917.

Entering the main hall, which looks out on Lough Owel, one hundred yards away, the grandeur of the homestead is at once appreciated, for the lower rooms are over fourteen feet in height. On the right of the main hall is the dining room greeted by the eastern sun in the morning, twenty-six by twenty feet, with a large open fireplace. On the left is the drawing-room, the same size, and just adjoining is the library, twenty feet square with vaulted ceiling, in the centre of which is inscribed the motto of the De Blacquiere family. On the north-east corner are the pantry, kitchen, and scullery, all arranged for large entertainments.

On the second floor are four large bedrooms with dressing-rooms attached, and powder closets to which the old belles and beaux used to retire to have their heads powdered without disordering their apartments.

The fireplaces and mantels are the gems of the house. They are of Italian design inlaid in marble, and said by Dublin experts to be the work of the Italian artist, Bossi, who was in Ireland about 1730.

On the third floor are four more bedrooms with dressing-rooms attached, which from their commanding height give a wonderful view of the park with its beautiful beech and chestnut trees scattered here and there. To the south can be seen a giant rath or mound—of which there are a number in the County Westmeath—erected by the Romans, and from the top of which it was supposed the old Romans used to signal by flags from one end of Ireland to the other. This theory, however, has now been exploded, and it is shown by archaeologists that the raths were used either to dwell upon, or for the interment of the dead. Grand trees were growing out of the rath at Portloman, which shows its antiquity.

The roof of the mansion was made of giant slates which might more properly be termed slabs of slate, all affixed by wooden pegs, and by an arrangement of heavy lead gutters, the water to this day is guided to a large lead-lined tank, which

furnished the water supply, helped out in the time of drought by a well and pump.

Adjoining one of the rooms is a secret chamber, whose existence is only found by close inspection of the walls. It is a small, vaulted room with windows strongly guarded by iron bars.

The cellar of the old mansion bespeaks the magnificence of the De Blacquieres. There were the servants' quarters, where valets waited their master's call, and just beyond, the bell-boys' gallery, where they sat listening to the bells, the tongues of which are now rusted out.

On the east side are three grand wine cellars with arrangements for holding butts, barrels, and hogsheads, made of stone, and in one cellar are orifices in which claret was formerly bricked up to retain its goodness.

Even now one wades ankle deep in corks as he works his way into the cellar, and well might it be so. John de Blacquiere, who was Secretary of State in Ireland from 1772 to 1779, and who was very intimate with the Castle in Dublin, had long supplied the Duke of Richmond, the then Lord Lieutenant, with the choicest and most exquisite fruits from his hothouse and garden. Upon several occasions he had invited the Viceregal party to pay him a visit, but always without success until the year 1807, when the Lord Lieutenant intimated his intention to accept an invitation to Portloman, being extremely anxious to witness an *Irish Pattern,* for which at that period Lough Owel was celebrated, the Day of Sports being held annually on the first Sunday in August on the demesne of Portloman. Ireland has had many festivals, and not many know that at Tell Town she held, long before the Olympic Games were inaugurated in Greece, a Lugnasard, or great Athletic Tournament. It is not necessary to say much about the conviviality of His Lordship, the Duke of Richmond, which at times departed considerably from the dignity of his court, for it is stated by old authorities he was known at an advanced period

of the night to promote clergymen to a rich deanery, after a protracted discussion on *spiritual matters.*

Lord de Blacquiere, on hearing of His Excellency's intention, endeavored to ascertain, but without success, the probable duration of his visitor's sojourn at Portloman. He then made such preparations as he thought necessary, ordering the best vintages to be forwarded and stored in the cellars.

The Duke of Richmond and his staff arrived in six coaches,—a mischievous, reckless, and jolly lot. Sir Arthur Wellesley,* who became famous as the Duke of Wellington, acting as Aide de Camp to the Lord Lieutenant, accompanied the large party, who found the wines excellent, the cookery varied and superior, and the rare fruits from the garden deliciously flavored.

His Lordship during the morning transacted official business and visited the neighboring gentlemen in the afternoon. As history states, the fourth day arrived, with no indication of a break up, and as the wines and other liquors were running low on account of the united efforts of the jolly party, Lord de Blacquiere was in a woful predicament, and confided to one of the party the low state of the cellars.

This was too good a joke to keep, and was immediately communicated to the Duke of Richmond, and his entire party agreed not to budge one step until they had drunk the cellars dry. Every morning Lord de Blacquiere held a Cabinet Council while the stores were being more and more exhausted. It was impossible to procure any further supplies from Dublin on account of the distance, as there were no railways at the time. The next morning (Saturday) His Excellency expressed his

*At one of Lady Ormond's parties, Capt. Arthur Wellesley was playing a joke upon Capt. Tuite by toying with the latter's queue behind his back. Capt. Tuite, when he found he was the object of the mirth of the party, turned sharply around and caught Arthur Wellesley red-handed. Then, "as he was a tall and powerful man, he took the facetious aide de camp by the neck and lifted him completely off the ground, gave him an angry shake and dropped him without muttering a word. In a short time Capt. Wellesley, accompanied by another officer, came up to Capt. Tuite and apologised for the unpardonable liberty he had taken with him. Capt. Tuite drew himself up to his full height and replied, 'As the apology has been as public as the offence, I forget it, Sir,' and made his bow."

—From *"Annals of Westmeath."*

regret at being obliged to leave Portloman on Monday, after seeing the Pattern. On Sunday, His Lordship and his friends graced the scene with their presence and, as was the custom, they all sat down to dinner. Everything went off as usual, but late in the evening and long before the Lord Lieutenant's usual hour for retiring, the circulation of the bottle became tedious and ultimately stopped. The dreadful truth came at last—"The claret was out."

His Lordship affected surprise, but told his host he would prefer a few glasses of port.

The household had unfortunately consumed the last bottle.

Well, sherry or madeira.

All gone!

Upon such unexpected misfortune, the Lord Lieutenant preferred a tumbler of whiskey punch, but alas, there was not a drop in the house. What was to be done. His Lordship, in all the horrors of sobriety, appeared indignant at such unheard-of treatment.

The unfortunate host was for a time speechless and could not suggest anything. A supply from Mullingar was rejected as not drinkable, and now the unfeeling and cutting remarks of the gentry became unsupportable. The regrets and apologies of the host were useless, and His Excellency declared that he could not stir without a further supply of *something* he cared not what, but without it he should be ill.

One of the company then proposed that sooner than have His Excellency incur a fit of illness, they would sell by auction some of the fellow's furniture and send to Bunbrusna (a little town near by) for whiskey. "The Devil pity him, he should not have asked people here without the means of entertaining them."

The proposal was loudly cheered, but the difficulty was to find bidders. It was suggested that if any of the persons who were at the Pattern still remained, they would be rejoiced at getting bargains. A very few moments sufficed to assemble a goodly number of bidders, and then on the lawn, on a lovely

summer's night in the moonlight, the beautiful furniture, beds, and bric-a-brac were sold to the highest bidders, under the superintendence of the government, the terms being ready money down, with which a supply of *ardent spirits* was promptly procured from the neighboring village.

The company finally retired to bed, or to the floor, with the exception of the Duke, and this was the last night ever passed by a Viceregal party at Portloman.

Charles Lennox, the first Duke of Richmond, the natural son of Charles the second by the Duchess of Portsmouth, from whose ball (the most celebrated in history) the Duke of Wellington and his generals went out in the early morning to fight the battle of Waterloo, would stop at nothing to gain his ends, as shown by the preceding story, and the following extract from *The Galaxy* shows that while he could amuse his friends through Lord de Blacquiere's courtesy he could also endeavor to spoil the life of his son and heir.

The Galaxy graphically describes incidents of the most famous boy and girl marriage arranged to satisfy a debt of honor due from the Duke of Richmond to the Earl of Cadogan, which the former was unable to pay.

"At the gaming table, whilst at the Hague, the Duke of Richmond incurred a debt of honor to Lord Cadogan, which he was unable to pay, and it was agreed that his son, who bore the title of Earl of March, should marry the still younger daughter of Lord Cadogan. The boy was sent for from school, and the girl from the nursery: a clergyman was in attendance, and the children were told that they were to be married on the spot. The girl had nothing to say: the boy cried out 'They are surely not going to marry me to that dowdy.' But married they were. A post-chaise was at the door, the bridegroom was packed off with his tutor to make the grand tour, and the bride sent back to her mother. Lord March remained abroad for several years, after which he returned to London, a well-educated, handsome young man, but in no haste to meet his wife, whom he had never seen except upon the occasion of their hasty marriage. So he tarried in London to amuse himself. One night at the opera his attention was attracted to a beautiful young lady in the boxes. 'Who is that?' he asked of a gentleman beside him.

'You must be a stranger in London,' was the reply, 'not to know the toast of the town, the beautiful Lady March.' The Earl went straight to the box, announced himself, and claimed his bride. The two fell in love with each other on the spot, and lived long and happily together: and when the husband died she also died of a broken heart within a few months."

History shows that before the De Blacquiere family left Ireland for good that two thousand acres were sold off, and only eighty acres and the demesne and mansion remained.

When the last De Blacquiere had gone, the property was purchased by one Stevenson, who journeyed to Canada and was never heard of again, and so the mansion, so full of life and jollity for over one and a half centuries, was left solitary and alone for fifty years, with only a caretaker, who passed away, leaving his son in charge. He later on also died, leaving the keys to his wife, who still lived in the caretaker's house.

I found on inspection that the only leaks in the roof were where seeds had blown and taken root, and even then only two walls were affected, and not a ceiling was down. The huge chimneys—there were twenty-four fireplaces in the house—were intact; every inside blind opened back into place, and even the windows, with the cords rotted off, still moved up and down easily, for the house had been built on honor, and every floor was as level as the day it was laid.

I at once saw that a small amount would put the place in repair, and a little more would install three good bathrooms and the proper heating apparatus, and then we would be well equipped with a warm house to come home to in the wet winter days with hounds almost under the window and good quarters for my kennel-man, Saxby, and his wife, who were still watching over them for me at quarantine in England.

From the old caretaker I got the name of the attorney who collected the grazing rents and dispatched my lawyer to the north of Ireland to see the agent, who had not visited the property for eighteen or twenty years. With him I sent the proposal that I was to have the estate rent free for a year, if I

would put the mansion in tenantable repair, with the understanding that all the plumbing, heating apparatus, and so forth, would remain my property, and a further understanding that I could have the property at an exceedingly low rent for five consecutive years.

All this he succeeded in accomplishing, and on his return I put three men on the roof at Portloman. They reported that four days' work would finish the repairs. A trip to Dublin brought forth bathroom equipments, and as the year before there were only three days of frost in Ireland, it was necessary to install only simple heating arrangements.

The different contractors took great pride in pushing the work promptly, and soon the lights from Portloman were seen from the other side of the lake, and the halls where dukes and lords had feasted again sounded with merriment.

Grand beeches shaded the Ladies' Walk, half a mile long, leading to the Temple of Love, which was bordered on both sides with beautiful shrubs. Half-way down on the right was a Moss-house, and the Grand Walk in olden days was kept in perfect order by a man whose sole duty was to sweep it. What a beautiful way for my hounds Simpleton, Sportsman, and Sprite, as we went out in the morning. Inside the garden walls I could let the whole pack roam at will, a great change from the solitary confinement which they had endured for the three months in quarantine.

Just beside the large garden was a small walled garden, eighty by forty feet, and attached to it were the walls of a stable of former times. With a roof erected on this, good sleeping quarters and feeding-room for the pack were possible, and the smaller garden was invaluable as a small exercise yard.

Nine months of enforced idleness is bound to breed deviltry with either man or beast, so within the walls I pastured a few sheep, some goats, a heifer or two, and a steer, and procured a few rabbits, so that I could free the pack from riot.

In cleaning the chimneys, I employed a Mullingar sweep, and he found them filled with jackdaws' nests from top to

bottom, as fifty years of emptiness had given the birds free sway over the mansion.

The sweep was an interesting old character and told me how, when he was a boy of seven, he used to be put up the chimneys of all the different mansions about, for it was only within the last decade that a law has been passed in the United Kingdom forbidding the employment of children as sweeps. They were put into the chimneys at the bottom,—with their heads covered with cloth to prevent their breathing in the soot and smothering, and worked themselves up by pressing their knees against the side, not a specially healthy occupation for a growing child.

Another old retainer about the place, who had a number of his family in America and was glad to see signs of life in the old mansion said, speaking of his family, "I have never stood in court, or any of my nine children. It is a pity to see a family such as the De Blacquieres *wear* out as they did, with no heirs to carry on the property."

A herd (one who cares for cattle), whose father had been a pantry boy for the last De Blacquiere, came to pay me a visit and told me of the subterranean passages from the cellar of the mansion to the lake and how, as a boy, he had been present when they started to excavate the rath on the grounds, but discontinued the work when they saw a light moving at the end of one of the passages, and none of the workmen could be made to go on farther for fear of the fairies.

Of special interest is the fact that Lord John de Blacquiere, who was born in Portloman in 1812, was the lucky purchaser of the celebrated yacht *America*, which, carrying the Stars and Stripes in that memorable contest for the First International Race, won by such a distance that Queen Victoria asked, "Who is first in the race", and was answered *"The America."*

"Who is second?"

"Ah, Your Majesty, there is no second."

Lord de Blacquiere purchased the *America* for five hundred pounds from Messrs. Stevens of Castle Point, acting for all the

owners, and the next year raced her against the Swedish Schooner *Sverige,* and beat her easily. Lord de Blacquiere then challenged any vessel in England, not of American build, for five hundred pounds to one thousand pounds, but found no takers. In 1854 he sold the *America* to Lord Templeton.

HARRY WORCESTER SMITH.
of Worcester, Massachusetts, U. S. A.
Master of the Westmeath Hunt, Ireland, 1912-13, at the Kennels.

CHAPTER IV.

CUB HUNTING AND CLUBS

LUNCH AT MIDDLETON PARK—SCHOOLING HORSES—LUNCH AT KNOCKDRIN CASTLE—FIRST DAY'S CUB HUNTING IN IRELAND—MEET AT KNOCKDRIN—MEET AT BALLYNEGALL—MULLINGAR AND AMERICA—MEET AT DONORE—NUGENTS AND FRANCISCAN CONVENT, MULTYFARNHAM—INSIDE VIEW OF THE CASTLES OF IRELAND—MEET AT PAKENHAM PARK—MEET AT DELAMERE'S BOG—DAY'S SPORT AT BARBAVILLA, THE MANSION OF COLONEL LYSTER SMYTHE, D. L.—PRIVILEGED NIGHT AT THE KILDARE STREET CLUB—MULLINGAR RACES—MEET AT LISNABIN—RESCUE OF IRISH LADY BY COLORED GROOM.

SUNDAY saw us again lunching at Middleton Park, and as I sat in the beautiful dining room and looked about me, I thought what a really young country America was, for hanging on the wall was a portrait of Prime Iron Rochfort, who was with Cornwallis in the Revolution.

In the afternoon we looked over the yearlings and one or two of Mr. Boyd Rochfort's hunters, as he had won the Gold Cup at Punchestown the year before with his good cross-country horse,—Kilhugh.

The following week we were busy getting settled and schooling the horses regularly over a splendid line of country adjoining the kennels owned by Thomas Reddy of Culleen.

Sunday we were asked to luncheon at Knockdrin Castle, and afterwards we went into Sir Richard's library, which commands a splendid view of the garden. Unless one has been in Ireland, he can have no conception of the colors of the flowers, trees, shrubs and grass in the Emerald Isle. Every particle of vegetation seems to have on its Sunday dress day in and day out, and with good gardeners to be hired at four dollars a week, with board, it will be readily seen why no weeds need exist.

Monday was our first day among the cubs, and an interesting three or four hours was my first introduction to hunting in Ireland. Knockdrin was the meet, and it was with a feeling of mingled pleasure and pride that I started out from the kennels, mounted on The Cad, who had carried me on the opening days of the Piedmont, and the Loudoun Hunts in the States.

On the way to Knockdrin we went through the little village which belongs to the castle. For eight centuries the Levinge family has owned extensive property in England and Ireland. Sir Walter Levinge was a Soldier of the Cross, he fought with Richard Coeur de Lion, returned a Palmer from the Holy Land, and assumed the three Escalops which their descendants have ever since borne.

Just over the doorway of each of the attractive cottages in the village was a shield bearing the coat of arms of the family. A former Sir Richard Levinge was devoted to literature, and his *Echoes from the Backwoods* was published in 1846.

Beside me rode Crompton on Success; just ahead were the second whip and second horseman, and a half a dozen lengths before them was the huntsman surrounded by twenty-five couple of the best hounds in Ireland; and still farther ahead, to open the way, was Tom Jenner, who knew every covert and ride in the county, as he had been with the Westmeath eighteen years.

The Cad arched his neck and gaily champed his bit as he went under the stone entrance gates of Knockdrin at half-past six in the morning. Several ardent followers of the chase were with us, and in a few moments we had passed from the open fields into the park, with its wonderful forest of beeches and oaks.

It is said that nowhere are the rhododendrons so beautiful as at Knockdrin in the month of May. Decades ago they had been planted, but now run wild, taking hundreds of acres for their own. Ride as one may in any direction for a mile or so, he is confronted on all sides by glossy green leaves and sturdy, laurel-like stems.

We had hardly been in covert five minutes before one of the hounds spoke and then another, and so on until they were all busy behind a cub who gave them a merry chase for thirty minutes before he was put to ground in one of the large rhododendron beds, where after inspection we decided it was impossible to dig him out.

This, my first run with the English hound in Ireland, was interesting. A few of the fifty-three or -four hounds out

ON THE LAWN.

Harry Worcester Smith, M. F. H., the late Sir Richard Levinge, the now Sir Richard Levinge and Lady Levinge.

had good cry, and a few trailed well, but the majority were simply passengers following the others here and there and not showing that intense interest in hunting so apparent in a pack of American hounds.

The cry was very light compared with the cry of a good American hound, but naturally they were greatly handicapped, for, as Jack Brown, the kennel huntsman, said, "These Rosy Dandrons make hunting impossible." The cry of the bitch is even less than that of the dog pack, and in the big woodlands, such as one finds in America, it would be impossible to hear them over a quarter of a mile, whereas a good pack of American hounds will denote their position by their wonderful cry, heard sometimes three or four miles distant.

Lady Levinge asked the hunting party to breakfast, and sent back word from the earth to have it ready for us; so by ten o'clock all were doing justice to a repast such as only a breakfast served in an English hunting home can be.

Tuesday saw us drawing the coverts of Ballynegall, the home of Colonel Smyth. This is a large property, and has within its confines a church principally supported by Colonel Smyth and Sir Richard Levinge.

Ballynegall is a beautiful estate and wonderfully laid out for the pleasures of the chase. The first covert was perhaps ten acres square, of gorse and underbrush, with open land on all sides, so that the whips at the corners and ourselves at the side could easily tell when the fox tried to break to the open.

The Westmeath bitches were a little sharper than the dog hounds. A cub broke to the east, only to be headed back; again he broke, and again we turned him back, for in cub-hunting one is not supposed to allow the hounds to run in the open; they should chase the cub in the covert itself until he is exhausted, and then he is easily killed. This is not very difficult, for in a well regulated park such as Ballynegall, every fox-earth, shore, or drain is known, and when a meet is decided, a notice is sent to the gamekeeper, or earth-stopper, in that section, who sees that all the holes are stopped; for this he re-

ceives five shillings for the holes stopped at night, two shillings and sixpence for those in the day, and five shillings for every fox found or started. This naturally gives the gamekeepers an interest in the sport of hunting, for unless a fox is found in the covert, they receive nothing extra.

In September, 1911, the total amount paid for earth-stopping was eighteen pounds, and in October the same year twenty-six pounds. Against this, through the season, comes from all those that hunt a cap of five shillings each, collected each day. None are excepted save clergymen, ladies, and children. The earth-stopping is the most important part of the sport of fox-hunting, and if not carefully attended to, good sport is impossible.

But back to the hunt! Soon the cry of the hounds increased in the covert, coming towards us, and none of us were able to prevent a cub breaking through the lines. After running a few fields closely pursued, he found an open earth which he quickly popped into.

Leaving the earth, we went over half a mile to the middle of the park, which was intersected here and there by rides eight or ten feet wide, kept in perfect order, and laid out in such a way that the work of the hounds could be readily seen in all directions.

Down one of the main rides one cub ran, making a quick angle to the left, when he was pulled down within one hundred yards of us, after having given a little spurt of ten or twelve minutes and not over one or two miles.

With the Hunt servants properly posted, the fox has very little chance for his life. He no sooner breaks in one direction than he is seen going over the ride, and the words "Tally-ho Over" are given. If he makes a short swing and goes back, a cry "Tally-ho Back" rings out, and so it goes. As the coverts are small, he finds it so hot that he runs from section to section, only to be spotted at every move until, as in our case, he takes straight away with every hound close up.

The ease with which this cub was caught and the shortness of his run clearly demonstrated to me that the fox of the United

Kingdom to-day, brought up in parks with a splendid menu of pheasant and rabbit always awaiting him, is a very different animal from the virile fox of the States.

Soon his mask was on the first whip's saddle, and then we went down to draw the church wood covert. Here a quick find was made, with the cub taking a circle through the churchyard. Crompton and myself galloped down the ten or twelve church steps into the sunken walk, only to find the iron gate locked. Crompton was off his horse and over the demesne wall like a flash, and soon the gatekeeper came and let us through. Hearing the cry at our back, however, we turned and jumped up the steps, to find the hounds running to the east. After a second or two, the fox struck west, to be promptly pulled down and killed by the pack.

That afternoon we schooled the horses again over some big ditches, and the depth of them may be imagined when I say that once Scribbler, whom Crompton was riding, made a mistake and jumped into the ditch, and all that I could see of Crompton was his head, as the horse plunged along in the bottom.

That same afternoon in Mullingar I was waited upon by an old Irishman who had a number of children in America. He sent word that he was going to give up taking care of the covert on his property, but when he heard that an American was to be Master, he thought it was his duty to still continue. He said, "You and your boy are welcome to the country; America was kind to my children, and I can't forget it."

The next day we hunted out towards Donore, the property of Sir Walter Nugent, who was a director of the Midland Great Western Railway of Ireland Company, and a member of the English Parliament.

The Nugents were Barons of Delvin, and benefactors for the Friars of Multyfarnham, whose convent was built in the village in 1270. The monastery itself is most spacious, affording accommodation for a large number of friars, having cloisters, refectory, dormitory, guest-house, library, and chapel-room.

The groined ceilings and paneled choir are conspicuous for their beauty and simplicity. In 1601 the mighty Shaen attacked the convent, and it finally surrendered.

Sir George Nugent, who was Lieutenant-Governor of Jamaica from 1801 to 1806, was a descendant of the Barons of Delvin. He was a Lieutenant in the Royal Fusiliers at New York in 1777 and later on served in New Jersey and Connecticut and must have met his future wife, Miss Skinner, in New Jersey when she was but a child, and she was probably the first American wife of a Governor in any British Colony.

Miss Skinner was a great beauty, as is seen from a picture, entitled "Maria, Lady Nugent", in *Lady Nugent's Journal,* which she kept and was later printed for private circulation in 1839 and gives one a splendid idea of Jamaica, which had been from time to time so closely linked in English history through Beckford of Fonthill and others.

The Institute of Jamaica was so proud of the Journal that they had it published for sale by Adam & Charles Black in 1907. In those days, as Lady Nugent says, the life of the Governor of Jamaica was a succession of Reviews, Audiences, Balls, holding a Court of Chancery, Tours of Inspection, etc. On other days, the Lieutenant-Governor could be seen at "The Pen", this latter being the Jamaican name for the Governor's House.

We got a good fox in Donore covert, but as I was on the wrong side of the bog, Crompton got off ahead with only one or two to follow him. He had a lively spin for half a mile, when the hounds threw up their heads and were unable to work the trail farther.

Just as I came up, Crompton had viewed the fox again, and although Mr. Pollok took the hounds at once to the spot, they were unable to honor the line. This showed more or less conclusively that with a perfect scent the English hound on the damp ground is able to run its fox hard, but when the sun gets up, the scent, they say, is bad, and good work cannot be expected; their bad scent, however, is better, in my opinion, than the best in the States.

The English hound is much more savage than his American cousin, as the following shows: In 1911, when the Westmeath pack were drawing Donore, they found a strong fox, who ran across the bog where it was impossible to follow. That evening their whereabouts was unknown until a telegram was finally received at Mullingar asking that some one be sent to an earth fully ten miles away, where the hounds had run their fox to ground, and then became so infuriated at being unable to get at their prey that they all turned on one of their number and tore him to pieces.

Father Murphy of Multyfarnham, a jolly Irish Catholic priest, joined us that day for the hunt, and no one could ride a horse better or turn a pack following a fox in the open quicker than the worthy sportsman in black. In Ireland, in certain dioceses, the priests are allowed to hunt, and right good sportsmen they have proved themselves to be. Father Murphy welcomed me to Westmeath and we all sat down to breakfast after the hunt in his cosy dining room, where the dropped eggs glistened on the hot toast like the eyes of freshly caught bluefish, and the bacon crunched merrily between our teeth.

Never shall I forget the hearty welcome which was extended to me in Ireland, not on my own account, but because I was an American. Everywhere there were people with friends and relatives in the States, and each farmer felt that he was in some way indebted to me and my country.

A Master of Hounds occupies a peculiar position in the country, and especially in the United Kingdom. For years the hounds were hunted by the lords, dukes and wealthy squires, who kept the hounds out of their own pocket. As the expenses increased, and the land rents decreased, subscriptions were made by the neighboring gentry, and now there are only three or four packs in existence without subscriptions in the English, Irish, and Scotch Hound Lists. Naturally, then, a Master of Hounds is looked upon as a leader of sport in the community, and his social position is one which affords him every opportunity to mingle with the nobles and gentry.

With the cubbing well started, we soon found that whereas there are poor in Ireland, there are also the rich and well-to-do Irish, whose life is one of ease and comfort. Each country gentleman's estate is arranged with a mansion in the centre of a large park which is completely encircled by a high demesne wall, possibly six or eight miles long. The entrance gates are generally massive iron ones, guarded by a porter's lodge and opening into a beautiful avenue, winding through the park and green fields to the house. The house itself is often square and plain outside, but filled with rare Chippendale, Sheraton, and antique furniture from the continent, with beautiful mosaic tables from Florence, while on the walls the ancestry of the whole family is often shown in portraits. The mansions have splendidly built rooms, ten or twelve feet high, and invariably the living rooms face the south, looking out on a charming vista or attractive terrace.

One might tour Ireland for years in a motor-car and see but a few of the historic homes, as they are invariably far back from the main roads, and the old saying that "An Englishman's home is his castle" is also true in Ireland. Around about Mullingar are twenty charming homes which of course are equalled by nothing in America as regards age, but are also unequalled, except in a few cases, by any of the American homes which I have visited as regards beautiful old furniture, splendid hangings, silver, rugs, etc.

To know what a garden actually is, one must go to the United Kingdom. At Belvedere, three miles from Mullingar, for instance, seven men are kept busy throughout the year in the walled garden, and every variety of flower and shrub is grown. Along the walls pear and apple trees sun their fruit to perfection. Every walk is kept free from weeds, and the rows of box are a treat to look at; the latter grows in profusion, as there is but little frost. One of the most attractive beddings which I have seen was at Rockview, where a tract of twenty or thirty yards was all covered with box cut to a perfect level, with geometrical figures laid out by cutting pathways four

inches wide through the body of the box to show the pattern. In many of the gardens the common American sumac is shown as a great rarity.

Each Lord or Squire is interested to have "a good show of foxes", as it is called, and when I decided to hunt in a certain direction, I would write to the owner and ask him when it would be convenient for him to have the hounds. The proprietor would reply, granting a day, and on that day he would see that his brood mares and cattle were penned up.

One day we hunted in Pakenham Park, the property of Lord Longford, who was for a number of years Master of the Westmeath. Unfortunately, as he wrote me, he was obliged to go to England, so could not greet me in person. We arrived at the park gates at half-past six and were there met by the steward and gamekeeper, and in a few moments the sport began.

Pakenham Hall looks down on the park from a lofty eminence, and the park itself is surrounded by bogs and so is naturally damp. It is intersected by walks and rides every few hundred yards, and when the cry of hounds was heard, it seemed as though human beings sprang from the very ground; for on all sides "Tally-ho" was heard as the cubs rushed across the rides. The number of people so promptly at hand surprised me, and I asked Mr. Lyons, the steward, the reason. He said, "Lord Longford considers it his duty to keep the place up and give employment to those who for many years have been servants and tenants of his, and so there are over one hundred and fifty now on the pay roll."

I learned later that every winter any one in Castlepollard (the neighboring town) who could find no other employment was given work at Pakenham.

Strange to say, about the bogs are found large deposits of gravel, so in order to improve the park, keep the people employed, and make better coverts for foxhunting, Lord Longford for years has laid out rides through the bogs, planted rhododendrons, and through the winter kept the laborers employed in putting the gravel on the paths.

Every Irishman is a good sportsman, and these laborers were no exception. We soon marked a fox to earth, willing hands quickly dug him out, and the hounds were blooded; half a mile away another shared the same fate, and as I stood there waiting for the terrier to reach him, I could not but think of the young soldier, Arthur Wellesley, who courted in this same park. When the match was not favored, he went to India, and although his lady love suffered from smallpox in his absence, he returned to marry her; afterwards, crowned with the glory of the Spanish Conquest and Waterloo, he brought Miss Pakenham every possible honor, when he became the Duke of Wellington.

The name Pakenham is of special interest to Americans, as Sir Edward Pakenham, brother of the Duchess of Wellington, led the British forces with great ardor at the battle of New Orleans on the Mississippi in 1815. Bravely, it is related, he carried the fight to the very lines of the American forces, and the retreat was only sounded when he fell dead from his horse. His body still rests under a great pecan tree at the Villere's plantation below New Orleans.

A few days later, we drew Delamere's bog, and no better incubator for young foxes was ever seen. About a quarter of a mile long and one eighth of a mile wide, the bog lies west of Tyfarnham Rock, which towers above it fully eight hundred feet in height. East of the bog is the Delamere property, and for years the family have lived in the neighborhood. William Delamere accompanied Strongbow in the invasion of Ireland, and later on one of the family was Governor of the County Longford.

Mr. Pollok walked the bog, and we could look down upon it from the bank, but ride only portions of it. Soon the cubs began literally to ooze out at the sides on to the open land, startled by the cry of the hounds. From the bog they would run up the hill one hundred yards or so, and then back into the bog again. There were fully six brace that showed themselves at different times, and no one was more interested in the sport than Mr.

Delamere, who chased up the side of the bog on foot like a wild man, turning the hounds back and giving a "Tally-ho" as he viewed a cub. The bog itself was full of holes where peat had been taken, and now and then a cry would go up "Hound in", and then willing hands were prompt to the rescue.

The English hound has as much difficulty in getting out of a bog-hole as he does in saving himself from drowning when he breaks through the ice, for his fore feet are so straight, the toes so perpendicular, and the pastern so upright, that it is impossible for him to get a claw hold on the ice, and while the American hound in nine cases out of ten saves himself, invariably the English hound drowns.

The covert was so dense and the foxes so plenty that the lines were soon foiled, and so we gave up the sport as the sun became hotter, and after a hearty breakfast at Killeen, motored home.

A grand day's sport we had at Barbavilla, the mansion of Colonel William Lyster Smythe, D. L. It was formerly the Castle of the Ranaghan, and it was well worth the few hours of inspection I was able to give it after the sport of the morning. In 1617 it was built, and later on it was named Barbara Villa, for Barbara, one of the early ladies of the family.

A long line of yews guards one side, which is known as "The Monks' Walk", where centuries ago they used to take their exercise while saying their beads.

Barbavilla was even better laid out for cub-hunting than Ballynegall, and surely any sportsman who can ride over this beautiful Irish park is to be envied. Acres and acres are kept up in splendid order, and it seemed almost a sacrilege to gallop on the lawns and walks; but everywhere there was the word of welcome and the desire to encourage the sport to the utmost.

Fox-hunting reigns supreme in Erin's Isle, as the following shows: One of the governors of the Kildare Street Club told me that one night in February each year all the laws of the club are suspended; each man is privileged to go his best that evening, and there is no limit to the baccarat or roulette, while at the dinner there are three toasts: to the King, to Ireland, and

to Fox-hunting, which shows conclusively the respect for the sport which so thoroughly imbues all classes.

Mr. Smythe's eldest son welcomed us at the gate, and as we stood beside the covert, entertained me with bits of history of the old place. Soon the hounds spoke to a cub, and we had grand sport after two or three of them for the next two hours. Time and time again a good wall confronted us, and we continually lost a lot of ground going out of our track round the wall to the gate. Finally, when they were hot after him, I could not resist the temptation, and I put Scribbler to it. He sailed over it like a bird, and there was a feeling of pride in my heart later on in the day when young Smythe told his father about it, saying the oldest man on the place said that was the only time the wall had ever been jumped.

Scribbler did another good piece of work earlier in the day, for when riding down one of the beautiful gravel walks, I came to a drop of five feet into the next field, with a strong oak hurdle to guard it. One touch of the spur, and the son of Scribe was over it, not, however, without a good rap which landed him on his nose in the field. Hot blood and youth soon put him on his feet again, and he quickly found his place in the wake of the flying pack.

In the middle of the morning we put a cub to ground in a rabbit hole as the regular earths in the park were splendidly stopped. Soon by the aid of a terrier we located him, and the pack made short work of poor "Charley", as he is often termed in the United Kingdom.

Then Mr. Smythe, Senior, sent word to us to join him at luncheon, and I had the pleasure of greeting him in his library, which was filled on all sides with books. It was a large room, and over the fireplace I noticed the words, "This room was erected 1720",—fifty-six years before our War of the Revolution!

The dining room was a marvel of Italian architecture; the doors and windows were set in diagonal sloped openings in the deep walls; in the centre of each were embedded beautiful

Italian plaques of the period of 1750. Originally these plaques were all about, but during one of the Irish revolutions the greater part had been stolen by the attacking parties.

Young Mr. Smythe told me that in the olden days of the hard drinking squires of Ireland, it used to be the duty of the boys in the pantry to walk into the dining room and now and then loosen the neckties of any of the gentlemen found lying on the floor, so that they would not choke.

It is not always England that is to blame for the Irish troubles, for Mr. Smythe showed us with a great deal of glee a pair of iron gates which guarded his stable entrance. These, he said, some ancestor had stolen from Carton, County Kildare, the mansion house of the Duke of Leinster.

About Barbavilla itself was seen the hard feeling of the eviction period. One tenant for the past thirty years would pay only half his rent, and Mr. Smythe's grandmother had been shot from ambush by one of the evicted tenants.

The next day or two occurred the races of Mullingar, which were very interesting, consisting as they did principally of steeplechases and hurdle races. Wheeler and all the other men of color accepted my invitation to view the sport, and between the acts they afforded quite as much interest to the eyes of the crowd as the horses themselves.*

Thursday we met at Lisnabin, where a splendid gathering of twenty-five or thirty were out. Crompton was on Success and I on a green mare, The Squaw. Hounds soon opened in the park, and we viewed "Charley" making down the side of the meadow with the pack in full cry. They ran him for two or three fields, and then a bit of timber stopped the majority of the field. Crompton was away in front, and I was having troubles of my own, as The Squaw, fresh from the race track, pulled like a steam-engine on the snaffle, and it was with difficulty that I could control her. Pleased was I when the hounds checked.

*_The Irish Racing Calendar_ shows that there had been races regularly held at Mullingar since 1791, when there was a race each day for five days. The Town Plate, a prize of £50, for Hunters, was run for the first day, weight 14 stone (196 lbs.), three mile _heats_.

In a minute I had the curb bridle off one of the colored boys' horses on the mare, and lucky I did, for we had a treat of a mile and a half over walls and ditches, the last one a purler, a good big bank with two strands of plain wire embedded in the side. Mr. Pollok was over in a flash on one of my Irish hunters who knew where to put his toes. I was next, and The Squaw faced it with a rush that landed us in the next field; Success came over it like a bird, and then hounds checked, and we had that happy pleasure of going back over again. This time The Squaw did even better, as she kicked back in the air, and thus sent herself well out into the field.

Soon hounds were running again, and as the mare was fresh and soft, I stopped and changed with one of the boys. Thus Crompton, the first whip, and Mr. Pollok got far out in the lead. On Sherwood I soon made up the lost ground, and was surprised to find Crompton standing on Success beside a dark, deep, muddy brook which the first whip was trying to jump, Mr. Pollok's horse evidently having given up in disgust.

I called to Crompton, "Why don't you give them a lead", and then the first whip pulled to one side, and Success had the opportunity of proving his real worth. Here were two crack Irish hunters ridden by bold men, vigorously refusing one of their own jumps right in front of the American horse, which was enough to dishearten any one.

Crompton, however, was undismayed. He dropped his hands, clinched Success with his knees as he did when he won the high jump at Barre Fair, and the thoroughbred, believing in him, gave his all, jumped far out into the muddy stream, caught the other bank with his forefeet, and was soon up the side. Then the others followed on, and I finally wallowed through. The hounds were by this time far ahead of us in the bog, and when we got up to them, try as he could, Mr. Pollok could make nothing of the loss.

While casting here and there for the line, an amusing incident occurred; a most attractive Irish girl, who had been riding throughout the day, in jumping a wide ditch did not quite get

over, and her mount sank down behind in the water and slime, making it look very dangerous for the fair equestrienne. Norman Brooks, one of my colored grooms, was off his mount in a second, soon had her hand in his, and with a good pull landed her on the dry ground again. After a few tugs the Irish horse was also rescued, and then the young lady offered Brooks a shilling. Not to be outdone in gallantry, he refused, until she threw it on the ground and made him accept it. This is the first time, I believe, that a colored man has ever rescued an Irish lady on her native soil.

CHAPTER V.

IRISH HOSPITALITY

VISITS TO DUBLIN STORES—DEPARTURE OF CROMPTON—MEET AT CROOKEDWOOD—LUNCH AT BRACKLYN CASTLE—TEA WITH JOHN DAVID FETHERSTONHAUGH AT ROCKVIEW—DINNER WITH FRANCIS CHAPMAN AT SOUTH HILL—IRISHMAN WHO WAS FIRST HORSEMAN TO LORD MARCUS WATERFORD—MEETS AT GILLIARDSTOWN, BALLINAGORE, IRISHTOWN.

ON the off days of the week, as we hunted only four mornings, Crompton and myself busied ourselves training the horses. Now and then we went to Dublin to visit old book and furniture stores along Bachelor's Walk, where we found some interesting and most valuable sporting pictures and articles of furniture which had been sold at auction from time to time as different old houses of Ireland were dismantled.

The last of September we took a trip up, Crompton left me at the depot in Dublin, went on to Liverpool, and sailed for Boston, thus severing my last tie with home.

Hunting had now started in earnest, and as the weather became cooler, we were able to start later each day. One morning was spent at Crookedwood and Knockbody, the word Knock in Ireland meaning hill. The covert of Knockbody is situated beside Lake Deravarragh, and its owner, Captain O'Hara, came out and welcomed me to the country. Knockbody is the east side of the lake, and a peninsula jutting far out into the lake from the south is called Knockross, the western side of the lake being called Knockion.

Knockross was the most interesting covert I had ever seen, being a peninsula with a hill in the centre running down to the lake. Its sides are covered with gorse which the hounds drew, the foxes making across open land from one side to the other. On the two mornings that we were there, we viewed five or six reds, running two to earth, digging out one and blooding the hounds, and giving the other his liberty.

The hills make up so boldly from the lake that when the hounds are in full cry there is a most beautiful echo, and

Captain O'Hara repeated to me the old tradition of how a pack of hounds once hunting in Knockross heard the echo on the other side and rushed into the water to swim across the lake. When half way over, hearing the cry behind them, they turned back, and swam back and forth until they all were drowned.

On Sunday I was invited to lunch at Bracklyn Castle, the home of Colonel Cecil Fetherstonhaugh, and had a most interesting day. Colonel Fetherstonhaugh belonged to one of the crack English regiments and was selected by Lord Spencer as one of his mounted escort to ride on his right during the Fenian outbreak. The Colonel stands six feet tall, and, even at fifty-five, was a splendid specimen of the Irish country gentleman.

He invited to meet us Francis Chapman, Esquire, a neighbor who in 1873 had visited America, and was interested to hear that I knew the present Mr. Belmont, the junior and senior Lorillard, and many other sportsmen, as he had met their fathers and grandfathers during his trip to the States. He told me of an interesting drive he had with Larry Jerome on the box-seat of his coach to the Jerome Park races.

Luncheon over, we went to the stable yard, which adjoins every well-appointed mansion, and there viewed the heavy-weight hunters. The Squire of Bracklyn said, "There is one large enough to draw your family to church on Sunday, do your ploughing on Monday, pull stones on Tuesday, and on Wednesday carry you over the country", and I added, "Yes, and on Thursday or Friday draw my hearse, for if he made one mistake, his rider would be as flat as a pancake."

A few moments later Colonel Fetherstonhaugh said, "I wonder would you mind meeting our cook; she has been to America a number of times and was delighted to hear that we were having an American Master, and was much pleased that you were coming to luncheon."

Of course I consented, and in going from the yard through the cellar to the kitchen, he showed me an opening overhead which extended up to the second or third story, just before the

inner cellar door. "There", he said, " is where they used to pour down hot oil or water when the castle was besieged."

In the kitchen, I had an interesting chat with the cook. She had lived at Smithtown, Long Island, not far from Meadow Brook, and knew of all the Whitneys, Morgans, Hitchcocks, and Emmets, who were good friends of mine.

Guided by Mrs. Fetherstonhaugh, we then viewed the walled garden and there saw some beautiful sweet peas; they were fully one third larger than our American flowers on account of their being so well watered, and even more brilliant in color. The wife of the Master at Bracklyn was very proud of her show, for at the previous Fair she had been awarded the highest prize over all competitors, including Lord Longford.

Later on in the day we journeyed to Rockview to have tea with John David Fetherstonhaugh. Both Bracklyn and Rockview are most attractively furnished, a dozen inlaid Dutch chairs greeting you as you walk into the hall of the former, as well as mosaic tables from Italy, and other articles of furniture which are only found in old families where generation after generation has taken pride in their father's possessions, and added something to the priceless collection.

Colonel Fetherstonhaugh showed me a splendid photograph of himself, hanging at the right of that of Lord Spencer's, and on the walls of his library were several sporting prints of great value.

Later on, Francis Chapman kindly asked me to come down to South Hill and stay the night with him,—an invitation which I gladly accepted. Here again every possible favor was shown me, and the house was heated hot, as an American was coming. In the hall I viewed a beautiful Chippendale table which my host said many of the connoisseurs in Ireland had made special trips to South Hill to view.

At dinner we were honored by the presence of the local priest, who was much interested to hear of America and told me many stories in regard to Irish life. I told him what surprised me most while in Ireland was the absolute honesty of

the country people. One drove to a meet, left his coat and muffler on the seat of the motor and found them when we returned, —quite different from America, where we hide them beneath the cushions. Locks on the doors and windows were seldom used, and, as the priest said, "They are a God-fearing people, and anywhere you go in Ireland you may trust them."

The next morning, as I awoke and looked out on the beautiful garden with the warm sun tempering the breeze, I could not but think how beautiful Ireland really was, and hurriedly dressing myself, enjoyed half an hour walking about the place before my host opened the doors on to the grass and called me to breakfast.

Knowing that I was interested in history, he told me, "The steward I have here is an Edgeworth and a branch of the Edgeworths of Edgeworthstown,* and only a few years ago I sold a large amount of land which made up Auburn, known as *The Deserted Village.*"

"Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain,"

of which Goldsmith wrote, and where Washington Irving visited on his foreign tour.

After breakfast we motored about the country, driving into several of the demesnes.

If the Irish gentlemen live in Ireland in the present comfort and style which I encountered on all sides, what must have been the luxury and pomp years ago, before the land troubles began. Now many lovely places are deserted, with grass-grown walks and smokeless chimneys, that were formerly alive with the happy family of Lord, Duke, or Squire, together with his retinue of servants and tenants.

The only life in America which approximated it in the least degree was that of the southern gentlemen on their plantations,

*"In August, 1824, Sir Walter Scott and party proceeded from Dublin to Edgeworthstown to see Maria Edgeworth and from there made excursions to Lough Owel and other points of interest."

—*Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter Scott.*

before the War between the States, like the Dulanys of Piedmont Valley and others below the Mason and Dixon line.

I was forced to think how ridiculous the manner of living and methods of the average American, forty or fifty years ago, must have appeared to the Irishman who left Ireland with its stately mansions, trained servants, and corps of gardeners and laborers, to come over to the States where the words "Chippendale", "Sheraton", and "Wedgwood" were known to only a few.

How strange it must have seemed to the gardeners to work in the little plots at the back of the wooden houses, when they had been accustomed to labor with an army of gardeners in a walled-in garden as large as a whole city square.

I remember well meeting an Irishman who kept a grocery store down near my mill in Worcester. One day he stopped me and introduced himself and said, "I have longed to meet you and tell how I want you to go to Ireland, for there you will find hundreds of gentlemen who are as fond of sport as you are, and when I see you riding out alone time and time again, I think how lonely you must be."

He went on to say, "I was first horseman to Lord Marcus Waterford at Curraghmore, near Waterford. There were eighty horses in the stable, and thirty grooms and stable boys in the servants' hall. I wish I were young again, and I would go over with you." His mind went back to the happy days he spent in Ireland when he was young and fit, and he begged me to promise that I would go over.

Two or three years later, as I went down the street to the office one day, I saw crape on his door, and found that the old sportsman had passed on to the "happy hunting-ground", where perhaps he will find the Marquis of Waterford, who died following the chase.

The cub-hunting went on merrily. The entry of young hounds whelped the season previous had taken hold of their work well, and there is surely nothing more attractive than a pack of hounds going to covert along beautiful lanes, with their

Master, huntsmen, and servants, all in pink, well mounted, eager for the chase, and followed by the many devotees of the hunt.

All along the roadside intense respect was shown; wagons and donkey-carts were invariably drawn to the gutter, hats of the laborers were pulled, and even youngsters who had no hats grabbed at their forelocks out of deference to the sport which all so thoroughly enjoyed.

Years of thought have brought the equipment for hunting in England down to a science. The velvet cap interlined with sheet steel saves the head many a hard crack when going through the woods, the coat of pink is almost waterproof; boots will stand briar and rain, and the breeches are cut so that there is not a pull on the anatomy,—and how the breeches last!

I had been hunting in two pair of white duck breeches made for me by Tautz when Crompton, then twenty years old, was a baby. For the first week or two they were a bit snug about the waist, but with three or four hours in the saddle each day, all of us got "fit and fine", and then even a fall on the hard roads would hardly be felt, for as T. C. Patteson, the old sporting postmaster of Toronto remarked, "There is nothing so good for the inside of a man as the outside of a horse."

The sun waked me up later every morning, and his light went out earlier every night as autumn advanced. Whyte-Melville, one of the greatest writers on hunting ever known, puts the coming of the fall beautifully in the words of "Good-Bye", which Tosti has set to music:

Falling leaf, and fading tree,
Lines of white in a sullen sea,
Shadows rising on you and me;—
The swallows are making them ready to fly,
Wheeling out on a windy sky.
Good-bye, Summer; Good-bye, Good-bye!

Hush! A voice from the far away!
"Listen and learn", it seems to say,
All the to-morrows shall be as to-day.
The cord is frayed, the cruse is dry,
The link must break, and the lamp must die.
Good-bye, Hope:—Good-bye, Good-bye.

What are we waiting for? Oh! my heart!
Kiss me straight on the brows! And part!
Again!—Again!—my heart!—my heart!
What are we waiting for, you and I?
A pleading look—a stifled cry,
Good-bye, for ever?—Good-bye, Good-bye.

Such a sad coincidence! On the very day the verses were published, his hunter fell, going across a field, and he "whose words had brought color to the cheek and a thrill to the heart of every sportsman and woman in the universe was no more."

One splendid day we had at Gilliardstown, the gorse covert lying about a bog on the top of a hill, which seems impossible, but still is true.

Eight or ten minutes of slow work took us up the hillside to the covert, and then, looking to the west, I forgot all about the chase, entranced as I was with the view spread before my eyes. Lake Deravarragh gleamed like molten silver set in the green plush of the pastures surrounding it; Knockion and Knockross towered above the surrounding country, and not a cloud was to be seen. Perfect rest lay everywhere, until just behind I heard the "Tally-ho" of Tom Jenner, as a fox broke covert and made his point down the hill to the north.

Soon the pack was in full cry, with Mr. Pollok mounted on Sherwood close behind. I set sail on Sergeant, and after a stern chase of half a mile began to feel myself in a comfortable position, when Mr. Pollok forced Sherwood through some high gorse, and I attempted to follow with Sergeant. But the prickly gorse was too much for the thin skin of the high-bred son of The Knight of the Thistle, and he acted as if he had been attacked by a thousand bees on all sides, seeming to be on fire.

For a moment I thought he would roll over on the ground,

so I forced him back to the open field and endeavored by a more circuitous route to take my place in the chase, but my troubles had only commenced. Not a jump would he take, not a yard would he go, even with Norman and Joe behind him with whips, until finally, with downcast heart, hearing the cry of the hounds in the first good run of the season growing fainter in the distance, I pulled towards the road, and by trotting along managed to get within hearing again. I finally came to the earth, where the others had been for ten minutes, and was told what a splendid gallop they had had. My only recompense was the fact that Sherwood, an American thoroughbred hunter, light and delicate as they termed them, had carried Mr. Pollok brilliantly throughout the whole distance.

Another fair day we had at Ballinagore, the home of Harry Rich, who played on the English polo team when Harry Payne Whitney and his Meadow Brook team carried the cup back to America. That day both whips, Mr. Pollok, Norman, and myself were all mounted on American horses, and none went better through the day, although twice we were obliged to ford a river with the water almost to the withers.

One jump was a puzzler,—a stony narrow bank on one side, a little lane not three feet across for cattle to come down through, and the same bank on the other side, both fully four feet high.

These jumps the Irish horse goes up to slowly, puts his forefeet upon, pushes himself up and over the top and drops down into the "boreen", as it is called, and jumps out in the same manner. Our horses put in twice as much energy and sprang, almost to the top, and then made a jump sideways to the bottom, and out with the same loss of energy.

The dog hounds only ran for fifteen or twenty minutes, but even then I could see that the thoroughbred horses were bound to have the best of it, as many of the half-breds were dropping back, sobbing for breath, while ours were merely cantering. At the finish there were eight or nine up, but of the lot five horses were from America.

Irishtown was another meet, Mr. Pollok on Sherwood, while I rode one of my best saddle companions, Success. The covert was a splendid gorse, divided by a brook, covering five or six acres. There was no way that the fox could break without being viewed in the open fields, and on all the hills about were standing laborers and farmers anxious to see the sport. Twenty-six couple rushing about in the covert almost frightened the cubs to death, for the old fox made away at the first note of the horn or whimper of the pack.

One young one was chopped (killed) in the covert, when "Tally-ho" we heard from the west, and a fox was viewed going out into the good country. Mr. Pollok was on the line in a minute, tooting his horn merrily, and the bitches, streaming to him, took up the line and with good cry made across the road. Here the fox popped out over the broken place in the wall, where Success and I were blocked for a few moments by a few of the Irish hunters refusing badly.

Finally, seeing that they were holding up the Master, they drew to one side, and then I put my spurs to Success and over he went, giving them all a good lead. In four or five fields I made up the lost ground and was getting into the wake of the pack, when they threw up their heads, running into ground foiled by cattle. Mr. Pollok was about to make a forward cast when "Tally-ho" was given on the right flank, and the hounds were soon on the line again, straightening away over a big stone wall four feet six inches high and broad across the top. Sherwood never turned, and Success took it in his stride. I looked behind and saw many riders piling up against it, vainly looking for a lower place. One horseman jumped on top and off again, and then, with eyes to the front, I was talking to my mount, with the pack flying before us. How the blood did course in my veins as we dashed over the bog, where the mud splashed all over us, into the field beyond, and on to the road, which was as pretty an in and out as I ever saw. But lo, the heads of the hounds were up, and they could make nothing of the line.

I felt sure the fox had run the road, but Mr. Pollok carried hounds forward, and finally making what he called "an all round the saucer cast", cut the line where the fox had run up the road, turned up a lane, and gone through a barway. Some of the eager ones were riding for their places behind the spotted beauties as they breasted the hill. Then followed a drop into a lane of five feet, and an out jump to be taken from the horses' landing tracks. Success went in and out like a rubber ball, Sherwood was on ahead, and old Tom Jenner was riding to the front on an Irish thoroughbred which I bought for the whips.

Now the pace became better,—down the hillside and across the road. Not far beyond we were obliged to make a detour on account of the swamp, but luckily looped back to the hounds, and then we had a mile of as good galloping as one could wish right behind the pack, which put "Charley" to ground in a big drain. There were three of us up, and two American horses.

There is a pleasant feeling after a business success, there is a delight in the accomplishment of almost anything, but nothing else in the world brings that intense feeling of pleasure, which comes to one after a cracking run, as when he has been well carried and has been able to maintain his place in front.

Sherwood and Success came through without a scratch, and as we stood about with the hounds, waiting for the rest of the party to arrive, I could not refrain from patting each one on the nose for the part he had so nobly played.

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Now the pace became better,—down the hillside and across the road. Not far beyond we were obliged to make a detour on account of the swamp, but luckily looped back to the hounds, and then we had a mile of as good galloping as one could wish right behind the pack, which put "Charley" to ground in a big drain. There were three of us up, and two American horses.

There is a pleasant feeling after a business success, there is a delight in the accomplishment of almost anything, but nothing else in the world brings that intense feeling of pleasure, which comes to one after a cracking run, as when he has been well carried and has been able to maintain his place in front.

Sherwood and Success came through without a scratch, and as we stood about with the hounds, waiting for the rest of the party to arrive, I could not refrain from patting each one on the nose for the part he had so nobly played.

CHAPTER VI.

THE "PRESS" ON THE GRAFTON OUTFIT

HOUNDS IN ENGLAND, IRELAND, SCOTLAND—NEWSPAPER COMMENTS—LETTERS FROM LORD NORTH AND SIR REGINALD GRAHAM, BARONET—CAPTAIN BARRY AND EMPEROR WILLIAM'S CUP—BOND SHELTON AND *THE BIRKENHEAD*—PICTURES PURCHASED IN DUBLIN—OUTBREAK OF FOOT AND MOUTH DISEASE—ARRIVAL OF AMERICAN HOUNDS AT MULLINGAR.

IN 1912, there were one hundred and seventy-five packs of foxhounds in England and Wales, eleven in Scotland, and twenty-four in Ireland. Of the one hundred and eighty-six in England and Scotland, the Peerage was represented by thirty-two Masters of Foxhounds, comprising the Earl of Huntington, the Duke of Beaufort, Lord Robert Manners, Lord Charles Bentinck, the Duke of Devonshire, Viscount Boyne, Lord Harry Neville, the Marquis of Exeter, Lord Fitzhardinge, Earl Fitzwilliam, the Earl of Harrington, the Earl of Craven, Lord Southampton, Lord Middleton, Viscount Portmen, Lord Leconfield, Lord Harry Vane Tempest, Lord Annaly, Earl Manners, Viscount Hennesley, Marquis of Anglesey, Lord Willoughby de Broke, and the Earl of Yarborough.

Of the remainder, thirty-six of the Masters were officers in His Majesty's service, while twelve were baronets and knights, and seven of the packs had as their Masters, Parliamentarians, including the Speaker,—The Right Honorable J. W. Lowther,—while one pack was blessed with a clergyman as Master—The Reverend E. Milne,—and three had lady Masters.

Hunting is, of course, the premier sport of the United Kingdom, and in the eighteenth century the week's fixtures of the Blencathra Hounds were announced by the parish clerk after service on Sunday.

Already the young Prince of Wales, who had been studying at his University, was allowed to go out with the Magdalen Beagles two or three times a week.

The English sporting papers and others were not slow in noticing the advent of an American sportsman as Master of a pack in the United Kingdom, and although there was to be no contest between the English and American hounds, each and

every hunting man felt that at least a comparison would be drawn. Consequently, before the hounds had been released from quarantine, the sporting writers had begun to figure on what they might or might not do. They evinced a deep interest as to the work of the American hounds on the native heath of the English packs, and in America the shipping of a stud of thoroughbred hunters and a pack of foxhounds from Boston in August naturally caused some comment. A friend of mine, who saw the *Devonian* sailing, remarked, "There goes Harry Smith's private yacht", for he knew that a considerable part of the shipment was made up of the horses and hounds from Grafton.

It must be evident to any one interested in the following comments that there was no desire to "grouse" (the great word in Ireland, being used instead of "growl" or "carp") at the American hounds. Instead of that feeling, I can truthfully say that the English Sporting Press, with one or two exceptions, were most fair and open in their views.

Even the great London *Punch* heard so much about the hunters, niggers, motor-car, gamecock, etc. "all yellow", that they made the following joke in their columns of August 28, 1912:

"He had
Fourteen hunters
One gamecock
A motor-car
Three four-wheeled buggies, and
A sulkey
all painted yellow.

There is a sameness about the treatment of the fourteen hunters which does not indicate the inspired artist."

The *Horse and Hound* of July 20, said:

"Mr. Harry Worcester Smith, of Worcester, Massachusetts, has accepted the Mastership of the Westmeath Foxhounds, near Dublin, Ireland, which is one of the best hunting countries in the United Kingdom.

Private packs were maintained there by Dukes and Squires earlier than 1740.

Mr. Smith is Master of the Grafton Hounds and has been one of the staunchest believers in American bred foxhounds, and in 1905 won the Grafton-Middlesex Foxhound Match, backing his pack for $2500 against a pack of English hounds owned by Mr. A. Henry Higginson, of Boston.

Mr. Smith has also been Master of the Brunswick Foxhounds, Massachusetts, the Byersville, Upper Genesee Valley, New York, and both the Piedmont and Loudoun Hunts in Virginia, and has been most successful in providing good sport with his own pack.

The Westmeath is a four-days-a-week country, and Mr. Smith has arranged to hunt the English hounds four days a week, and by permission of the Committee some of the Westmeath off country two days a week with his own American hounds as a private pack.

The Grafton hounds will be shipped to the quarantine depot, near London, and after the duration of quarantine will be shipped to Ireland.

The advent of American hounds on English soil will be most interesting, as it is the first time a pack has ever been taken across the Atlantic. Mr. Smith will use American thoroughbred horses for his hunters in Ireland."

The *Pall Mall Gazette* of September 27, printed the following:

AMERICAN BRED HOUNDS FOR IRELAND

"One of the numerous changes of Mastership is that of Westmeath, Ireland, whose hunt button is adorned with a typical shamrock.

At the end of last season Frank Barbour, who held office since 1908, retired from the Mastership and some difficulty arose in finding a successor. Finally an American Ex-Master of Foxhounds, Harry W. Smith, of Worcester, Massachusetts, Master of the Grafton, U. S. A., accepted the post and will hunt the Westmeath country four days a week.

The new innovation is a pack of American hounds which Mr. Smith has brought over with him. It will be interesting to see how those hounds will compare with the English bred ones, though for the matter of that, the majority of American hounds

depend upon being reinforced from drafts from some other country.

Formerly, the Americans were content to hunt with any sort of a dog, and very little was attempted in the way of improving a pack by breeding and selection; but, latterly, with the institution of Foxhound Shows in the States, a type has been established and healthy rivalry created, to improve the appearance of hounds generally.

It must always be remembered that the American foxhound to-day hunting the fox in Kentucky is said to be descended from the old southern hounds accompanying the Pilgrim fathers in the Mayflower. If that is so, we may be getting our own blood back again, and certainly the problem bristles with interest."

Similar articles appeared in the *London Telegraph*, the *Irish Field*, the *Morning Post*, and the *Field*, and the London editor of the Paris edition of the *New York Herald* also commented at length on my venture.

English *Country Life*, on October 12, took infinite pains to place before their readers the true type of American foxhounds, sending their photographer to the quarantine station at Beddington Lane, Surrey, and published nine portraits of the different hounds, with the following article, written by that well-known naturalist and sportsman, Mr. H. A. Bryden:

"Mr. Harry Worcester Smith, Master of the Grafton Hounds, Worcester, Mass., U. S. A. and Ex-Master of the Piedmond Hunt, Virginia, is embarking on a very curious and interesting experiment this winter, an experiment which will be keenly watched by all those who are familiar with hounds and hunting.

The real interest of Mr. Smith's advent in Westmeath lies, however, in our opinion, in the fact that that gentleman has brought over his own pack of American bred hounds for the purpose of hunting them two days a week in that country as a private pack.

They will, of course, be seriously handicapped in two ways. First, they were detained in quarantine for six months at Mr. Smith's kennels at Grafton before crossing the Atlantic, and they are now undergoing three months more quarantine in this country at Spratts Patent Station at Chiswick. They will for

this reason be most seriously prejudiced in the matter of condition after emerging from quarantine in October, and it cannot possibly be expected that they can show anything like their ordinary form until well after the turn of the year.

In the second place they will be hunting in a country differing vastly from the wild terrain in which they have been accustomed to follow the red fox, and under conditions which must necessarily be strange, novel, and difficult to them. If they do not shape this season altogether as their master would wish, every allowance should, for these reasons, be made for them.

Mr. Smith, while fully acknowledging the undoubted merits of the English foxhound, is a great enthusiast for the American hound, a hound which has an extremely long and interesting history, and which in its native country has proved itself quite capable of holding its own with well-bred modern English foxhounds.

There has for some time past been much controversy in the States as to the merits of English and American hounds. In 1905 a great contest took place in Virginia between six couples each of Mr. Smith's American-bred Grafton hounds and a like number of English-bred hounds, in a match for speed and stamina.

This contest was won by the American hounds; but Mr. Smith very fairly states and believes that as the English hounds were only drafts and not suited to American hunting conditions, this can scarcely be regarded as a fair test of the true worth and qualities of a high-class British foxhound.

The American is, as we have said, of extremely ancient descent, deriving its origin mainly from the old stamp of British hound taken out or imported from time to time during the last two hundred and fifty years by settlers of English descent in the southern states. Those who have seen the American hound will at once recognize the type.

It resembles a good deal of the old English strain distinguished among our sporting ancestors for its nose, perseverance, and grand voice. Perhaps the nearest approach to the American hound to be found in England at the present day is seen among the old-fashioned Lakeland packs of Cumberland and Westmoreland, where the hounds are accustomed to pursue the tough fell foxes very much on their own account, little interfered with by huntsman and field, and where they have in consequence acquired qualities of self-reliance and independence much resembling those of the American hound.

Here and there among other English packs, especially among harriers, such as the Holdfirth, Holcombe, and Cotley, you will find types which remind you a good deal of the Southern States hounds of North America.

Mr. Smith's Grafton hounds are all of Southern States blood. In contour, he tells us they approach nearly the hounds shown in the picture by Sartorius of Peter Beckford's hounds, painted probably about 1780.

This picture, which still hangs at Beckford's old house at Steepleton, Iwerne, Dorset, is shown in Otho Paget's edition of Beckford's 'Thoughts on Hunting' published by Methuen in 1899. These hounds are lighter in bone than the present English type, and in Mr. Smith's words are 'tucked up,' show a rib or two on the side, are deep through the heart, sharp-nosed and back at the knees like Sir Thomas Mostyn's hounds.

As a matter of fact, all the old school of English foxhound were back and not over the knee. The latter is a modern production by hound breeders and in our judgment a harmful one.

A glance at the illustrations will show that Mr. Smith's present Grafton Pack possesses excellent qualities of their own. They are more on the leg than the English hound and show less bone; but their limbs and shape are excellent, and they look what they are; a strong, hardy, galloping type, thoroughly well calculated to run down a tough fox in a very wild and difficult country.

The pack has been built up by a long and careful process of selection extending over twelve years, no pains or cost being spared to get the picks of American packs in the south and west.

In three seasons one hundred and twenty-five couples were got together, and from these fifteen couples presently emerged after the severest tests of their hunting qualities. From these fifteen couples were bred the Grafton hounds. We believe that the advent of these hounds in a British hunting country will be watched with a very great deal of interest, and although their long rest enforced by quarantine regulations is a terrible handicap during this their first season, we hope that Mr. Smith will give them a chance of a second season in Westmeath, so that they may show their hunting qualities as well over here as they have done in the States.

That they are genuine fox catchers in their own country there is no possible doubt. The American red fox is a very tough and hardy beast of chase, probably far more difficult to kill than his English cousin. It is possible that the American

hounds may not please the eyes of English sportsmen, especially of those accustomed to the modern standard of Peterborough and Reigate.

But we shall be much surprised if they do not prove the old proverb 'handsome is that handsome does.' Personally, I think that in some ways we are getting rather too far away from the old English type which these hounds represent, and that we are nowadays tending to produce a type which may become abnormal or unnatural.

H. A. Bryden."

Land and Water on October 12, published a splendid photograph of my Grafton Sportsman and Mr. Scott Brown's Ranter, and under the prints stated the following:

"A comparison: 'Sportsman', one of America's best type of foxhounds, at present visiting the United Kingdom to hunt the Westmeath country under Mr. Harry W. Smith's Mastership, and Mr. Scott Brown's 'Ranter', the champion dog hound at the Exeter hound show."

As to the Westmeath country, it stated:

"An interesting change has occurred there, for in place of Mr. Frank Barbour here now reigns Mr. Harry Worcester Smith, for several years Master of the Grafton Hounds (Worcester County, Mass., U. S. A.) who swears by the American hound and has brought some of his favorite sorts with him to Ireland.

It will be remembered that seven years ago he backed his American hounds against Mr. Higginson's imported English ones and a match of $1000 a side duly came off, the test of which was to be 'the killing of the fox', picks, spades, and bagmen barred. The English hounds were hunted on five days by Robert Cotesworth, and the American on six days by Mr. Smith, and the only kill recorded was scored by the English pack.

As their victim proved to be a tame fox accidently released when the hounds were near, this did not count, and the judges had to decide the question of merit on the work they saw. They decided in favor of the American pack.

Perhaps Mr. Smith will be willing to again match his hounds on this side against those of an English or an Irish pack; at all

events his enterprise has caused keen interest and everyone will wish him the best of sport and luck."

The Foxhound, a magazine devoted to fox-hunting in Great Britain, took up the subject most thoroughly as shown below:

"The subject of the American hound, which has been dealt with in the recent numbers of the Foxhound, has evoked very considerable comment amongst our readers. This interest has been greatly enhanced by the advent of a Master of Foxhounds to Ireland who has for many years held a place in the forefront of hound breeding in America.

Mr. Harry Worcester Smith, Master of the Grafton Hounds, Massachusetts, U. S. A., whose interesting article entitled 'The true American Foxhound' appeared in our April number and was not only read with interest but copied by American sporting papers, especially the 'Sportsmen's Review' of Cincinnati, is a member of the American Breeders Association, formed for the purpose of investigating and protecting products and breeding generally in America, whether it be in connection with animals, genetics, or plants. Mr. Smith is president of the Masters of Foxhounds Association of America.

One half of the pack now at Spratt's quarantine station, near London, consists of the 'ring neck' or Belvoir markings, and the other half white with tan markings on head and black spots on body.

Mr. Smith requests us to state that there will be no contest between the English and American hounds in Westmeath. The English pack will be hunted four days a week by Mr. Pollok, Mr. Smith in addition will hunt the American hounds as a private pack a further two days in the outlying country of Westmeath. Thus all the hounds will be hunted over the same nature of country and under the same conditions.

It appears to us, if we may say so, that arrangements which have thus been most tactfully and quietly made will serve to put to the test an experiment which we doubt not will be watched with the keenest interest both here and the other side of the Atlantic, and this without any aggressive spirit of emulation, which is so undesirable.

As Mr. Smith puts it: 'Three or four months' hunting should prove whether the Grafton hounds are of value, or valueless, and if the latter, as I have previously said, there are plenty of burying grounds and deep loughs in the Westmeath country.'

For our part, we cordially wish him every success in his Mastership, and from the reports which come to hand of the workmanlike way in which his stud of fourteen American hunters have been put through their paces in their surroundings, coupled with the knowledge of the Master's capabilities in horsemanship, we think there is little doubt about the matter."

The above remarks and those that follow show that evidently my article on the American foxhound in the English quarterly, *The Foxhound,* had stirred up a deep interest among English sportsmen, for I contended that not only was the English hound less acute in scent than the American, but also the recent desire for heavy bone and malformed forelegs and feet had created animals so deformed that they were unable to make proper use of themselves, and from their excessive weight invariably became sore and lame when any considerable amount of work was put on them.

By far the most interesting comments were from the leading weekly, namely, *The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic.* They showed a picture of your humble servant mounted and then stated under the head of "Some changes of Mastership in the Hunting Field":

"Mr. Harry Worcester Smith, of Ballygass, Mullingar, has taken over the Mastership of the Westmeath. I hear that he is from America, but with what hunting experience I do not know, and how he will get on under change of circumstances remains to be seen. In one way hunting in America and Ireland have much in common. In one country they will not 'stop' foxes, and in the other usually they cannot do it. This accounts for the great amount of Irish hunting, and for the very few masks numbered each year."

But the *Sporting and Dramatic* editorial as given below went even further, and any one reading it will grant that it was written in a most friendly spirit. Personally, I felt that even if my hounds should have proved unsatisfactory for sport on the other side of the Atlantic, I had been well repaid for the trip over by the first three lines, and by the last sentence:

Sporting and Dramatic Editorial

London, Thursday, October 17, 1912.

TRUE INTERNATIONAL SPORT

"That an American sportsman should have thought well to throw down the gauntlet to Fox-hunters and Masters of Hounds in this country is of considerable importance. Mr. Smith has brought a pack of what were called the Grafton (U. S. A.) Hounds to this country, and he has become joint M. F. H. of the Westmeath. We cannot say what his motives are, but having regard to the fact that in America he has been primarily identified with a movement and a fashion, it is impossible for him to escape the verdict that will now be given whether intentionally challenged or not; first, a verdict on direct hound competitions which he set up in the States; second, of his preference for American hounds, in which he has persisted and successfully defended by trial with English bred foxhounds in the States. Sometime ago Mr. Smith had articles in the quarterly Journal 'The Foxhound' in which he set forth his opinion of the relative merits of the English and American foxhounds, and in the English Press these opinions have been largely quoted. But in those articles there is no evidence that Mr. Smith had at that time had experience in England of English hounds, and indeed, in his opinion he did not rely on his own observations, but quoted largely from this Journal and also from Teasdale Buckell's 'Complete Shot' to bring home to his readers his points. It need hardly be said that in quoting from his article the various writers in other publications have not quoted us as he did, but have preferred to quote him alone. That is just as well, because that which we wrote referred to the American foxhound of the South, generally, and by no means to the Grafton Hunt particularly. These we had never seen and still have to see. Mr. Smith has described the way he has formed his pack, one in America which must be regarded as very thorough. That is to say, he bought and collected from everywhere in America the best individuals he could, and then he drafted them down to a small number after trying them thoroughly for pace and nose and stamina. But whether he collected the best there were in the country is not known to us. Probably he could only buy drafts, like most other Masters of Hounds

when they start, and granting that he has selected the best for field qualities throughout the period of his breeding, what is but a part of one man's lifetime compared to the many generations of men who have used all their efforts in the past to bring to perfection the various packs that do not get dispersed on change of Mastership. If, then, Mr. Smith's hounds get beaten in the Westmeath country, or any others to which they are sure to be invited, that will not prove much; whereas if they come out top, of course that will establish the fact that English breeders have not been aiming at the correct ideal.

That the last century has totally changed the English ideal cannot be denied. Compare the pictures of Ralph Lambton's hounds, those of Beckford, and those of Col. Thornton with any of Mr. Bradley's pictures of foxhounds and the fact is outstanding. We say with these pictures instead of the hounds themselves, because we trust the artist to exaggerate those points the over-development of which please Masters of Foxhounds most. Every artist has to flatter the sitter, for there is no money in confessed ugliness, although if Ralph Lambton's hounds were considered beautiful in his day, that does not prevent Masters of Foxhounds thinking them nearer the true forms of terriers or greyhounds than of fashionable foxhounds. Just in the same way we regard the ponderous bone and unwieldy shapes of Mr. Bradley's pictures as likely to be hideously deformed to the eyes of Masters of Foxhounds many years before they have existed on paper as long as the delineations of Ralph Lambton's have. These 'to-be deformities' we never find in photographs, not even when those photographs are of the most successful Peterborough models, and we therefore cannot but think the demand for exaggerated 'points' in the pictures painted reacts to establish in the physical dog, in a minor degree, the very points that were but mental image demands a generation before. We lived through the various stages of the admiration of 'point' and we have come at least to believe that the instant one can indicate a special development of any one point, in any working animal, that creature is certain to be specially weak in some, if not in most, other points. This artistic exaggeration seems to us the foundation for, and cause of, ideals of size and substance that many Masters of Foxhounds have come to deplore the tendency to, at Peterborough Hound Show.

This being so, not even if Mr. Smith's hounds proved their superiority in pace, stamina, and nose would that effect a revolution. Vested interests are too great to permit of revolutions. What we might expect to see would be a gradual tendency in Hound Judges to reform their ideals, and in artists some sort of acknowledgment that foxhounds were much more like greyhounds than similar to dray horses in the beginning of the fashion of the fox-chase. But even if Mr. Smith succeeds in proving that a light hound is much better in England, as it is in America, the past breeding up to the big-boned heavy ideal will not be labor lost. Indeed, he would do Masters of Foxhounds a great benefit if he could prove to them that in selecting for quality they need not select for substance also, for usually the two things are antagonistic one to the other, the exceptions come so seldom that hound breeding with success is one of the most difficult of pursuits, whereas, but for this tendency of one supposed essential to destroy another essential, it would become a far easier and less expensive pleasure. From the photographs of Mr. Smith's American hounds that we have seen, we should be inclined to think them a great deal heavier than some others we have seen in the South, heavier, too, than Ralph Lambton's hounds, or those of Beckford as shown in the pictures of the time. But that which we cannot but admire about Mr. Smith is, that he should not only be willing to back his opinion but also to do it after imposing upon himself the tremendous handicap of a three months' quarantine in this country. Condition is as much to the dog as to any other animal. Still the American setter, Ightfield Rob Roy, underwent a six months' quarantine and then defeated all the pointers and setters brought against him. Although the dog suffers more than most animals for want of condition, he is an animal that in his youth can be successfully conditioned much quicker than either horse or man. Here at any rate, is the sort of international competition that we all can appreciate and commend, however much all those who expect to get nothing out of it may condemn the professionalising of amateurs for the purpose of the revival of the extinct and to be extinguished Olympic games."

Lord North, one of the senior Masters of the United Kingdom, wrote me on September 30, from Wroxton Abbey, Banbury, when making me a presentation of the First Volume of Pedigrees of the Warwickshire Hunt:

"Dear Mr. Smith:

I have taken the liberty of sending in the Volume of Pedigrees a photograph of myself and my little bassets.

You will think me a liar when I tell you, yes, that on Tuesday last there were 15 *brace* of foxes on foot here.

I could only make 13 brace, but Turner, the huntsman, told me there were certainly 15. They killed seven foxes. Old Jack will like to know about it. (By old Jack he meant my kennel huntsman, who was formerly with Willoughby de Broke in Warwickshire where Lord North hunted). I shall be very anxious to hear about your sport with both your packs; it will be most interesting and instructive.

Wishing you all good luck and good sport and good everything.

Yours very truly,

North."

It was Lord North's grandfather, the reactionary Prime Minister of George III, who, in 1776, in the famous Cabinet Room at No. 10 Downing Street, hurled defiance at the American Colonies and provoked the War of the Revolution.

On October 14, I received an interesting letter from Sir Reginald Graham, Baronet, whose father, Sir Bellingham Graham, was one of the members of the Sailing Committee to receive Commodore John C. Stevens, of Castle Point, Hoboken, New Jersey, and James A. Hamilton, son of Alexander Hamilton, when they took the yacht *America* to England and won the International Cup. Sir Reginald Graham has been Master of many of the best Hunts in England, including the Tedworth, after the time of T. Assheton Smith, who made it so famous. In his letter he stated:

"I was absorbed in an interesting article on your hounds (with illustrations) in the *Country Life,* and when I laid it down remarked to Lady Graham that I had never met before the names 'Scallywag', 'Stars', or 'Sinner' (the latter perhaps one comes across more frequently in social life than in the kennels, at least such is my experience).

Yours sincerely,

Reginald Graham."

Sir Reginald Graham is the author of that interesting book *Foxhunting Recollections* and, when I read it, I wrote on

the flyleaf, "About the only work published in the last half century that is worth reading for instruction." I sent the book over to him asking him to autograph it for me and he was kind enough on the first blank page to write the following:

"If ever mortals could pursue
A pastime of a venial hue
Or earthly charms could e'er bestow
A pure enjoyment here below
The chase alone may fairly claim
Precedence in the stirring game.
The fairest rose, the honey bee,
Are not from thorns and venom free
And bright eyed faces often dart
An arrow that enslaves the heart,
But where's the man can ever say
That, looking back, he rued the day
When pastime of a guiltless kind
Engaged his thoughts and cheered his mind?"

The broad publicity given to my coming to Ireland naturally made many new friends for me. While at the Dublin Show, I had the great pleasure of meeting Captain Barry, who was much interested to learn about my hounds, and who, as Tom Gilliard said, was one of the best men that ever rode across Leicestershire; he was then living not far from Dublin and hunting with the Meath hounds. He was not only a crack man to hounds, but he was also a steeplechase rider of renown, having won four races in one afternoon, and was considered one of the best amateur yachtsman of the European continent. He invited me to lunch with him at the Kildare Street Club, and entertained me with the account of his yacht-racing in Germany for the two preceding seasons.

The Emperor's Cup (given by Emperor William) is for yachts to be steered by amateurs, and the Germans, in looking about for the best gentleman to steer their yacht to victory, selected Captain Barry. He succeeded in carrying off the Emperor's Cup one year and another big prize the next year. While in Germany, he met J. Pierpont Morgan, who was at

Kiel in the *Corsair,* and was dined by Emperor William, Sir Thomas Lipton, and others.

As we sat in the attractive main corridor of the old club after luncheon, with a number of sportsmen gathered around, I noticed the great deference paid to a crippled gentleman of perhaps sixty-five, who was pushed about in a wheel chair, and inquired of Mr. Barry the reason. In a few words he told me: "That is Bond Shelton, the only survivor of the *Birkenhead;* the *Birkenhead* was a transport that went down, and when the English captain found that there was no opportunity of saving the lives of any of his troops, he ordered the horses to be thrown overboard and, as the vessel was sinking, he had the troops drawn up in full array on the decks. Thus, with every man standing at attention and the band playing, the waves engulfed them all."

It had happened years ago, and the pale cripple was the only man saved, being washed ashore and, strange to say, his charger swam to land within a few rods of him, and when he reached terra firma trotted up, trying if possible to share his master's trouble.

The Emperor William told Captain Barry at Kiel that he thought the discipline on the *Birkenhead* was such a splendid lesson that he had ordered copies of the picture in every garrison in the German empire.

After I had lunched with Captain Barry, I made a tour of the old book and print sellers in Dublin, and in fact all through the winter, when on trips to England and France, I regularly dropped in to see what rare books or pictures they had acquired. My "finds" through the season worked out as follows:

Two colored prints of "Stable Scenes" by J. F. Herring, Senior, which were engraved by J. Harris and came from the home of the Wades, who had lived in County Limerick since 1742. They were beautiful in condition and color. One depicted "The Hunting Stud", with thin hunting men in the stovepipe hats of the day, with the blue and white bird's-eye

neckcloths. The other, "The Team", with a wonderfully attractive stable interior showing work horses, ducks, pigs, etc.

Just off Bachelor's Walk I found a splendid picture in color of the Raby pack painted by H. B. Chalon, who was animal painter to H. R. H. Prince Regent, and H. R. H. Prince Charles of Wales. It was engraved by Will Ward, A. R. A., who was engraver to the Prince Regent and the Duke of York. In the picture was shown a useful looking black and tan terrier; the hounds,—the property of the Earl of Darlington, the Master of the Raby pack,—were at the feed trough in the kennel, and the engraving showed correct portraits of the cracks of His Lordship's pack, together with the huntsman, Sayer, and the kennel feeder Leonard. On the sides of the hounds was branded a small letter "d." An admirable copy of this rare old print is shown in that interesting book, *Old Sporting Prints,* by Ralph Nevill.

At the same store I found a splendid colored print of the Earl of Darlington and his foxhounds, painted by B. Marshall and published by him in 1805 (engraved by T. Dean), showing the Master's hunting-cap pulled down on one side as he always wore it. The Earl was mounted on a grand white horse and wore a pink coat and black collar, with running fox embroidered in gold on each lapel. This print was in a beautiful state of preservation and seemed as fresh as though it were just printed.

On another trip I picked up for twenty dollars a set of four hunting scenes by J. N. Sartorius, the landscape by Peltro, and the figures engraved by Neagle. These were each dedicated by John Harris to four different friends of his,—Messrs. Hanbury, Free, Bowman, and Boldero,—although in the work entitled *Animal Painters of England,* by Sir Walter Gilbey, he has stated in error that the prints were *all* dedicated to Charles Boldero.

As the verses under the prints from Somerville's *The Chase* are most descriptive, I give them below, and, in notes, I call attention to the type of hounds, horses, and the dress and caps of the riders.

Plate I.

HUNTING

Delightful scene!
Where all around is gay, men, horses, dogs;
And in each smiling countenance appears
Fresh blooming health and universal joy.

See! how they range
Dispers'd, how busily this way and that,
They cross, examining with curious nose
Each likely haunt.

To Osgood Hanbury, Esq., of Coggeshall in Essex.
This print is dedicated by his most humble & obedient servant
" John Harris

Note—
(Crop-eared horses
eleven and a half couple of hounds)
H. W. S.

Plate II.

THE CHASE

Hark what loud shouts
Re-echo through the groves; he breaks away!
Shrill horns proclaim his flight. Each strag-
gling hound
Strains o'er the lawn to reach the distant
pack.
'Tis triumph all and joy.

Far o'r the rocky hills we range
And dangerous our course; but, in the brave
True courage never fails;
The craggy steep gives us no pain,
But down we sweep, then up the opponent
hill
By the swift motion slung, we mount aloft.

To John Free, Esq., of Woodford, Essex.
This print is dedicated by his most humble and obedient servant
John Harris

Note—
(Boot straps up over knee,
hunting caps, visor like
brim round to back.)
H. W. S.

Plate III.

AT FAULT

Here, huntsman from this height
Observe yon birds of prey; if I can judge
'Tis there the villain lurks; they hover round,
And claim him as their own.

Was I not right!
See! there he creeps along. Ha! yet he flies
Nor yields to black despair, but one loose
more
And all his wiles are vain.

To William Bowman, Esq., of Chapton.
This print from the original picture in his possession is most respectfully subscribed by his
much obliged and obedient servant
John Harris

Note—
(Hounds light, American type,
fine muzzle, horses' tails set
up, strap about hunting coat
at body line.)
H. W. S.

WALLED GARDEN, PORTLOMAN.

The Master and Grafton Hounds on arrival from quarantine.

Plate IV.

THE DEATH

A chosen few,
Alone the sport enjoy, nor droop beneath
Their pleasing toils—the unerring hounds,
With peals of echoing vengeance close pursue.

Listen:—Now they are at him again, now Reynard
Look to yourself—It is just up with him—
What a crash they make, the whole wood resounds,
That turn was very short—There—now—
Aye! now they have him, who-hoop.

To Charles Boldero, Esq., Aspeden Hall, Herts.
This print is dedicated by his most humble & obedient servant
John Harris

London, Pub. Oct. 1st, 1895 by J. Deeley, 95 Berwick St.

Note—

(Coats showing belted waists, old-fashioned, high-standing coat collar.)

H. W. S.

On my return to Mullingar, I found that the dreaded foot and mouth disease had broken out in the cattle of Westmeath, so I had to give notice that the English hounds would not be hunted until the restrictions had been more carefully defined.

A few days afterwards I received a wire from the Spratts Company, stating that the Secretary of the Department of Agriculture and Fisheries had granted a release of my hounds from the quarantine station near London. They came over with my American kennel-man, William Saxby, in charge, and landed at Mullingar at half-past eleven one Sunday morning.

I took Saxby and his wife to the hotel, and then drove back to the station, to find where the hounds in the crates were being unloaded. When within one hundred yards of them I heard Simpleton bark, and immediately gave the Grafton call which they all knew so well. And did they know it? Well, you should have been there! Every one of the thirty-two throats opened up wide, and the men who were handling the crates were scared to death. When finally I got to them, the hammering of their tails against the sides of their boxes sounded like flails on a barn floor. Then came special attention to Sprite, who put out her paw, a good pat to old Simpleton, and a word of endearment to each and every one of the pack, which further strengthened the chain of respect and love between us in the strange land.

Soon they were on the vans and started for Portloman. On arrival there, Wheeler and the other boys had the tops of the crates off in a jiffy. The hounds jumped out on the green grass, and for the first time in almost four months could rub noses, growl, and bite at their fellows, for at quarantine each was in solitary confinement, where he could not see the other members of the pack and was even exercised alone.

How they raced, growled, rolled over, jumped on me, barked at each other for an hour or more! Then, as they had a long trip by rail and boat, we gave them a special hot dinner. With full stomachs, they lay on their kennel beds at last, happy and content.

Spratts Company had kept them in splendid condition; none were too thin and only a few too fat; all had slack muscles, but their eyes were bright and full of life, although I could see that it would take fully three months to get them in proper hunting condition.

CHAPTER VII.

HORSES AND HOUNDS

MEET AT DRUMCREE—"DRUMCREE" WINNER OF THE ENGLISH GRAND NATIONAL—LORD LONGFORD AND HIS MOUNT—MEET AT SHINGLIS—COLONEL HALL—COLONEL JOHN R. MALONE—MEET AT PAKENHAM HALL, A DAY WHEN THE SUN SHONE—TRYING TO MOB A FOX—LUNCH AT PAKENHAM AND VISIT THROUGH LIBRARY—MEET AGAIN AT PAKENHAM HALL—BLOODING LORD LONGFORD'S SON—EXECUTIVE ABILITY OF IRISH LADIES—FOOT AND MOUTH DISEASE IN WESTMEATH—INVITATIONS FROM THE MASTERS OF THE LIMERICK AND TIPPERARY—TRIP IN MOTOR FROM MULLINGAR TO ROCKBARTON—ARRIVAL AT ROCKBARTON.

THE Westmeath hunting country is extremely varied; to the west is what is considered by many as good a two-days-a-week country as there is in Ireland, with beautiful open pastures, stone walls, a few narrow banks, and capital gorse coverts, well situated for sport, and almost no woodlands.

To the northwest, the country is more wild and mountainous, with a considerable extent of woodland, and in the same direction and to the east is a large area of bog which is unridable; its proximity is easily detected by the peculiar reddish color of the heath. Bogs are the bane of a fox-hunter, and where the turf has been removed or the heath covering burned over, it is impossible to trail the fox.

Far to the east, beyond Barbavilla, is Drumcree, well known to all those versed in the steeplechase lore of the world, for from there came the mighty Drumcree, winner of the English Grand National of 1903.

The race is run at Aintree, the property of the Earl of Derby, not far from Liverpool. When I was in England fifteen years before I walked over the course one Sunday and was surprised at the height and stoutness of the jumps; they averaged fully four feet nine inches, were three feet wide at the highest part, and strong enough to bear a person on top. At some there is a ditch at the take-off side, at others, such as Becher's Brook (where Captain Becher fell in the first Grand National), a big drop on the far side.

While my hunters were being put through the maline test for glanders soon after landing in August, I ran Wheeler, my colored trainer, together with one or two of the steeplechase boys and grooms out to the course, and we walked over it carefully. I again noted the canal turn, which is a sharp left angle, where so many hard-mouthed steeplechasers have gone wrong by running almost into the canal, and also the water jump in front of the grand stand. But this is only sixteen feet wide. After walking on the top of a few of the jumps, all of us came to the conclusion that the course was fully up to its reputation.

In the States, the Champion of 1900 was over a severe and trying course, and when, the Sunday before the race, I was schooling The Cad and George Keene over it, I remarked on the height of the obstacles, for they were fully four feet six inches. At that Ralph Black, who was training for Bob Hooper (Mr. Chamblet), got up on one and walked across the entire width, from side to side, to show how impregnable they were.

Drumcree is a little hamlet, and adjoining it is the demesne and mansion of Arthur Smythe, Esquire, where we met for the morning's sport. Sir Richard and Lady Levinge, Lord Longford, Mrs. Batten and a few others were out.

The first draw, not far from the meet, was on the edge of a bog, and although a fox was started, not much sport was obtained, as he was soon run to earth, a terrier put in which located him, and then he was dug out, and the hounds blooded.

Later on we drew a good gorse towards the north which was said to be a sure find, and this time did not belie its name. Hounds had hardly entered when we viewed the fox making up the hill on the other side, and galloping sharply across the valley, Mr. Pollok was soon on the line, tooting his horn. The whips cracked their lashes, which sent the hounds out of covert promptly; the line was of course fresh, and as the hounds came out they were soon capped on the trail.

As is often the case, they took some little time to own it, but finally they settled and made a good run for three quarters of a mile to the edge of Lough Lene. Mrs. Batten, one of the crack lady riders, was out in front, Sir Richard and Lady Levinge were well up in the early part, and to Lord Longford I gave special attention.

For many years he and his brother were Masters of the Hunt in Westmeath and he had the reputation of turning from nothing. In the *History of Westmeath*, a cut of him is shown with his face badly slashed with thorns, and it is said he rarely came from a hunt without marks of the chase on his face obtained from boring through the brambles.

On account of Lady Longford's health, he hunted principally in England, where he had a home in the Bicester country, and where, also, he was one of the hard-riding contingent.

He was mounted on a powerful black Irish hunter, which had a number of seasons' experience. Mr. Pollok was on one of my Irish hunters that I had purchased for the whips, and Tom Jenner, first whip, was on an Irish thoroughbred which I bought because he was well schooled to the country. I was mounted on Sir Ritchie, whose principal claim to fame lay in the fact that he ran away at every possible opportunity before I bought him, and although he did win the Meadow Brook Steeplechase for me; running away a quarter of a mile in front throughout the whole distance; that was the only race in which he could be kept in the course.

If ever there was sixty-horse power done up in one horse, it was in Sir Ritchie, and although I hunted him in Virginia and elsewhere regularly, it was very different riding fast over a stone wall, or a post and rail country where you know what is on the other side, from what it is sailing away at the banks in Ireland, with the farther side an unknown quantity. In America the hunter simply has to take off properly and jump high; in Ireland he has to take off, possibly jump a ditch, land on the bank, climb up, and from the top either jump down, or

jump off over a ditch, or perhaps even walk along the top to find a jumpable place.

One can imagine that for the first burst I was very busy taking care of my mount and not riding over people; and also in trying to imbue Sir Ritchie with the idea that he was to jump on the banks and not clear over them.

The fox made his way down into a swampy bit of ground, and there Mr. Pollok, rather than get mired, dismounted and walked across the bog. I thought the ground looked firm to the right and took a chance with Sir Ritchie, who, with his great strength, just floundered through. Within a field I saw Lady Levinge's horse gallop riderless by, and I knew the bog had already claimed one victim.

Reaching the end of Lough Lene, the hounds turned left-handed with good cry, then right and left again across the road. Here a number of the field attempted to jump over a low rail set in a wire fence, the only possible opening, but Irish hunters do not care for timber, and after refusal after refusal had taken place, Lord Longford, sizing up the situation, cried, "Way for the Master." I turned Sir Ritchie at it, and he was over it in a trice, giving the desired lead so that the others could follow on.

In a short scurry across the field we again came to some low wire which blocked us. Lord Longford was off his horse in a moment, and by pushing a post over and standing on the wire, made it possible for two or three of us to pass over, for now the hounds were fairly screaming in front.

As we raced into the next field, it was easy to see that the banks here would take some jumping, and for fully eight or ten minutes they proved a test. Such narrow banks and wide banks! Unless you saw the Irish horses jump them, you would believe them unridable.

I held my mount fifteen lengths behind the leaders, but Sir Ritchie, with all the gameness of the blood horse in him, only had to be shown the way over to go at them with all the courage of the thoroughbred. What a ride it was! I shall never

forget it,—to hold him hard and steady him as he boiled at the bank, to balance him as he scrambled to the top, and to still further retard him lest he fall headlong into the next field.

As we neared Barbavilla, Lord Longford was in front with us, and the sport began in earnest. Through a part of the demesne, up the side of the hill we raced, where, beyond the far slope in the field, a man was crying "Tally-ho", although the hounds wished to turn left-handed.

Tom Jenner had now turned them to Mr. Pollok, who started down towards the man, only to find that he had seen the fox away back on the hill near a small gorse covert, just where the hounds were trying to work to. As they now made for it, out popped the fox on the other side; he had slipped in there to lie down; and with the fresh scent the whole pack, carrying a splendid head, ran him hard.

Lord Longford on the black horse was cutting out the way, and never did a man go better. His mount, perfectly broken, jumped out of his hand, and I could not but envy him the perfect control which he had over him, while my equine dynamo was boiling beneath me.

One jump in particular is indelibly stamped on my mind,—a high bank fully six feet to the top, rising perpendicular from the ground but not twelve inches across at the apex, its other side just as perpendicular. His horse shortened his stride as he went at it, jumped, and caught the bank firmly half way up with his toes. Then he pushed his knees carefully over the top until he was able to extend his legs and put his feet down on the farther side; then he walked the front feet down the farther side until his hind feet came over the top and got into position so that he could use them as levers to push himself off. All this was done without the least hurry, and to see this hunter push himself up the near side with his forelegs turned at the knees, was an object lesson in equine education.

Not so Sir Ritchie! He saw the bank and thought only of getting to the top so that he might poise and jump off. But there was no top, and down he came on his belly astride of it;

then, with a thousand wiggles, he endeavored to make into the field, only to fall headlong, giving me a clean somersault on to the grass. Luckily I held on to him and was soon up and on again. The next jump but one Mr. Pollok and Tom Jenner both refused and went looking for a better place along the line. Even Lord Longford's mount went down into the deep, wide ditch, and found it impossible to jump up. But there was no gainsaying his game rider, for taking his hunter back into the field and settling down into the saddle, he straightened him at the ditch and bank, and his horse, taking off just right with a grand spring, landed over the ditch on the bank into the next field, and Longford's Earl rode on alone.

I took Sir Ritchie by the head, put the spurs to him, and took a chance that he also would clear the ditch and make the bank. Did he waiver? Not a moment! Like a spring-bok he sailed over and landed on the bank, and with another jump over a narrow ditch he soon raced up to Lord Longford. Mr. Pollok and Tom Jenner had found another way, and now hounds suddenly threw their heads up, having evidently overrun the line.

Mr. Pollok made a few casts and then, finding that we were near the covert which we had found "Charley" in, worked over towards it, only to see the fox leisurely making his way down the hill into it. Hounds now had had enough, and as the fox was a good one, the sport was given up for the day.

We then wended our way to Drumcree Manor, where Mr. Smythe had asked us to take lunch with him, and right glad we were to take our horses into the yard where the grooms were waiting.

Here again I noticed that which had so surprised me in Ireland, namely, the vast amount of work, time, and thought which has been put into the country places, not only to make them comfortable in every way, but to seclude them. They are often bounded by miles and miles of demesne wall, sometimes six feet high, thoroughly cemented, with well-kept avenues, beautifully gravelled paths shaded by trees, and

here and there sunken walls like a saw-tooth in the green sward, which show no obstruction to the eye but prevent stock from coming on the lawn.

Adjoining each mansion is the garden with its wonderful wall, and often beautiful terraces with walks cut here and there. At the best places every detail of the park and the grounds about the mansion was kept in perfect fashion, and throughout the fall the leaves were brushed off daily.

My mind was drawn again that day to the above from the fact that starting from the stable yard and going fully one hundred yards to the house cellar was an underground passage ten feet high, carefully walled and arched, so that peat and wood might be brought in without discomfort or without intruding on the vision of those living in the mansion.

A short walk took us from the yard to the house, where we did ample justice to the repast laid before us. Then, thanking our host for the good sport and hospitality accorded us, we were soon in the motors and started for home.

After a few weeks' cubbing in Ireland, one cannot but be impressed with the fact that the Irish fox is very different from the wild fox of America.

In both England and Ireland, in order to give the best of sport, coverts are laid out in different portions of the hunting country. They are generally of gorse, which takes four or five years to grow up and become dense enough to hold foxes well. The gorse is as prickly as barbed wire, and when properly cut back every now and then, or burnt over, grows only three or four feet high, is green down to the ground, and so affords an almost impregnable fortress against cur dogs or any animals which might disturb the fox.

Sometimes earths are made in these coverts, and as the country round about is often teeming with rabbits and hares, and, as there are often preserves with pheasants, the fox is more or less domesticated, and never in my experience so far has he shown the speed or desire to give a good run, as his cousins have on this side of the Atlantic. Half the cubs run in Sep-

tember had gone to ground within a quarter of a mile. One old fox ran a hundred yards from the covert and then burrowed about in a swamp like a mole, and at Shinglis three foxes, one after the other, went into the same earth only a quarter of a mile from the covert, where the terrier and the shovels soon brought them to light.

I shall always remember that day at Shinglis. For once the sun shone, the air was warm and balmy, and we had the delightful companionship of Colonel Hall and Colonel John R. Malone, both sportsmen of the old school, who in their day led all Ireland. Even in 1912-1913 Colonel Hall was hard to head in any run. That day, although getting along to the October of life, they were both thoroughly interested in sport, and, when the hunting of the morning was over, we went to Shinglis, where Mrs. Malone entertained us most hospitably.

Baronston is the Malone mansion, but some one of the early ancestors, while waiting for the father to pass on and leave the mansion to him, built Shinglis, and to this day can be seen, set here and there in its walls, parts of the earlier Malone home built centuries ago, even before Baronston with its wonderful garden and demesne, salmon stream, covers teeming with pheasants, and near-by deer park, was laid out.

What a pleasant repast we had! They were all interested in America, with its enthusiasm and energy, and on my part I was eager to hear of the old house, which, filled with servants for mansion, stable and garden, had made life such a luxury in the time of the stage coach, before electricity and steam had put the great unrest on man and made a nomad of him.

There was another red-letter day when the sun shone (note that it seldom shines in Ireland), when we were cubbing at Pakenham Hall and Turbotstown just beyond. The latter country lies high on the hill, and is made up of three or four splendid coverts. Its owner, Gerald Dease, was Master of the Westmeath from 1861 to 1868 (his term beginning four years before the writer was born), and a strict preserver of foxes.

In the first covert we promptly found, but the cub refused to make a point in the open country, so as the ground of the covert was well foiled, we went to the back of the manor house, where we found a brace of foxes. One soon broke covert and gave us a scamper of half a mile back to the first covert, where he was "Tally-hoed" away as he broke for home again, stopping by the way in a small wood entirely surrounded by grass.

Just here I saw what seemed to me one of the greatest mistakes, as regards hunting hounds, in the United Kingdom. The fox was viewed away, hounds came out on the line with a good head and then, instead of letting them run the line to the small covert so that when they got there they could go in on the line and properly run their fox out, the huntsman ordered them put to him, and by the dint of lash had them whipped off the line and carried to the covert behind his horse, although now and then they would catch the scent and endeavor to work the trail. Arriving at the covert, they were put in at the wrong place, and it was three or four minutes before they got settled on their fox. Had they been allowed to have their own way, they would have done the work in half the time. It is this constant interference with hounds in the United Kingdom which, in my opinion, on days when scent is not so strong, makes them idle and uninterested in their work.

When the hounds were in the little wood, the cub tried to break at the different sides, but was headed each time by some rider, or laborers, who always gather about, deeply interested.

As he came my way, I pulled back under the trees and let him go, and to my surprise the huntsman came up and asked "Why did you do that!" I replied, "To give him a chance", and he said, "We were trying to mob him." This was a new idea to me, and I am still glad I gave the little red his life, as there is very little sport surrounding a cub and then letting twenty-five couple of hounds tear him to pieces.

Lord Longford was out, and we had an interesting discussion on America. He kindly asked us back to luncheon at Pakenham, and while sitting in the library I had the opportunity of

glancing over the books. I saw there a copy of the dispatches of Wellington during the great Peninsular campaign. Wellington, as I previously stated, married Catherine, grandaunt of the holder of the title at that time.

Lord Longford inquired about my American hounds and said he would be glad to have them hunt at Pakenham Hall any time I desired.

Two weeks later we had another day at Pakenham itself, especially charming as the skies were blue, and Lord and Lady Longford (who is a daughter of the Earl of Jersey) with their third son, a boy of six or eight, and two attractive little girls, one in "Helen" pink and the other in "Baby" blue, were out. The boy was mounted on a woolly Shetland, and the family made a most picturesque group in front of the Hall with the hounds and servants of the Hunt on the lawn.

Down among the rhododendrons a cub was soon on foot, and after a spurt of a quarter of a mile to the side of the road, was run to earth. The little Pakenhams took keen interest in the sport, and when the cub was finally dug out, I asked Lord Longford if the boy had been blooded, the well known custom of rubbing the bloody end of the brush over the face of any young aspirant for fox-hunting glory. He replied, "No", but as his mother did not want that barbaric custom inflicted on her boy, we allowed him to go clean-faced.

It took only a few minutes to put another cub on foot, and in a quarter of a mile he was put to ground on the edge of the bog next the grass field, the wide stretch of which leads far away to the Hall towering above it. Lady Longford came down and a number of the household, and as the weather had a delicious warmth about it, it seemed to all of us that the terriers and diggers would get their work done too soon.

The boy was full of his father's sporting blood, and I helped him over the bog ditch (where if you slip you get out of sight) to the rhododendron beds where the laborers were digging.

Tom Jenner, the first whip, shortly had his hand on the fox, and evidently out of courtesy to Lady Longford, he decided to

give the cub a chance for life, so he was brought out on the grass. I shall never forget the sight,—the little girls, so dainty in pink and blue, with their governess, and the noblefaced boy on the pony, all so earnest and interested, as only children can be.

The cub was given a fair chance, but evidently the terrier had taken the fight out of him, and he ran in a half-hearted way, so that the hounds soon bowled him over.

After this, Lord Longford showed me over the grounds, of which he was very proud. Well might he be, for there is no more attractive home in any country. Lady Longford had lately claimed a part of the demesne for a tennis lawn, and while inspecting the court, we again got the beautiful view to the west. My eyes on that bright sunny day seemed to see across Ireland and away out over the blue ocean to America, so many thousands of miles away, where all those whom I loved were living.

From time to time I have mentioned the characteristics of the Irish nobility, gentry, farmers, and laborers, as I found them, but there is one trait standing out so strongly that it seems to me special attention should be called to it. It is the wonderful executive ability of the Irish ladies, and their thorough knowledge of the sport of fox-hunting. Whereas a hundred years ago there was no mention of ladies following hounds in the United Kingdom, now fully one third of the field are the fair sex, and many a man has to ride behind them.

On my sporting tour among the several packs, I found that the wives of two of the Masters, and one especially, not only took entire charge of the household, but also arranged just what horses were to be hunted, where the second horses were to be sent, where the motor was to be left, and often drafted the pack for the day's sport.

In Ireland, the fair Dianas of the hunting field are most alert and exact, and when information is given you about the hunted fox by one of them, you can rely upon it implicitly.

While hunting one day with a neighboring pack, I could not but admire the hunting sense shown by the wife of the Master of the Kilkenny. As he was his own huntsman, she took charge of the field in a quiet, lady-like way, and no one undertook to venture beyond her as she stopped at the edge of the covert, or diverge from the course that she had laid out. When the fox broke and hounds ran, she was as keen as the best, and many a time, if second or third at some opening, would take her own line to the right or left rather than wait.

Finally, as it was a snowy day and as we had not begun hunting till half-past one, hounds were heading for some hills where, from past experience, it was known good sport was impossible. Not carried away a moment by the pleasure of the run and before the idea had entered the Master's or the whip's heads, Mrs. Bell cried out, "We had best stop them in the next field." Putting on a little extra pressure, she galloped up to their heads and with a crack or two from her thong, aided by the second whip, who unhesitatingly followed her lead, the eager pack were checked on the line and turned to their Master,—with only her one sentence as command.

Soon after the hunt at Pakenham, it became known that hunting in Westmeath would have to be discontinued on account of the foot and mouth restrictions. Many of the Masters of the neighboring packs took pity on me for having come so far and then being unable to hunt, and with true sporting spirit invited me to their countries.

The first was Nigel Baring, whose father was a member of the great firm of bankers, Baring Brothers, London, and whose wife was the daughter of Lord Fermoy, well known in County Limerick. Baring was for a number of years Master of the Duhallow Hounds, where he gave good sport, but after his marriage he took the Mastership of the Limerick, locating his establishment at Rockbarton, his wife's old home.

The second invitation was from Richard Burke, the Master of the Tipperary, who wrote he would be glad to give me all the sport possible. As Mr. Pollok, who had been hunting the

NIGEL BARING, Esq.
Master of the Limerick Hounds, 1912.

RICHARD BURKE, M. F. H.
Tipperary Hounds.

country the year before for the Committee, knew the best coverts, he wrote asking Mr. Burke to arrange his card so that the good coverts would be drawn, and in this he gladly acquiesced.

While with the Limerick, I was asked to the opening meet of the Black and Tans (often called the Kerry Beagles), the property of the Ryan family at Scarteen, and while hunting with the Tipperary, I had the pleasure of meeting that really good sportsman, Isaac Bell, who invited me to come over and stay with him a few days in Kilkenny. My stay with Mr. Bell lengthened into about two weeks, and from there I not only hunted with the home pack but with the East Kilkenny and Queen's County.

So for thirty days I journeyed from place to place, and surely tried severely the hospitality of the most charming race in the world,—the Irish.

The Master of the Limerick said, "Ship your horses and your men and come and stay with us at Rockbarton", and such an invitation meant a great deal. I took four horses, and with them went Wheeler and Norman and Smith, my Irish stud groom. Our baggage went down by train with the valet, and we started in the motor from Mullingar, with a bright sun in the skies.

In selecting my horses for the trip, I had chosen those which I felt would give the best possible report of themselves under all the circumstances. During the cubbing there was but little jumping, and while my horses were being schooled more or less, we had only one run from Irishtown, where, on Success, I had twenty minutes of good sport. Before me was Limerick, Tipperary, and possibly Kilkenny, unknown lands with visions of narrow banks, ditches with wide banks, and stone-faced banks with hounds in full cry.

In these places, too, my arrival in Ireland with thoroughbred horses from the States had awakened keen interest, and every hunting man had his eyes open to see how the Yankee horses would go. My position was a rather difficult one, for the

reason that there was only one place to go with satisfaction to myself, and that was in front.

Now anyone who has hunted in Ireland knows that the different countries have different obstacles, and very often a horse that goes well in Cork takes considerable training to cover the Meath country, and a Meath horse likewise will come to grief over the narrow banks of Limerick.

Here was I, not only an absolute stranger to the country itself and the types of jumps, but also riding horses which were equally foreign to them, and besides, we were pitting ourselves against the best men and horses in Erin's Isle. When hounds run in Ireland, ninety per cent. go straight, whereas in England twenty per cent. go home, fifty per cent. go through the gates, twenty per cent. try to go straight, and ten per cent. do so. There are few gates in Irish fields, and in a run it is a question of either going home or going on, and few pursue the former course.

The Cad was my first selection, then Success, and after him Sir Ritchie, all of which were true and tried. With them I sent Scribbler, who had yet never turned his head. Surely with a stud of hunters, grooms, a motor-car, valet, chauffeur and myself, I was generously accepting the invitation of the Master of the Limerick.

The run by motor was most attractive, going by the Devil's Bit, high in the mountain to our left, while six miles to the right was Moydrum Castle, the home of Lord Castlemaine, whom I had the pleasure of meeting at the Dublin Show. He is the fifth baron of the line and one of the representative peers in Ireland.

Moydrum is situated in an historical neighborhood, and a few miles from the Castle is Lissoy, where Oliver Goldsmith spent his early years, in the little hamlet which he immortalized in his poem, *The Deserted Village*. The neighborhood of Moydrum and Knockernadagh, now called "Goldsmith's Mount" where the fairies danced, will always be associated with the poet.

On our right was Castleconnell, one of the most celebrated salmon fishing villages on the Shannon river.

My readers may be rather surprised to know that there is still first-class fishing in Ireland. On "Prospect", season 1913, there were killed fifty-three salmon weighing one thousand one hundred and fifty-three pounds; on "New Garden", ninety-three salmon weighing one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five pounds; on "Doonas", ninety-six salmon weighing two thousand two hundred and forty-four pounds. And on the "Hermitage" waters, Lord Massey killed on May 1, five salmon weighing one hundred and five pounds, and one a forty-pounder.

With the salmon fishing there is also the peal fishing, which is at its height in June, the fish running from four to eight or ten pounds each.

A few miles farther on at our left, guarding Tipperary, which was to the south of us, were Galtee More and the Slieve Bloom Mountains towering majestically to the skies. We made Limerick town about three in the afternoon, and it was the most interesting Irish city I had seen since Dublin. It is noted principally for the Treaty Stone, so ruthlessly broken by the English. Limerick also depicts, as do Waterford and Cork in the south, that time of Irish life before the railroads, when the old Squires, Lords, and Dukes lived in truly regal way. Not only did they have their country homes but often their places by the sea, and invariably their town houses, in such cities as Dublin, Limerick, Cork, or Waterford.

Lever faithfully shows them as "the deep-drinking, hand-to-hand fighting, reckless Irishmen", and their time was just previous to the middle of the last century. Then the town of Mallow was famous for its rakes, who

"Bearing, belling, dancing, drinking,
Breaking windows, damning, sinking,
Ever raking, never thinking,
Live the Rakes of Mallow."

"Spending faster than it comes,
Beating waiters, bailiffs, duns,
Bacchus' true-begotten sons,
Live the Rakes of Mallow."

"Racking tenants, stewards teasing,
Swiftly spending, slowly raising,
Wishing to spend all their days
Raking as at Mallow."*

And as all of Ireland lived in the same happy-go-lucky manner, is it to be wondered that with such wild examples, made by their Masters and supposed-to-be betters, before them that the Irish peasants were a merry lot, and how they were thought of in America at the time is shown from the story about a shipload of emigrants who landed about 1740 in Boston and went along the Merrimack River to the old town of Dunstable, where they found some of the descendants of the English Puritans. History tells us that at first the Puritans hardly knew what to make of the newcomers and called them "The Wild Irish," and as they went up the river one boat upset in the rapids, and of the mishap a Puritan poet wrote:

"They soon began to scream and bawl,
As out they tumbled one and all,
And, if the Devil had spread his net,
He could have made a glorious haul."

Arranging at Limerick for the proper transfer of my horses, I pushed forward towards Rockbarton, and just before arriving there went through the village of Holy Cross, not far from St. Patrick's Well. About seven o'clock we rolled up the broad avenue towards Rockbarton, where the Master of the Limerick resided in greater magnificence than any other Master in the Emerald Isle.

On taking over Rockbarton, he had given Maple & Company of London *carte blanche* to make the mansion as livable as possible, and well did they carry out their instructions. Electric lights glistened from the windows as I drove up. I found my host with his attractive wife beside the fire in the drawing-room with Miss Blennerhasset, a cousin of Mrs. Baring's, and

*W. R. LeFanu in his delightful book entitled *Seventy Years of Irish Life* tells of travelling one day with Sir James O'Connor on a coach named "Rakes of Mallow" which plied daily between Cork and Mallow.

very shortly there came into the room the most important personage in the house,—the five-year-old daughter, who, with a two-year-old sister, made up the family.

The little maid was Irish from head to toe, and even her feet were encased in green, which she called her "Begorra Slippers." Lively as a cricket, wild as a hawk was little Miss Baring, and when she rides to hounds, she will take some catching.

The name of Mrs. Baring's cousin immediately brought to mind the Blennerhasset who sheltered Aaron Burr on his island in the Ohio River not long before his famous trial in Virginia, where he was prosecuted for endeavoring to disrupt the United States. A few days later I spoke to Miss Blennerhasset about the name, and she said, "Yes, it is the same family, and it was one of my early ancestors that you know of." Later, as we grew better acquainted, she told me of one of her cousins, The Knight of Glin, and another, The Knight of Kerry. Their two titles are the oldest in Ireland, and their bearers would not exchange them for English titles, no matter how exalted, preferring to bear those which for centuries had been honored in their own land.

Dinner at eight o'clock with tea at five gives one an hour or two which, during the hunting season, is happily passed poking fun at one another and telling about the falls and the sport of the day. In all well-ordered Irish homes the dressing-gong rings at half-past seven; at eight during the hunting season at Rockbarton every one turned out in full evening pink, and pleasant indeed were the dinners which we had in the big dining room.

It was a beautiful, oblong hall, and as the weather was a bit sharp, as usual the American was backed up at the fireplace, which he deeply appreciated, although throughout the house—as seldom happens in Ireland—were radiators which gave a comfortable warmth to the passageways.

On the east wall of the dining room was a large portrait of the founder of the firm of Baring Brothers, and on the west

wall was a splendid painting of Mr. Edwin Green, Master of the Limerick in 1853, with his hounds at a meet at the castle. The picture was carefully painted, and the hounds shown were of the racing, light type similar to the American hounds of the present day.

Just beneath the picture on the old mahogany sideboard was a wonderful black oak tankard which our hostess told us had been in her family for years, and was a relic of that era when claret was drunk by the gallon. At the left of the fireplace was a most attractive oak box for peat or firewood, in imitation of a huge log, perfectly carved, so as to depict the bark and the graining where the ends were hewn by the axe.

All these relics of Ireland showed plainly that for centuries it had been inhabited by educated, refined men and women, who loved their homes and lived comfortably in them at the time when America was fighting the Indians, and buffaloes roamed over her plains.

We did full justice to the delicious repast laid before us on the evening of our arrival, and I went to bed with eager anticipation of the morrow, my first day in Limerick.

Limerick Races

I am a simple Irish lad, I've resolv'd to have some fun, sirs,
So to satisfy my mind, to Limerick town I come, sirs:
Oh, murther! what a precious place, and what a charming city,
Where the boys are all so free, and the girls are all so pretty.

It was on the first of May when I began my rambles,
When everything was there, both jaunting cars and gambols;
I looked along the road what was lined with smiling faces,
All driving off ding-dong, to go and see the races.

So then I was resolved to go and see the race, sirs,
And on a coach-and-four I neatly took my place, sirs,
When a chap calls out, "behind!" and the coachman dealt
a blow, sirs,
Faith, he hit me just as fair as if his eyes were in his poll, sirs.

So then I had to walk, and make no great delay, sirs,
Until I reached the course, where everything was gay, sirs;
It's then I spied a wooden house and in the upper story,
The band struck up a tune, called, "Garry Owen and glory."

There was fiddlers playing jigs, there was lads and lasses dancing,
And chaps upon their nags round the course, sure, they were
prancing;
Some was drinking whisky punch, while others bawl'd out gaily,
Hurrah, then for the shamrock green, and the splinter of shillelah.

There was betters to and fro, to see who would win the race, sirs,
And one of the sporting chaps of course came up to me, sirs;
Says he, "I'll bet you fifty pounds, and I'll put it down this minute."
"Ah, then, ten to one," says I, "the foremost one will win it."

When the players came to town, what a funny set was they,
I paid my two thirteens to go and see the play;
They acted kings and cobblers, queens, and everything so gaily,
But I found myself at home when they struck up Paddy Carey.

—Crampton Ballads.

CHAPTER VIII.

ROCKBARTON AND THE LIMERICK PACK

FIRST MORNING AT ROCKBARTON—MEET OF THE LIMERICK, MY FIRST MEET IN IRELAND—THE EARL OF DESMOND—RELICS OF THE DANES—IRISH WARRIORS—MRS. BARING'S PEARLS—MEET AT MESSRS. BROWNINGS' STICK COVERT—DOROTHEA CONYERS—A DAY WITH THE LIMERICK HOUNDS ON THE FLAGS—VISIT TO ADARE—THE STUD FARM AND DESMOND—VISIT TO RATHBANE STUD TO VIEW BACHELOR'S DOUBLE—CAMP FOLLOWERS—DEPARTURE FROM ROCKBARTON.

THE BLACK AND TANS

MEET OF THE BLACK AND TANS AT THE CROSS OF THE TREE—SCRIBBLER IMPETUOUS—BEST SPORT TO DATE IN IRELAND—SCARTEEN MANSION—TRIP FROM SCARTEEN TO FETHARD.

FOR a wonder the bright sun woke me up early the first morning at Rockbarton, and soon my valet had a fire glowing in the grate. As it was an hour before breakfast, I picked up haphazard a book on my bedroom table, and was surprised to find that it was the "Lyrics" of Horace done in English rhyme by Thomas Charles Baring of Brasenose College, Oxford,—an uncle of our host.

Not that the "Lyrics" of Horace interested me much; but it did interest me to find that in the Baring family, who are known principally as great bankers, there was also a great scholar and in this generation a great sportsman, as all who have hunted with Nigel Baring can bear witness.

After breakfast, which was served at half-past nine, we donned our coats and mufflers, and found on the hall table a *boutonniere* of violets for each of us, a courtesy of our charming hostess.

Soon the motors were speeding down the avenue, and after an hour's run we came to where the horses were waiting, the meet being placed at a convenient distance from a railroad station, so that followers from Limerick town might journey down.

The Limerick Hunt staff was turned out splendidly, both first and second whips were light and keen and mounted on the best of cattle, while hounds were fit and eager. This was my first meet in Ireland, as we had been cubbing only in Westmeath, and so it was a red-letter day for the American contin-

gent. I had selected The Cad to carry me, as the country was of the stone-wall variety, and the first covert we drew was rightly named Stoneville.

Mrs. Baring was beautifully mounted, and throughout our stay in Limerick and the one day with the Black and Tans, rode as only an Irish lady can ride. She displayed deep knowledge of the chase, and the discussion of the day's sport each evening at Rockbarton was one of the delights of my stay there. It was a pleasure to find a lady thoroughly conversant not only with the sport of fox-hunting but also with racing and the breeding of thoroughbreds. It was natural that it should be so, for her father, Lord Fermoy, was the leading Irish owner in his time, and his black, yellow sleeves and cap, were well-known winning colors on all the Irish courses.

He was also an ardent lover of the "long tails", and his Zazel would, with a little luck, perhaps, have won the Waterloo Cup in the year of the forty-two-pound wonder, Coomassie. After an undecided course against Rival Belle, the Irish nobleman offered the latter's owner anything in reason to withdraw her, which he refused to do. Soon they went from the slips in such a gruelling course that although Zazel won when she afterwards met Coomassie, she was far from herself and was well beaten.

As the Stoneville covert was not very large, a welcome "Tally-ho" from behind us brought Mr. Baring, who hunted his own hounds, quickly out of covert, with the pack close behind. Over a broken wall into the next field he pressed on, to find a man who had viewed the fox, and soon he capped the hounds on the line. First we were in and out of a road, and then came four or five jumps, and suddenly hounds had their heads in the air at a loss.

The Master soon cast them to the left, and they struck the line. I followed close behind him, as he bored through a high hedge on top of a bank, and found The Cad was as keen for sport as he was twelve years ago, for, taking the bit in his teeth, he raced to the front, and it was with difficulty I held him

off the flying pack. Hounds then checked again, and a number of others came up, but soon they had the line in front, and we all settled down to ride in earnest.

The country itself was principally bounded by stone walls, which made it a bit rough under foot for good galloping.

One magnificent black horse on the left caught my eye, ridden by a lady at least over thirty. He assumed an important place in the chase, and bore down like a big warship on any one that intruded in his path. In a wall country, there are always places with a few rocks knocked off the top, and invariably every one makes for them. I thought once I had the right of way, but found I was mistaken, as the black charger with its feminine commander thundered down upon me, so I was forced to take The Cad by the head and jump to the right, where it was fully a foot higher. Later on in the day, while riding along to another wall, I turned to a young man who was riding beside me and asked, "Who is the lady ahead of us, riding on the black horse?" but luckily ventured no further remarks, for he promptly replied, "She is my mother." This rather cut the conversation short. I inquired about her that evening from Mr. Baring, and he stated that although her mount was fifteen years old, it was one of the crack hunters in Ireland, and several times she had been asked to place her own price on him by Frank Wise, the former Master of the Limerick, and others, but had invariably refused, which showed the sportswoman through and through.

Hounds had now been running two or three miles and the field strung out, but The Cad had no difficulty in taking his place anywhere, and it was a pleasure to ride him. I remember that once two or three came to a big wall in a ploughed field, looked at it, and turned to a gateway at the right, but the grandson of Lexington simply measured his stride, sailed over the top of it, and again was in the lead.

Mr. Baring, as Master and huntsman, rode always to the front, and when the hounds put the fox to ground in a great rock heap, his horse and The Cad were together. The

whips soon came up, hounds were put to the Master, and we trotted to a near-by demesne, in the mansion of which the followers of the hunt were soon refreshing themselves.

After fifteen or twenty minutes, hounds were put into covert right about the house, and two or three cubs were soon afoot. The owner (Mr. White) knew the color and size of each cub as it flashed across the railroad track, and would exclaim,—"There's the little one", or "there's the dark one", etc.

After being driven about the demesne covert for twenty minutes, one cub at last made his line across the road at the front of the place, and The Cad and I were soon up front. The cub ran only a loop of a mile and then came back over the demesne wall, to be pulled down on the lawn, with the whole pack up within fifty yards of the front of the house.

This ended the first day's sport, and well content was I, for The Cad had shown that the long trip over and the intricate schooling on the banks, ditches, etc. had not quelled his ardor or taken away from his speed, for never had he gone better.

In the *New Sporting Magazine* there is a good story of Irish hunting families, or families in Ireland that hunt, so typical of Ireland in the old sporting period, given by Colonel Wyndham-Quin. It runs:

"I left Limerick and after half an hour's riding arrived at the Master's house and was obliged to introduce myself to a young gentleman, who seemed to be Manager of the Hounds and who rode an uncommonly active looking stallion. I jogged along with him to the place appointed for throwing off and thought I had never seen in my life a neater little pack. There were but twelve couple, though excellently matched and in good condition. As he went slowly along we were soon joined by the other horsemen, who appeared much better turned out than I had hitherto observed sportsmen to be in other parts of Ireland.

By this time my companion and I had got into easy conversation, and I therefore asked him for some information with regard to the field. 'Pray, sir,' said I, 'who is the young gentleman riding that thoroughbred looking chestnut mare? She looks like one that can go.' 'Yes,' he replied, 'she is a good

mare, and the gentleman is my brother.' 'Many thanks. Who, may I ask, is that stout young gentleman riding the brown mare?' 'My brother' was the answer. 'And the gentleman upon the grey stallion?' 'My brother again.' 'And the gentleman upon that fiery bay mare?' 'My brother also.' 'But may I ask who is that old gentleman riding the little brown mare? She is one of the handsomest animals I have ever seen.' 'She is as good as she looks,' came the reply, 'and the old gentleman is my father.' In short, I found I was the only exception to the family party, which consisted of the father and his seven sons. We had nearly arrived at the appointed place, when I saw a jaunting car coming along at a furious pace, and I remarked to the young gentleman that I thought they would upset. 'Oh,' said he, 'there's no fear at all. The persons on it are my mother and sister, and they are afraid of being late for the Meet.' "

The next day we spent at Rockbarton, and I was much interested to learn that Kilmarnock, where we were, was christened in the seventh century, and that the deaths of members of the community were recorded in the *Annals of the Four Masters* under the years 1028 and 1050.

Kilmarnock was the home of the Geraldines in that tract known as the "Golden Vein", and it is here that Sir Gilbert Greenall, Master for six years of the celebrated Belvoir Hunt in England, had recently purchased a large mansion and demesne, together with pasture lands, and was collecting a stud of thoroughbreds. Kilmarnock itself stands in the midst of the most fertile plains of Munster and lies on the road between Limerick and Cork. Originally the town was walled, but no signs of the defences remain now. Once the mighty Fitzmaurice captured the town with the aid of the MacSweeneys and the MacSheehys, who divided up the gold, silver, and precious articles and set the town on fire after thoroughly sacking it of its contents.

On the very soil where I stood, the Earl of Desmond had wandered a fugitive; both the branches of the Desmonds and the White Knights were closely connected with the walled town, and the last of the White Knights rests in the Abbey of Kilmarnock. The titles of The Knight of Glin and the Knight

of Kerry,* both of whom, as I have earlier said, were related to Miss Blennerhasset, still live and carry one back to the centuries of romance and chivalry.

I have also previously stated that Mrs. Baring was daughter of Lord Fermoy and that Rockbarton was the old mansion, and it is doubly interesting to know that James Fitzjohn, fifteenth Earl of Desmond, married Joan, one of the daughters of the early Fermoys, the head of the house of Desmond being known as the "Sugan" Earl.

American readers will be interested in this history of Kilmarnock and Rockbarton, as the daughter of the great Trotting horse enthusiast, the late Frank Work of New York, married the Honorable James Burke-Roche† and by him had two sons. Mrs. Burke-Roche, as she was known, divorced her Irish husband in 1891. The divorce was duly recorded in *Burke's* for the following year, whereupon James Burke-Roche sued them for having proclaimed him as a divorced man and thus compromised his success at the polls in Ireland.

Roche's contention was that, as he was an Irishman, neither he nor his wife could secure dissolution of their marriage except by an Act of Parliament. He was awarded damages and *Burke's* was compelled to publish a correction of their statements and in all subsequent annual editions to avoid all mention of the divorce in the Delaware, U. S. A. court and convey the impression that James Burke-Roche and his wife and children were all living together in the happiest fashion.

At the death of Lord Fermoy, his son's wife (called Mrs. Burke-Roche in America) through the invalidity in the British Isles of her Delaware divorce, became a Peeress of the Realm as Lady Fermoy and entitled to all the prerogatives of that position including immunity from the jurisdiction of the ordinary courts of law. Her oldest son, who is well known in New York and Newport, is now Lord Fermoy.

*Sir Maurice Fitzgerald, Baronet, Twentieth Knight of Kerry, died October 20, 1916, and was succeeded to the baronetcy and ancient title by his son, Captain John Fitzgerald.

†Son of Lord Fermoy.

All about Limerick and also at Knockadoon are found pagan antiquities, and especially at Lough Gur, where is seen a stone circle one hundred and thirty feet in diameter and consisting of forty-three stones of various heights, the whole surrounded by a moat five feet high by fifteen feet broad.

Relics of the Danes are also found near Lough Gur, for the mighty Brian Boru erected at Knockfennell one of the Strongest Danish forts in the country, circular in form, three hundred and sixty feet in circumference, ten feet thick, and correspondingly high. Its wall was built of large stones five feet square, regularly fitted into each other with no sign of mortar.

Here also about Kilmarnock was one of the finest hunting grounds of the ancient Irish. The Irish deer and Irish elk seem to have abounded in this portion of the country, for their remains are found in great numbers in the bogs and swamps. On the walls of the dining room of the Harvard Club in New York is displayed a wonderful set of antlers of the Irish elk, said to be the grandest specimen ever unearthed; they were dug out of the Bog of Allen, which lies between Westmeath and Kildare. These magnificent deer (found fossil in the Irish peat bogs) are, by the best authorities, said not to be a true elk but an enormous fallow deer. They stood seven feet at the shoulder and the spread of their antlers was in some cases as great as ten feet.

The ancient Feni hunted from Ardpatrick to the Lakes of Killarney, and in short, as one writer says, there was no plain or valley in the two provinces of Ulster and Munster that they did not hunt over.

Well might it quicken one's blood to stand on the hill at the back of Rockbarton, look off over the valleys and plains of Munster, and know that he was privileged to be received by descendants of the mighty chieftains of centuries ago, and to hunt over the very country which the ancient Irish sportsmen thought the best in Erin's Isle.

One night a notable gathering of sportsmen were asked to dine at Rockbarton, including Mr. R. R. Browning, who

stands as one of the foundation stones of the Limerick Hunt and who is also a breeder of thoroughbreds. Naturally he was interested in the blood horse, for his uncle, John Gubbins, bred and owned the mighty Galtee More and the peerless Ardpatrick, and willed his great fortune so that his nephews might enjoy the turf and the field. Not content, however, are they in the selfish enjoyment of these sports, for no subscription to the Hunt is larger than theirs, and Frank Wise, the previous Master, told me that *never* had he asked their aid in regard to sport in Limerick but they answered "Yes." I had been more interested to meet Mr. Ryan, one of the guests, than any other sportsman in the United Kingdom, for his pack was a private one, owned by the family and hunted by his uncle, Clement Ryan, from 1864 to 1904, full forty years. His father had hunted them before him, and his grandfather before that, and still further back his great-grandfather, who founded the pack.

No other family in the world can show such a record, and proud may the Ryans be, for unlike the Manners family, who support the Belvoir, the Duke of Beaufort, who fathers the Badminton, or any other titled owner in England where L. S. D. are a secondary consideration, the Ryans at Scarteen live as simple sportsmen and women, but each fiber from top to toe rings true to every derivation of the word.

At dinner the gentlemen were all in full pink evening dress and the ladies most handsomely attired. To the Nigel Baring branch of the family belongs the historic string of black pearls, and with our charming hostess as a background, they were surely never better displayed. The pearls themselves were perfect in shape and wonderful in color. From one side they seemed the dull black of the coal, from another they have the iridescent glisten of the feather of a pigeon's neck, and from still another side reflect like burnished steel. Their beauty made me think of the words by the Jeweler in Disraeli's *Lothair*—

"Pearls are troublesome property, My Lord. They require great care; they want both air and exercise; and they must be

frequently worn; you can't lock them up. The Duchess of Hevant has the finest pearls in this country, and I told Her Grace, 'Wear them whenever you can, wear them at breakfast', and Her Grace followed my advice, she does wear them at breakfast.

I go down to Hevant Castle every year to see Her Grace's pearls, and I wipe every one of them myself, let them lie on a sunny bank in the garden in the westerly wind for hours and days together. Their complexion would have been ruined had it not been for this treatment.

Pearls are like girls, My Lord. They require as much attention."

A merry night we had of it, and long after the ladies had left the room, we sat about the mahogany and discussed the qualities of the different hounds, for Mr. Ryan was much interested to know about my American hounds, and was pleased indeed when I told him that from time to time in the States the blood of the Kerry beagle had been introduced, and invariably, with its fine nose and splendid cry, gave good results.

Let my readers understand that the Kerry beagle is not the little thirteen or fifteen-inch beagle of the present, but a true hound; in fact, standing twenty-one or twenty-two inches and from my point of view with more hound character and of greater value in the chase of the gentlemen of red than any hounds I had seen during my whole tour in the United Kingdom.

The next morning saw the followers of the Limerick at the peculiar stick covert of the Messrs. Browning. I say peculiar, because it is a covert made entirely from sticks, and when one learns that it is located just under the Browning mansion, it will seem still more strange. Both of the Messrs. Browning, as previously stated, are enthusiastic upholders of fox-hunting in Limerick, and possibly to show that one is always able to have a sufficient number of cubs, by means of a veritable brush pile under the edge of their house they have certainly substantiated the statement. This celebrated "Bundle of Sticks" one year was drawn twelve times without a blank.

We all waited in the barnyard while the hounds were being put under the house, and soon "Gone Away" was given. The

cub ran out at the back of the stables into the adjoining fields, giving only a short burst before he looped back into the stick pile again. Hounds were again put under the house, and the youngster routed out; this time he took a wider circle and paid for his boldness with his life, for before making his home, hounds ran into him and bowled him over.

We now headed for the most celebrated covert in Limerick, and perhaps one of the most celebrated in Ireland, namely Bruree. This is also under the supervision of Messrs. Browning, and therefore we were sure of good sport.

Mr. Edward Browning, who acted as Marshal of the Limerick at all times, took the field down to the far end and stationed us. Soon the welcome cry of the hounds was heard in covert, and in a few moments "Charley" was seen breaking from a corner, and with a good lead started across the fields.

Only three or four couple of hounds were on, but Mr. Baring, leaving the whips to bring on the others, set sail on His Reverence and cut out the pace for the first mile.

Success, who had been on his toes about the covert, joined in behind him and took the banks and ditches as they came one after the other in perfect form. Soon I noticed a bright looking Irishman riding hard on a brown horse. He took the lead with his eye on the hounds, and from his determined way of going seemed "a hard one to follow, a bad one to beat."

Hounds were now running fast, and seeing the rider above steer to the right, away from the rest of the field, and feeling sure that he knew his business, I pulled in behind him, and for the next three miles had as exciting a ride as I ever experienced.

I found out later on that the rider was a great sportsman by the name of Hogan, who was considered one of the best men to hounds in Limerick. Certainly he proved it that day, and on "Charter House" in 1918 he showed the War cracks that there were as good hunters as ever in Limerick as he cantered in first for their cup.

Vividly I remember a big wall into a road and another wall out, with a drop of at least eight feet, which we took in our

THE BLACK DITCH, Limerick.
A novelty to the Grafton hunters after the rails and walls in America.

stride, and then, as hounds turned left-handed, we came to a big ditch where, on my right, one man was down with his horse rolling on him, breaking his leg. Hogan went on in front as I pulled up, for hounds were in my path. Soon I was with him again, and now the main body of the field came up the road, and very shortly the fox was put to ground in a drain under the road.

I had a talk with Hogan as we stood on the road, and it was hard to make him believe that Success was an American horse and had never seen an Irish country until he landed in August.

The next covert was drawn blank, the second held, but the rain in the meantime had come on, making scent bad, and again droves of cattle in the fields made the work of Mr. Baring very difficult.

The majority of the followers by this time were out on the road watching the hounds work from there, while Mr. Baring was casting the pack, picking up the line now and then. Believing that I could do better on the road than in the fields, I started for it, and just as I reached the corner of the wall to jump into the road the cavalcade came up. Not knowing what was on the other side I called to them, "All right over there?" and heard some answer "Right." Putting the spurs to Success, I hopped over, only to find that beneath me was a ditch fully ten feet deep and six feet wide. But Success saved my life, for, without any apparent effort, he kicked back at the wall and got enough spring from striking it so that he landed on the road right beside the first of the leaders, and stood there as though he had been doing it every day.

The ladies and gentlemen were simply astounded with the jump, and said that when I called out "All right" they answered "to the right", meaning that I should go up to the right.

One can imagine the *delightful* sensation when jumping a wall with the expectation of landing on the roadside of seeing a yawning chasm beneath. Were it not for my wonderfully good horse, these chapters would not have been written.

Mr. Baring in the meantime had started for another covert, and shortly two foxes were afoot. One finally broke down beside the river, and half a dozen of us were in behind the pack in full cry, but again the rain spoiled the sport. By this time Success was thoroughly imbued with the idea that nothing could daunt him and topped the wide banks, kicked back at the narrow banks, and pushed through the hedges as cleverly as the best Irish horses.

That afternoon I had the pleasure of meeting Dorothea Conyers, the well-known Irish sporting writer. She was much interested to hear my impressions of hunting in Ireland and in turn asked me of the sport in the States.

The following day we spent with the hounds "on the flags" at the kennels, which are fifteen miles from Rockbarton by way of Adare, the little town which belongs to Lord Dunraven. (In Ireland many entire villages are owned by the nobility). We found both the stables and kennels of the Limerick very well arranged, with electric lights, etc., and neat as a pin in every way, reflecting great credit on Mr. Baring's stud groom and first whip, Harry, who were in charge.

On the way back we stopped at Adare, and found it well worth our inspection. Any one who saw the white-winged *Valkyrie* when she was trying to win the America Cup for Lord Dunraven in New York can well believe that he, whose yacht was the acme of perfection, would not change his methods as regards his town. Adare itself lies along a broad street, at the end of which his Lordship has erected a large town house where meetings may be held, and which is also used as a clubhouse for the townspeople.

All the houses in the town are kept up in a wonderful manner; not one bit of rubbish can be seen in the yards, and the thatched roofs and clean fronts of the cottages show what can be done in a village where the proper methods are employed. Three-quarters of the way down the street is the inn erected and owned by Lord Dunraven and managed by a most estimable lady, who told me that the summer's business had been a very

THE EARL OF DUNRAVEN'S DESMOND, THE LEADING IRISH SIRE FOR 1913.

satisfactory one, so good in fact that they were making a large addition to their quarters.

On the edge of the town, as one crosses the bridge and looks up the river to the right, a charming view meets the eye, the old Castle of Adare and the water running by it making a beautiful picture. Across the bridge the demesne wall of Adare Manor begins and continues for fully a mile along the road.

Caroline, Countess of Dunraven, had privately printed in 1855 an interesting volume entitled *Memorials of Adare Manor* with historical notices of Adare by her son, the Earl of Dunraven, which shows that the beautiful village and grand manor house have always been dear to the family of Dunraven.

Just beyond the demesne is the stud farm for which Adare, and in fact all Ireland, is noted, for there stood the mighty Desmond by St. Simon, dam L'Abbesse-de-Jouarre, winner of the Oaks in her year. A laughable story is told of this latter mare, for when she was racing, the bookmakers were not able to get the exact French name and shouted, "Five to one Abscess of the Jaw."

Strange to say, a few years after seeing the mighty "Desmond," whose so-called demon blood has mitigated against some of his descendants, I found in the *Reminiscences of Lady Randolph Churchill* by Mrs. George Cornwallis-West the following, which explains the name of his dam:

"The shining light of our stable was the 'Abbesse de Jouarre," for which Randolph gave three hundred pounds at the Doncaster sales, eventually selling her for seven thousand pounds. I had been reading *L'Abbesse de Jouarre*, written by Renan, in order, so it is said, to disprove the assertions of his friends that he could not write something imaginative. I suggested the name as a fitting one for the beautiful black mare, which was by 'Trappist' out of 'Festive.' She was a gallant little thing, with a heart bigger than her body, and her size made the public so sceptical that she invariably started at long odds. When she won the Oaks those who backed her got 20 to 1."

Desmond was one of the most successful sires in the United Kingdom, stood first on the list in 1913, and was the sire of

that splendid colt, Craganour, which was the winter favorite for the Derby of 1913.

Since the time of Gubbins, Lord Dunraven has done more to turn the eyes of those interested in breeding to Ireland than any other breeder. Ten of Desmond's yearlings one year averaged two thousand four hundred and eighty-four guineas, while one made five thousand guineas, the top price of the year. The breeder of this last colt was Frank Wise, late Master of the Limerick, who had a large stud farm in Tipperary. Desmond's fee was three hundred pounds, or one thousand five hundred dollars, his list was full for 1913 and 1914, and the King, Lady Conyngham, Duke of Portland, Sir Tatton Sykes, Mr. Harry Payne Whitney, and others, had booked their best matrons to him.

I was especially interested to look Desmond over, as his grandsire, Galopin, had sired a number of horses in America, including King Gallop, who stood for years in Genesee Valley, having been selected by the Duke of Beaufort as a grand type of a hunter sire. Galopin was also the sire of Galore, who in turn was sire of Filagrane and Filament, bred by the Messrs. Morris of Maryland.

I was pleased indeed to find that Desmond was under the charge of a clever Englishman named Price. He told me that he had been in America with my old friend, the late T. C. Patteson, Postmaster at Toronto, and we had a pleasant half hour talking over the jockeys of the day, as he had been riding on the flat while in Canada and thoroughly agreed with me as regards the tower of strength Mr. Patteson had been to racing in the Dominion.

Desmond was fourteen years old, and but for a sway back seemed in as good order as a five-year-old. Price asked us into the box with him, and we found his charge as affable as any gelding. At a fee of three hundred pounds, it is readily seen that Desmond earned fifty thousand dollars a year, which was agreeable pin money to his owner, who, however, spent it in improving his stock. The boxes and yards at the farm were splen-

didly arranged, and a hospital, surgery, medicine chest, etc., were complete in every way.

In July of 1913, without having shown any sign of weakness, the mighty Desmond was found dead in his box one morning.

Following the idea of John Gubbins, who named his crack colts, Ardpatrick and Galtee More, from the mountains of Ireland, Lord Dunraven has named his horses after the great families of Limerick, and there was no family more honored than that carrying the name Desmond, for by virtue of his Royal Seigniory as a Count Palatine, the Earl created his sons hereditary Knights, and their descendants are Knight of Glin, Knight of Kerry and The White Knight, so Lord Dunraven named the son of his great stallion, Desmond, The White Knight, and he won the Ascot Gold Cup twice and the Epsom Coronation Cup. He stood in a box across the way from his sire, and was proving himself also of value in breeding.

On another of the off days we ran up to Limerick and made a visit to the Rathbane stud, where stood the well-known stallion, Bachelor's Double, winner of the Leopardstown Grand Prize, the Irish Derby, the City and Suburban, the Royal Hunt Cup, and the Kempton Park Jubilee.

The Rathbane stud was most attractively situated just on the edge of Limerick town, and occupied some two hundred and fifty acres divided up into paddocks of four acres each of fine rich grass. This stud was also splendidly kept up, shrubs being planted about the yard, and all the arrangements showed that Mr. C. Gilbert, who was in charge, knew his business thoroughly.

The Double himself was a beautiful type, quiet, full of class, with any amount of galloping power, of the long, low type, and sired by the great Tredennis. Since my winter in Ireland Bachelor's Double has come to the front as a sire of winners, and the victory of Comrade in the Grand Prix de Paris, in 1920, has made him one of the most talked of sires of the day. Comrade was one of the most wonderful bargains of the

Thoroughbred world. Mr. P. P. Gilpin bought him as a yearling for twenty-five guineas and he sold a half share in him to M. de St. Alary for twenty thousand pounds.

The following day we were out with the hounds again, but on account of the wind and rain, which later in the afternoon came down in torrents, we had no sport.

It was pleasant to note the keen interest every one in Limerick took in the sport,—not only those who rode, but those who followed in cars and motors. As regards hospitality and courtesy to strangers, Ireland takes the front seat, for although I was unknown to ninety per cent. of the field, and my only mark of eminence my velvet Master's cap, yet as I went down the road, time and time again a gentleman or lady would offer me a drink, a sandwich, or a cake from the luncheon baskets whose contents seemed everlasting. With the open air and the riding, the food capacity of eighty or ninety followers of the field can well be imagined, yet the camp followers, so to speak, never ran short of their delicious rations.

That evening we drew the covert in and about Ballyyard, where Lady Georgina Croker for years held sway. In her time no one in the west of Ireland lived in greater style. Now the eyes of the stone mansion are closed with shutters, where formerly they glistened with lights far into the morning, for great were the dinners given at Ballyyard. Grass was growing on the avenue over which Lady Croker used to tool the celebrated four-in-hand of spotted ponies, and it seemed almost pathetic to think of the place which was formerly all life, happiness, and vivacity, now become so lonesome and dreary.

Certainly there is no more sporting pack in Ireland than the Limerick and one where true sportsmanship is more deeply revered. History tells us that at the funeral of George Leake, of Rathkeale Abbey, in 1843, the Members of the Hunt attended in scarlet followed by the Hunt servants in livery and the full pack of hounds with crape tied around their necks.

We had already stayed at Rockbarton two or three days

ON AND OFF A BIG BANK IN SPLENDID STYLE.

(Original photograph loaned Mr. Frank Gray Griswold to illustrate his Chapter "A Day with the 'Wards'," in "Stolen Kisses." Privately printed, 1914).

A BIG WIDE BANK IN LIMERICK, NARROW DITCH BEYOND.

longer than we expected, but sport and comfort there lived hand in hand, and it was hard to break away.

The next day I spent in looking over the splendid stud of hunters which Mr. Baring keeps just outside the park in the stable which his father-in-law built for thoroughbreds. Boxes were splendidly arranged about a large square with a fountain in the middle; each had an electric light and ample storage of hay and grain. Here our hunters were also housed, and Wheeler and our grooms were pleased indeed with the splendid treatment accorded them.

That evening we planned which hunters should go for the opening day with the Black and Tans to which Mr. Ryan had invited us, and which should be sent along to Tipperary, so that we would not lose a day's sport.

Eleven o'clock the following morning found us at "The Cross of the Tree", where Mr. Ryan was waiting for us with sixteen couple of the Black and Tans.

Before the hounds started off to the covert I had time to look them over carefully. Two or three couple showed a slight trace of the bloodhound in the wrinkle and heavy throat; the majority, however, were a clean-cut, racy looking lot, all black with tan points, hare feet very much like the American hounds, and under perfect control.

I was pleased indeed to meet Mr. Clement Ryan, who was Master for forty years before his nephew, the present John J. Ryan, began to wear the cap. The Master's sister and his cousin, young Clem Ryan, who were out as whips, made a most interesting family party.

Colonel Wyndham-Quin published in 1919 a delightful volume on Foxhounds in County Limerick, and he brought out that "Thady Ryan, Gentleman", in 1691, under the provisions of the Treaty of Limerick, was able, as a Catholic, to lease lands from Valentine Browne, Knight, an ancestor of the Earl of Kenmare, and the author states that Thady Ryan "must have found hunting perilous at times."

Of the Ryans and their hounds, he shows that the former have proved themselves not only good farmers but great huntsmen, and he said, "The famous pack of Black and Tans that lay in free and easy Irish way under the great Spanish chestnut at Ballyvista (the former home of the family) and which is now kennelled at Scarteen, links together the Eighteenth and Twentieth Centuries in a way which, perhaps, no other family has ever done, and naturally a pack like this hunting over the same country for more than two centuries has come to be the centre of countless local traditions and with the tide of immigration its fame has been borne to many a distant land." The Scarteen pack at the time Colonel Quin wrote mustered some twenty-five couple, and they hunted, as he said, twice a week over what is perhaps the finest hunting country in the world, the Golden Vein of Limerick and Tipperary.

In 1918 the *Irish Field* wrote of the death of Mr. Richard Ryan, at the advanced age of eighty-five years, a fine type of the Irish sportsmen of the old school fast disappearing. He was, they said, "a link with the past, one of the last followers of the celebrated Arravale Harriers and the oldest member of the Black and Tan Hunt. In his time he rode with the best men over Tipperary when the Marquis of Waterford used to bring his hounds each season from Curraghmore to hunt the country. As a young man he was a great athlete, and he would often jump over the backs of three horses standing side by side and he would gallop up to a fence on a horse, slip out of the saddle, jump the obstacle with his hunter and remount again on the other side, without losing any appreciable time."

The first covert drawn was Ballysciddane, which was blank; the next Ballyholohan, which not only held a fox but a badger. The latter kept the pack busy for ten or fifteen minutes, until Mr. Ryan, going into covert, soon dispatched him by a blow on the snout.

Hounds now took after the fox, and shortly after he was viewed in a field to the right, but he turned sharp left-handed, and hounds ran over a short distance. Mr. Ryan, however, was

SAFE STEEPLECHASE MOUNT.

Will walk down bank until hind feet rest where fore feet are, then arch back, spring off hocks and over ditch.

soon on the left-hand line, and then only gave one blast of his horn when the black and tans raced to him as I never saw hounds race before, showing the wonderful respect in which they held him.

The Master soon had their noses down, and led the way mounted on Charley. I was on Scribbler, a four-year-old all too eager, and it was with difficulty I held him behind our gallant leader.

Irish horses, from their knowledge of the jumps, seldom race at them, and no matter how deep the ditch or how wide the banks, they gallop up, jump off their hocks, and land safely. Not so with Scribbler, who, with the ardor of youth, must have his jump with speed or not at all. Soon his impetuosity received its pay, however, for when the Master and a lady, who was riding very straight just behind him, had jumped a big ditch on to a high bank and disappeared over the other side, I brought Scribbler up to it quietly. Not having the rush that he craved, he sprang and landed on the bank, but not far enough up: with a mighty effort he tried to regain himself only to fall back into the water, while I slipped from his back on to the bank.

He wallowed across the ditch and got up on the take-off side, and galloped down the fields. In the meantime I had mounted the bank to find that it was four feet wide on top, with another ditch just as bad on the far side, and on that side stood Nigel Baring, doing his best to pull Red Lancer out of the far ditch into which he had fallen.

At last, finding a place off the bank into the field, I followed Scribbler, who had been caught by a convenient boy, and giving the lad a shilling, I was soon on, sailing at the ditch and bank at a better looking place. This time I got on to the bank all right, but in jumping off fell into the ditch, luckily on the far side, so was able to pull my mount up on the firm grass.

Mounting again, I followed one or two riders that I could see in the distance, and after two miles of tagging along, came to where the hounds had run the fox to ground.

When Mr. Ryan had made sure that he could not dislodge his quarry, he mounted Charley, and his sister, cousin, and uncle soon had the hounds behind trotting on towards Scarteen itself. On the way we met his mother with a trap laden down with good things, both solid and liquid, and delicious they were to us after our few minutes in the wake of the Kerry Beagles, and to me especially, after my couple of falls.

It was a pleasure to watch the hounds as they were taken from covert to covert. There were none of the hard-set rules and no sound of lash as with the English packs; they followed their Master as though they loved him, and a word or two was all that was necessary to bring them to place.

Glenary was the next draw,—a high hill with gorse and underbrush which belonged to the late Lord Fermoy, as his daughter, Mrs. Baring, told me.

Unlike the English hounds, with their method of drawing close, the Scarteen pack spread out wide and could be seen quartering the top of the hill. The field was kept at one end, and shortly I heard a hound open with splendid note and rapidly crying the line towards us. Evidently the fox saw us and turned back, for the hound puzzled a few moments; then, as he quartered and found the line, what a roar he gave! Half a dozen were to him in a minute, and they carried the line away from us, but we quickly jumped a wall and got behind them.

Still holding to his original point, the fox turned back through a strip of wood with the hounds in splendid cry directly to our left, and we galloped on for a quarter of a mile along the top of the hill, watching them work the line. The leading hounds now came through an opening in the wall, where the fox had turned right-handed, and ran up the hill parallel to the wall. Coming out of the break in the wall, the hounds ran over only three lengths, then raced up the hill in full cry, and by the way they opened, I could see we were in for a good run. Half a dozen of us, including both Masters, Mrs. Baring, and one or two others, were now behind them as they turned and ran along the side of the hill with grand music.

After hearing the muttering of an English dog pack and the weak cry of the bitches, what a pleasure it was to hear a pack open as though they really enjoyed it.

I shall never forget the next twenty minutes with the Black and Tans. It was a hard fight to keep with them. From start to finish they cast themselves like American hounds, and so their losses were only for a moment; then they were pressing on again in full cry, not standing with heads up, waiting to be told where to go. The pace was fast and furious as we raced along the hillsides, the eager pack just on in front, Mr. Ryan urging Charley to his best, and Scribbler, now on his good behavior, right beside him. From the hillside I could see a beautiful valley and splendid country lying before us, and in a few moments, after a few walls and bank jumps, we were on the road.

Mr. Ryan headed Charley up a big bank, and Scribbler was beside him in the twinkling of an eye, but in jumping off the bank over the wide ditch, Charley and his rider came down, and I waited a moment to see if either were hurt. Ryan was on again in a moment and we were galloping as hard as possible after the cry of the hounds, as they were far ahead to the right. For the next fifteen minutes we rode side by side as we crossed the beautiful valley; looking back from time to time I could see a few riders coming on, but that was all.

My companion knew every inch of the country, and at the end of the three miles, we came to the hounds on the edge of a boreen, where a farmer had headed the fox with his collie dog. Mr. Baring soon came up with Mrs. Baring.

Mr. Ryan now cast the hounds forward, then to the left, and finally to the right, where they took the line, ran the fox to earth, and marked him well. This ended the best sport that I had had to date in Ireland, and, as events proved, one of the best of my whole sporting tour.

Our little party of four or five, who had got to the end with a splendid feeling of exultation, rode slowly back to Scarteen,

where Mrs. Ryan had been expecting us to luncheon, although it was now tea-time.

The home itself was simple, but yet most attractive, especially to a sportsman, for not fifty yards from the house were the kennels for the hounds, which the Ryans cared for themselves, and adjoining the back yard were the stables, where Charley and his sporting comrades were kept. Compare this modest home with the castles of England, with their stud of eighty or ninety hunters, their kennels for a hundred couple of hounds, and how meager Scarteen looks; but compare the percentage of good to bad sport, and Scarteen looks down on them all.

There are those who might wonder at my saying this when I only hunted one day and happened to get a cracking run, but I will refer them to any one who has hunted with the Black and Tans, for their feelings are invariably the same as mine.

The Black and Tans showed more of what we value so highly in America and term "fox sense" than any of the packs that I had hunted behind. Their splendid cry enabled them to cast wide at times for the line, and then, harkening to the find, pack together and go on. Their speed was equal to their noses, and the hound whose speed is greater than his nose is constantly running imaginary lines.

Often in my sojourn have I been asked as to the relative merits of my American hounds and the English hounds, and I would sometimes answer, "Don't bother about my American hounds, but simply go to Scarteen and hunt with the Black and Tans; there you will see a pack which, in my opinion, can hunt the fox and give sport not only on the good days, but on the bad days; and I will wager that you will be surprised to find that many days when you term the 'scent bad' you will learn it is simply a question of bad hounds or bad noses."

Then again, having hunted in the States for years with many packs, season after season, and having witnessed the principal hound trials, I believe that I know what "class" is, and "class" I embodied in the Standard of the American foxhound, signifying as it does:

"The highest percentage of the necessary qualities for field use in America."

I write as I do with regard to the Black and Tans, feeling that they embody the highest percentage of the necessary qualities for field use in the United Kingdom.

One thing I feel assured of, namely, that had I to run a match against any of the English-bred packs when nose, cry, and heel were to be the deciding points, I should feel very confident, but had I John J. Ryan and his Black and Tans to contend with, I should feel that I had my work cut out, with that past master of the Art of Venery to lead his forces against me.

We sat down to tea, and the mother of the sweet little family told me how proud she was of the hounds, and how for two centuries they have been cared for by the family. After tea we made a short tour of inspection of the old home and I liked especially the big library, with beckoning armchairs about the fire.

Dark was now coming on, and I had Tipperary to make, in order to catch the train for Fethard, where I had engaged quarters at McCarthy's; so thanking the Ryans for their splendid hospitality, and by special request touching Scribbler with the spurs so that he bucked half way down the avenue, I started along, deeply impressed with the day at Scarteen.

Any one who has looked over the pages of the *Illustrated London News,* the *Sporting and Dramatic,* or *The Graphic* during the great war must have been impressed with the splendid types of gentlemen of the United Kingdom who have sacrificed themselves for their country, and in going over one of the above, while correcting these chapters, I saw the face of John J. Ryan among those who were killed. Never again will he cheer the Black and Tans on to their quarry; never again will he harken to their cry. A true Irish gentleman has gone beyond, and a sportsman without a peer.

Later, cheery words were received which said that after a furious charge "Somewhere in France" Mr. Ryan was missing and was supposed to have been killed, and only after a

considerable time had elapsed was it learned that the trench in which his section was serving was blown in and he was officially reported killed, but through the courtesy of a German officer, who sent a post card to his mother, it was found that he and some of his troopers, who were also buried in the trench, were dug out alive and practically unhurt.

When the postal came to Ireland, the mail sorters on the train from Dublin to Cork read the card, copied it and threw the copy out when passing Knocklong, where a Fair was being held, and soon the Fair Green was resounding with rousing cheers for "Master John", with whom many of them had had "a good day's rattling sport."

THE WEDDING AT BALLYPOREEN

"There was bacon and greens, but the turkey was spoiled;
Potatoes dressed every way, roasted and boiled;
Red herring, plum-pudding—the priest got a snipe;
Cobladdy, stiff dumpling, and cow-heel and tripe.
Oh! they ate until they could eat no more, Sir!
Then the whiskey came pouring galore, Sir.
How Terence MacManus did roar, Sir,
At the wedding of Ballyporeen."

CHAPTER IX.

NEW FRIENDS AND AN ACCIDENT

LANDED IN TIPPERARY—JOHN WATSON, THE MASTER OF THE MEATH AND "DICK" BURKE, MASTER OF THE TIPPERARY—DENBYDALE'S ACCOUNT OF THE JOCKEYSHIP OF CUSTANCE—HUNT WITH CUSTANCE IN ENGLAND WITH THE COTTESMORE—OPENING DAY HUNT IN TIPPERARY—MR. BURKE AT CLONMEL, FETHARD AND TIPPERARY—McCARTEY'S HOTEL, FETHARD—HOT WORDS WITH AN ENGLISH OFFICER—CALL FROM JACK O'BRIEN—MEET AT DONEGAL COVERT—FALL FROM SUCCESS, SPRAINING MY ANKLE—DINNER WITH MAJOR WISE AT ROCHESTOWN—THE RIVER SUIR—INSPECTION OF THE ROCHESTOWN STUD—"IKEY" BELL AND MRS. BELL—DINNER WITH JACK O'BRIEN AT LAKEFIELD— JERRY ROHAN—MRS. VILLIERS MORTON-JACKSON—INSPECTION OF HUNTERS, HOUNDS, ETC. AT GROVE—MEET AT GRACES—DINNER WITH THE MASTER AT GROVE—SUNDAY HARRIERS—WILLIE HANLY AND THE ONE-EYED HORSE—INVITATION FROM "IKEY" BELL.

HERE I was at last in the home of the gallant Tipperarys, where for generations brave men and fair women have ridden the hardest, where great runs were the rule and not the exception, where "Dick" Burke for twenty years held sway, where the Marquis of Waterford used to hunt in addition to his own country, and where the scenes of those splendid paintings of "The Noble Tips", entitled

"The Marquis at home",
"Tipperary Glory",
"Tipperary Boys", and
"Tipperary Melody",

by F. C. Turner and engraved by Hunt, were laid.

The four paintings give one a very good idea of the country. It is not as even galloping as Limerick, and it takes a well-bred and long well-fed horse to follow up and down the hills, but it affords you the wonderful pleasure of having your hounds in view as they race up and down the inclines before you, which is so attractive.

C. J. Apperley, in his *Tour in Ireland* in the *New Sporting Magazine* of April 1834, described the Hunt in Tipperary County, called the "Grove Hunt", at Baushacastle, stating that it was under the management of Mr. Jacob, established by Mr. Barton of Grove, and shared the foxhunting of the country with the Ormond Hunt.

In 1864, towards the last of February, the Tipperary had perhaps its greatest run; the pack found in the Meldrum covert, not far from Cashel, the Castle of the Kings. "Charley" made straight for Slievenamon, which is always in view from every part of Tipperary, and was killed within two hundred yards of the mountain. Only one survivor of that grand run is still alive.

The Tipperarys have always been proud of their country, and any rider from the district about Fethard in other Hunts is a marked man. John Watson, for years Master of the Meath (who came to America long ago and took the International Polo Cup away from the Meadow Brook Team), was said to be not always the sweetest-tempered man in the field. One day as his hounds broke covert, he noticed a rider tie on behind them and follow so closely that he feared they would be overridden by the fearless horseman, but before addressing him in the usual Watsonian language Watson turned and asked a near-by follower, "Who is that rider out in front?"

The reply was, "That's Dick Burke, Master of the Tipperary", and for once the Master of the Meath was silent.

The greatest run in England is said to have been the Waterloo in 1866, and Custance, the winner of three Derbys, on Thormanby, Lord Lyon, and George Frederick, was one of the few who rode from start to finish, and for years was considered the best man in Leicestershire.

Tom Firr, in his verses on the Waterloo, said:

> "Yet, Custance came up with a rattle and flew,
> Clearing all in his stride in the famed Waterloo."

"Custance in his day was as well-known as Maher, the celebrated jockey, is today", says Denbydale, a follower of the "Tips", and adds, "I remember him well, the neatly-dressed man brought to our Meets by his host, Squire Bryan of Jenkinstown, for whom he rode on the turf, and I recall my boyish eagerness to see how the great jockey who had won the Derby could go, and it happened I hunted several times in Ballingary district with him, and in writing his book, *Riding Recollections,*

he refers to these outings, and not in good taste, but I will say this, that there was an excuse for his being caustic, and it was, that he was out of it across the double banks and mixed fences at Ballingary."

"'Every man to his last.' Custance rode many a great race, and I am sure saw many fine hunts, especially on his favorite 'The Doctor' in the Shires and over the fly fences; but I saw him in our country and however brilliant he was in the great Waterloo he would not have gone half way in the Meldrum to Slievenamon run."

When the writer of these chapters was hunting in England fifteen years before, he met Custance in the hunting field near Melton, out with the Cottesmore, and even then the celebrated jockey of bygone days was going hard.

I remember as though it were yesterday how we met. Hames had jobbed me a good, breedy mare, and I was bound to hold my own that afternoon from the famous Ranksboro gorse. Standing in the centre of the road on the top of the hill, the covert lies beneath you like an open fan, and there is a gate at the end of the road into the adjoining fields. Hounds had been in covert only a few minutes when they broke to the left, and rushing down the road, I found the gateway blocked up, while half a dozen first flighters were already out in the field beyond. Feeling sure of my mount, I put her at the fence to the left of the gate, she popped over it, and soon I was close up behind the leaders, only to see them turn right-handed away from the hounds, which were crooking to the left. I kept in the wake of the pack and suddenly saw before me a strong looking hedge with bushes feathering out of the top. At it I went, only to be caught by the strong branches of what seemed to be flexible bushes, and down we came on the other side. I was up and soon galloping again, and after a few moments was in front with the rest, but unfortunately the hounds promptly checked. A small, clean-shaven gentleman of about fifty-three or fifty-four came up to me and asked,—

"You are an American, are you not?"

I answered, "Yes."

He said, "Well, I thought so; I have known you all since Ten Broeck, and you are all the same,—ride at anything." Then he told me who he was, and we struck up a very pleasant acquaintance.

He had a very snug little cottage at Oakham, kept a small string of good hunters, knew every one in the field, was welcome everywhere, and loved by all, and a story is told of Baron Martin, one of the great Judges of the Court of the Exchequer, bowing one day most politely to a man in the crowd and who, the story tells, turned out to be "Custance, the famous Jockey."

Knowing Custance as I did and having seen him go, I could not help but wonder how I would go in Tipperary. I knew that Success, Sir Ritchie, Scribbler, and The Cad would go anywhere that other horses went, but would I be able to sit on them and let them go? That was the question which came up strongest in my mind.

Mr. Burke, who had resigned the Mastership two or three years ago, when the earthquake rattled down his large holdings in San Francisco, came to his own again in 1912 as Master of the Tipperary, and great was the honor that was paid him at Clonmel, Fethard, and Tipperary at the opening day hunt in each town. All business was suspended, arches were raised over the streets, and flags hoisted; for was not "Dick" Burke a Tipperary boy, one of their own people, which is seldom the case now, when the Mastership of a pack of hounds entails such a tremendous outlay.

At Fethard itself there was a great demonstration in the evening. The streets were literally packed, and all through the early night huge bonfires blazed in the midst of the square. A magnificent torchlight procession marched through the town, local bands played stirring airs, and as their own Master, together with Archdeacon Ryan and Sir William Austen, Master of the Ormond Foxhounds, drove up, there was lusty cheering.

THE OLD WALLED TOWN OF FETHARD.

WAITING FOR THE HOUNDS IN AN IRISH VILLAGE.

The Archdeacon congratulated the people on the magnificence of the display and the splendid organization of the Hunt, and on the whole-hearted enthusiasm that marked their appreciation of the return of the old Master.

At Cashel, which is often called Royal Cashel, the greeting was even more enthusiastic. The Chairman of the Urban Council formally welcomed Mr. Burke back to the Mastership, and said, "'Tis only natural that a sporting people should esteem him and entertain the utmost admiration and good will towards him." Father Dunne referred to the pleasure it was to see a gentleman living in his own country and spending his money in it.

At Clonmel, the mayor met Mr. Burke at the Main Guard, and received him, wearing his chain of office and surrounded by the Presentation Committee, who gave him a silver horn as a token of their esteem. The grooms of the town presented a whip as a token of their respect for the sportsman who had for so many years given them the best of sport.

Such a feeling between the countryside and the hunting interests shows conclusively how deep-set the love of sport is in the United Kingdom. When one sees the grass fields in the winter after fifty horsemen have galloped over them, he wonders possibly why the owners endure it. The only answer is that they are sportsmen themselves and perhaps followers of the Hunt; and if not, their neighbors are, and they are too big-hearted to complain.

Never once in the eight months which I spent in Ireland did I see a hand raised against the Hunt. A few coverts were closed on account of the covert owners' or keepers' quarrels, but that was all.

McCarthy's Hotel is a little, old-fashioned house on the main street of Fethard; just across the way is the Public House, also run by McCarthy, and his horse boxes are in the rear. Wheeler had been there a day, and the "new coon in town" with the American horses had created quite a stir.

Mr. Burke, out of courtesy to me, had selected his best coverts for the next week. I told Wheeler that night I would ride Success, and after a splendid dinner served by that multum-in-parvo waitress, Mary, I retired, glowing still with the thought of the day with Black and Tans. At half-past six in the morning the town alarm clock on a near-by church woke me with the vigorous ringing of its bells.

At breakfast I had as a companion an officer staying at the inn. We struck up a pleasant acquaintance, and I motored him to several of the meets, but like many Englishmen he had a wonderful regard for his country and its antiquity, and rather prided himself on that fact, so much so that, to use a great expression in Ireland, I got "fed up with it." Finally, one night he said, "Why, I live in the Bicester country, and for thirty miles around you can't find anybody who has not owned his place for the last one hundred and fifty years." I got a little angry and replied, "Well, that may be. I come from America, where there were hardly any houses one hundred and fifty years ago, but I notice one thing; you are riding to the meets every day in my motor-car, and I have as good a string of hunters as there are in Ireland, while you are patching along with two crocks." It is needless to say, that he did not open up again on ancient history, but he was a rare good sporting sort, and we enjoyed one another's company hugely.

Mary, the waitress, was so full of "class" that you could not be in the inn ten minutes before you appreciated who was running it. An officer who had been there previously, one day in making fun of her, said, "Why, Mary, what is the matter; you are only trotting around to-day; when I was last here, you were galloping."

Arriving at the meet the next morning, I found Success as fit as a fiddle, and as I was a little ahead of time, it was interesting to see the sportsmen and women arrive. The majority were in motors, a few rode their own hunters, and a very few came on hacks; the Master drove up in a dogcart, as he hated

THE LATE FRANK WISE.
Ex-Master of the Limerick Hunt.

the motors, but each and every one was attired in the full livery of the Hunt.

I noticed one strongly built chap of about thirty-five or thirty-six whom they told me was "Ikey" Bell, Master of the Kilkenny. Another slim sportsman who sat down in his horse was Willie Hanly who, although fifty-eight, was one of the best men to hounds in Ireland, giving them all anywhere from ten to twenty-five years.

A hard-bitten field was the Tipperary. Mrs. Denny was splendidly mounted, and in a perfectly fitting habit and broad-rimmed silk hat was surely the Diana of the chase; not only did she look the part, but rode it, which is not always the case. Besides, she was equally skilful at the wheel of her motor.

For sport the day was a bad one, and with the exception of running one or two ringing foxes, nothing was accomplished. The jumps themselves I could see averaged wider and higher than in Westmeath, stone walls were very rare, many banks had ditches on both sides, and the country, being more or less up and down, made its negotiation after a few miles largely a question of the breeding and condition of your mount. I felt that with my light weight, and thoroughbred horses, I might hold my own, and if the crack man could jump the country I would, at least, have a try at it.

The next day was an off day, and I amused myself by visiting Clonmel and looking over the surrounding country.

The following day was another off day as regards sport, but I had the great pleasure of meeting Major Frank Wise, ex-Master of the Limerick, who was then living at Rochestown, County Tipperary, in the old Wise homestead. After leaving Limerick he had come to Rochestown, and having always been extremely interested in blood stock, he founded the Rochestown Stud, purchased nine well-bred mares by Gallinule, Ladas, Desmond, Bushey Park, Mackintosh, and others. Sweet must have been his feelings, when at the Newmarket Sales the bay colt by Desmond out of Sisterlike was offered by Tattersalls.

All eyes about the ring were turned on the colt, which many said was the best looking yearling they had seen at Newmarket. Certainly his good looks were appreciated, for the bids came without the asking, and finally he was sold at five thousand guineas, or almost twenty-six thousand two hundred and fifty dollars. In addition to that, the other colts all made good prices, so that Rochestown was inundated by a flood of eight thousand pounds, or forty thousand dollars, which, "as the ragman said to the bag-man, it will do you no harm, Sir."

I had already heard what a delightful sportsman and companion Frank Wise was, and surely he was a good fellow well met, for finding that I was staying at Fethard for a week, he said, "Motor over Saturday after the Hunt and spend Sunday with us, and I will show you my horses", an invitation I was mighty glad to accept.

At the inn that night, I received a call from that most courteous sportsman, Jack O'Brien of Lakefield, Fethard. He came, as he said, to pay his respects to me as a visiting American, and he would be very glad to have me dine with him the following week. O'Brien was riding only a little, as he had had a bad fall, and was compelled to be most careful of his knee.

The next meet was at Donegal, from which the Tipperary had some of their most noted runs, and as Success had done nothing the last time out, I ordered him again. Donegal covert is beautifully located in a valley, and while hounds are drawing the opposite bank, the fox can be viewed as he goes away at either end.

Sixty or seventy were out, all as eager as greyhounds in the slips, and seeing some start suddenly to the right, I galloped after them down the steep hill, where a dozen were held up at a narrow ford in a brook. The bank of the brook looked firm, so taking a chance, I lined Success at it. Alas! the earth gave way as he took off, and he landed on the other side only to fall, pinning me to the ground while he rolled over my right leg from knee to ankle.

As luck would have it, the sod underneath was shaped just right to save a break; I felt the bones bend, and hot shocks raced up and down my leg. "Would he never get off?" I thought, till finally rolling away, he scrambled to his feet and galloped up the hill to be caught by a friendly horseman.

I staggered to my feet and answered to half a dozen inquiries that I was all right, but the ankle seemed on fire. I climbed up behind a good-natured farmer, who carried me up the hill to where my mount had been captured, and nerving myself to the utmost, I stepped off the injured limb and was again in the saddle.

And all this for nothing! For hounds were not running, simply being taken out of covert, and the whole scramble had been brought about by a few too eager followers.

I had the fall before noon and rode about the rest of the day, hoping against hope that it was only a small sprain, but inwardly damning myself for taking such a chance when it was so unnecessary. I remembered so well the third day of the Grafton-Middlesex International Foxhound Match when, jumping an unnecessary gate, "Slogo" fell and broke three bones in my foot. I can never forget the pain experienced in riding every day through the rest of the Match, as each move of the horse for a week or two seemed like running hot irons into the foot, so that day after day cold perspiration would break out all over me. Now here I was again, just at the beginning of the Irish season that I had looked forward to for years, with an ankle that throbbed and throbbed as though it would burst the boot.

At McCarthy's that night, after a tug or two on the bootjack, and almost fainting away, my valet cut the boot at the back, and when it was off, we found the ankle swelled to an even size all the way around, and even to look at it made me wince. I felt that I was in for it, but with warm water, antiphlogistine to quiet the throb, and strong sleeping powders, I managed to get through the night. The next morning I had Doctor Tom to look at the ankle. He said, "Two weeks in bed

at least, and perhaps more; it is almost broken, and you strained all the ligaments both sides."

I answered, "Well, I am going to hunt tomorrow and as often as the hounds go out."

He smiled and said, "I will come in tomorrow morning, Mr. Smith." He came next morning and found me down-stairs with my livery on, with my right foot in a rubber boot.

My feelings were somewhat better that morning, as I remembered during the night that I had two accident policies, one with an American company, and the other with an English company, and I remarked to Doctor Tom, "Well, anyway, I have made a good investment."

He asked, "How is that", and I answered, "I can't perform my duties as Master of Hounds for three weeks, and consequently there is one hundred dollars a week earned from the two companies, which is not so bad."

I was also interested to find how the two companies would act in the matter, for many years ago while steeplechasing in the States, I had a very unhappy experience with two companies who were supposed to properly protect one in case of accident. The American companies acted far differently from the English and Scotch companies which make a business of insuring sportsmen. They allow so many steeplechases a year, and their claims are paid "on the stroke of the bell."

Not so with the American companies. One after paying a claim or two, refused to accept any more insurance, and the other, learning that I was to ride a race in a few days, brought a check of a few cents, which was the value of the premium on the unexpired policy, and left it at my office in Worcester when I was away racing. As I knew nothing of the cancellation, I took on no further insurance.

I happened to have the bad luck to come down at the meeting, and was unconscious for four or five days and had lapses of unconsciousness for over thirty days. I promptly sued the company but lost, as they had inserted a little clause in the policy which, under the strict laws of Massachusetts, allowed them to

cancel policies at any time, even though the insured were in another continent.

My experience as a sportsman with American companies has been so unsatisfactory that I believe if any of the broad-minded English and Scotch companies would have themselves properly represented in the States, they would do a good business with hunting, polo, and racing men, who indulge in their sport now and then as a recreation and expect to be properly protected.

Despite the bad ankle, that day I rode Sir Ritchie, and as we did nothing but chase a ringing fox between two coverts, I was able, by the use of the left leg and the right hand on the martingale, to get over four or five jumps, though every movement of the horse pained me excruciatingly.

Although the Tipperary had been having good sport before we came, we struck a bad fortnight, and while Mr. Burke did everything in his power, there comes a time, as all Masters know, when the best coverts fail, and so it happened the next day.

Sport being bad, I pulled out early, ran direct to Fethard, and gave Wheeler a chance to massage the ankle for an hour before leaving for Rochestown. It was dark when we arrived there, so it was impossible to appreciate the beauties of the place, but the entrance hall was most attractive and had an artistic frieze by Adams, the mansion itself being spacious and well arranged. My apartment was in the northeast wing, warm and cozy.

Quickly donning my pink evening coat, I went down-stairs and found my host likewise attired in the livery of the Hunt, with the flying foxes on the facings of the coat, emblematic of "the Tips."

Mrs. Wise was most solicitous in regard to my ankle and a truly wonderful hostess; two sons of the family were away at school, while two daughters graced the home, the older one already showing many of the traits which make her father so attractive to every one.

After dinner we gathered about the fire, while the Major sat at the piano, playing his own accompaniments, and talked and

sang folk songs as only an Irishman can. He possessed a rarely sweet voice, and one can imagine how charming it was to be received into the very midst of such a family and made happy by sympathy and gentle courtesy, in the quiet library, thousands of miles from home.

My "throbbing investment" woke me up early the next morning, and as I looked out my window to the west, I was greeted by the broad expanse of the Suir River, which, like a wide silver ribbon, could be traced as far as the eyes could see up the green fields.

The Suir is not only a beautiful stream but, in the proper season of the year, is teeming with salmon which are noted all over the world. *The Irish Field,* quoting from *Wild Wales* by George Borrow, that singular genius of the middle of the last century, says, "For dinner, we had salmon and a leg of mutton * * * the salmon was good enough, but I have eaten better; and here it will not be amiss to say that the best salmon in the world is caught in the Suir, a river that flows past the beautiful town of Clonmel, in Ireland."

Praise like this from the author of *Lavengro* is praise indeed, and the Tipperary river is even more celebrated, for, in addition to the excellence of its fish, it has also yielded a salmon of 57 lb., commonly supposed to be the biggest Irish fish ever taken with the rod. It was landed by Mick Maher at Longfield some thirty years ago on a fly of his own dressing and tying, ever since known to anglers as the "Mystery." Major Wise showed me a fishing book kept by his father from 1867 to 1887, in which I noticed that salmon running from thirty-five to forty pounds were jotted down here and there. The Major said the fishing was still splendid, and surely any man was to be envied, with the Suir at the door, "Dick" Burke's hounds within motor distance, and a gold mine in the shape of brood mares roaming about the spacious pastures.

After breakfast we went to the front door of the house to get that wonderful view of the Knockmealdown Mountains towards the south and the Galtee at the north.

While not as bold as the Pyrenees as seen from the Esplanade at Pau, the Irish mountains were most impressive, and especially so since the land adjoining is invariably level, which makes their outline the more startling.

I had noticed in the hall two beautiful oil paintings, and on closer inspection I found that they were by the celebrated artist, J. E. Ferneley; one was of the Marquis of Waterford on Clinker, and the other was Squire Osbaldeston on Rover. In all my travels and even at the display of paintings at the Sportsman's Dinner in America, I had never seen such rare works of art and congratulated Major Wise on his ownership of them. He then showed me another picture of "Capping Hounds on the Line" by the same artist, that took my breath away; and then brought me an exquisitely colored engraving executed in 1747. The subject was a litter of foxes, by Lorraine Smith, engraving by Grogan, and the landscape by that wonderful artist, George Morland.

After luncheon we went out to the stables and from there to the fields, and saw the brood mares. Sisterlike (made celebrated by her five-thousand-guinea colt, Stornoway, winner of the Prince of Wales and Gimcrack Stakes as a two-year-old) was shown first. That year she had thrown a filly by Desmond, which at Doncaster, in 1913, sold to the bid of Lord Lonsdale for twenty-eight thousand dollars. Sheila, a near-by matron, produced a good colt to The White Knight, the best son of Desmond; Galtee Queen had been bred to Tredennis, and her progeny was a splendid chestnut filly; Reigning Queen, a grand mare by Gallinule, had by Symington a fine bay colt; and the offspring of the nine mares as we saw them in the paddock showed that Rankin, the stud groom, had done his share to make the grand prices at Doncaster a possibility again. My forecast came happily true, as at the yearly sales by Messrs. Tattersalls at Doncaster, the seven youngsters from Rochestown Stud, in-

cluding the Sisterlike filly, brought the topping sum of seventy-nine thousand eight hundred and thirty dollars, an average of eleven thousand four hundred and seven dollars, the three Desmond fillies averaging twenty-one thousand three hundred and thirty-three dollars each, or sixty-four thousand dollars.

We spent the afternoon about the stud, then after tea sat about till dinner time, and as I could only hobble about on one foot, right glad I was to seek my couch and get the blood running out of my ankle and foot rather than down into it.

Next morning we motored to Fethard, and sport improved a bit in the hunting field. I had the pleasure of meeting the Master of the Kilkenny and his charming wife, Mrs. Bell, who generally rode blood horses, and was always in the first flight. She was as light as a feather, but quick and determined; no ditch was too wide, or bank too high for the mistress of Birchfield.

That day we got a spurt of half a mile or so, and Bell and I, locking up together, raced out in front and suddenly were confronted by wire on all sides except right across a muddy looking brook, where a rail was stretched two feet above the water. Taking a chance at the bottom of the brook, the hard-riding Master of the Kilkenny plunged into the stream, and his big Irish horse jumped the rail from a stand.

Success followed promptly, and finding hounds turning from the valley to us, we congratulated ourselves on our good start only to run into a large number of the field who had come direct by the road.

The pack now turned left-handed and led right over a broad ditch which one young blade approached at a railway pace. His horse changed his mind and stopped suddenly, but not the rider. He plunged clear over his mount's ears, coming down head foremost in the mud on the opposite side of the bank, and for the rest of the day presented a chimney-sweep appearance.

Not hungry for that experience with my throbbing foot, I turned to a gate at the right and joined Willie Hanly and one or two others riding up the field, only to be held up by a party

of four or five who were going single file through an opening in a tremendous bank.

I knew hounds had turned left-handed, but thought these followers of the hunt knew the right way around so stayed with them, only to find, on reaching the top of the hill, that we had lost hounds completely. Looking about, we finally espied horsemen galloping off a mile or so to the left, and without a word, for the first time in Ireland, I sat down to ride straight across the country to them.

Hanly did the same, and we swept down a hill, along a valley, and finally were blocked by an iron gate on the road, which refused to open for Hanly. I jumped Success out of a pig-sty on the left over the wall, and Hanly followed, and then on up the road we went, turning right-handed. After a splendid gallop over four or five fields, I got in with the hounds with the old Tipperary crack close beside, but unfortunately hounds had now lost their fox, and after repeated casts, Mr. Burke set out for another covert.

Pleased indeed I was to have Bell say later on, "You remember that day you lost hounds and went straight across country until you found them with the Tipperary?" I answered that I did. "Well," he said, "Willie Hanly was telling me about it, and said, 'Don't worry about that American; he doesn't need any one to show him the way.'"

The rest of the day was blank, and to enliven such a dead occasion, the Master would gallop across the country three or four miles with the hounds behind him, so that the field would at least have some jumping for amusement.

Surely they were a wonderful pack of hounds to be handled in such a manner, but as one sportsman said, "Dick Burke is different from any man you ever saw", and I began to thoroughly believe him.

That morning I had received a note from Jack O'Brien, stating that he had asked three or four people to meet me that night, and asked me to "don the perfect pink" and come to dinner.

Gathered at Lakefield, his home, I found a most attractive party, including Major Wheeler of The Battery, O'Brien's mother, and three or four others. Our worthy host was a bit of an epicure, and after a week at an inn, the home dinner was certainly appreciated. The weather was cold, and before the glowing fire I had an interesting talk with his mother about America.

The next day I motored out into the country, looked over one or two old mansions which it seemed a pity to allow to go to waste, and on the way back overtook a couple of soldiers who had been out to a neighboring bog snipe shooting. I offered them a lift, which they gladly accepted, with their dog, and when I set them down at the Barracks, they forced three snipe upon me, which made up a delicious breakfast the next morning.

Jerry Rohan, the well-known County Cork horse dealer, had come to spend a day or two at McCarthy's, and a right jovial sportsman I found him, snappy, keen, and enthusiastic, and a good story-teller. Well I remember when he was expatiating upon the wonders of one of his cracks, he said, "Why he was such a perfect narrow-bank horse that he could change on a furze bush." He had had many transactions with Americans, and the majority of the hunters imported by Lothrop Ames of North Easton had come from his stables. He told me also how Doctor Morse and Judge Trask of the Norfolk Hunt had run over and hunted with him for a few days, and how thoroughly he appreciated the acquaintance of the good Puritan sportsmen.

What pleases one generally in Ireland is the splendid way that women ride. In many of the hunts twenty-five or thirty per cent. of the followers are women, and they hold their own with the best.

The riding is not confined to the younger people, for one is surprised to find that old ladies still ride up front; and Mrs. Higgins, wife of the Secretary of the Tipperary, was surely a marvel for one of sixty-five or sixty-six years as she was said

MRS. HIGGINS, WIFE OF THE SECRETARY OF THE TIPPERARY, LEAVING THE MASTER UNDER PROTEST.

A SAFE CONVEYANCE.

to be, for all day long she was as keen as a briar and watching for every break.

I remember that one night she and Mr. Burke came to a corner of the road, as it was getting dark, and as we had been five or six hours in the saddle, he stopped and said, "I will go up this way and see if I can pick up a hound or two which are still out." She replied, "Well Richard, I will leave you and go home, but you must promise me you won't draw again." This he did with a smile, and the game old lady hacked off home some twelve or fifteen miles, for disdaining motors and side-cars, she invariably rode to the meets, through the hunt, and home again, which doubled the fatigue.

While in Tipperary, I had the pleasure of meeting the leading lady on the Irish turf, Mrs. Villiers Morton-Jackson, formerly known as Mrs. Sadlier-Jackson, who, in addition to racing on a large scale with horses bred by herself, is passionately fond of hunting.

Powerstown Park is the headquarters of this great sportswoman, who in 1913 won the International Foal Stakes at Leopardstown with her home-bred filly, Belle of Clonmel; her horses are trained by Philip Behan at Mountjoy Lodge, The Curragh. Behan has long been one of the leading trainers in Ireland, and years ago led in Suppliant, Eulogy, Gogo, Monmouth, and many other winners for Lord Fermoy.

The mansion is near Clonmel, the little village famous as the early home of the Countess of Blessington of D'Orsay fame. Mrs. Jackson races all over Ireland, and at a meet in any country no daintier foot than hers ever looked out from under a skirt. She and her husband have given new life to sport about Clonmel, as the attractive meeting at the old race course in 1913 showed.

The next day I spent at Grove, the historic home of many Masters of the Tipperary, for in 1820 William Barton lived there and established the pack. It is attractively situated in the midst of a large park with a river meandering through.

The mansion itself is a large, square house, but blest with the most perfect yard for hunters that can be imagined, which opens into another yard with the same ample proportions. Within a stone's throw of the second yard, which contains blacksmith's shop, clipping room, etc. are the kennels, well-built of stone, with cut granite trimmings and ample enough to contain sixty couple of hounds.

Miss Burke showed me through the yard, and I inspected a splendid lot of heavy Irish hunters which her father had got together. They were of the regular Irish blocky type, not showing much blood, but in the field a wonderful ability to get over banks and ditches at a fair rate of speed; but it seemed to me that if hounds ran up and down the hills of Tipperary, such cold-blooded horses would have difficulty in staying behind them.

I saw the hounds on the flags, and the first whip had them under splendid control and was very proud of his lot.

For years Richard Burke has reigned at Grove and must be pleased now, in the autumn of his life, to be again in command over the country which, as a younger man, he and a dozen other hard riders made famous by their hairbreadth exploits. Even now by the look of his eye, you could see that he was not to be trifled with, and Tipperary is lucky to have one at her head who has the welfare of its people and country at heart.

The next day the first covert drawn was Graces, and I noticed Frank Wise on an old black horse badly sprung in front, but with pricked ears and dropped chin showing a lot of interest in the game.

The covert was drawn blank, and from the next the welcome "Gone away" rang out. Scribbler was my mount, and when I got to the road and in and out of it, I saw twenty ahead of me at full gallop. Dropping my hands, I let the grandson of Isinglass stride away, and before the next bank was reached, he had cut down half of them. Mr. Pollok was going at it even with me, but Scribbler was so much quicker than his Irish horse that I had two lengths the best of it as we galloped

TIPPERARY HOUNDS IN KENNEL.

"It's a long way to Tipperary,
It's a long way to go:
It's a long way to Tipperary
To the sweetest girl I know!
Good-bye Piccadilly,
Farewell Leicester Square.
It's a long, long way to Tipperary,
But my heart's right there!"

from the other side. Far ahead Frank Wise was cutting out the pace on the old black, and Stevens and a few others were riding after them. Determined to get one good run with "the Tips," I touched Scribbler with the spurs. He straightened, dropped a few inches closer to the ground, and we were gaining on the leaders; another whacking big bank with ditch both sides was safely spanned, and then, at the end of a long field, a perfectly straight narrow bank, five feet high with hardly a resting place on top, loomed up.

By this time I was up with the leaders, Frank Wise popped over and dropped out of sight on the other side, Scribbler jumped clean on to the top of it, and like a bird on a branch swayed back and forth, for below him was a dirty, narrow lane with another bank of same proportions about eight feet away. Just as I had made up my mind to jump into the road and go left a few rods, where Frank Wise had found a low place out, I saw Stevens steady his horse on top of the bank and make one of the most daring jumps I have ever seen, for the horse kicked off the face of the first bank with such strength that he catapulted himself on to the top of the bank eight feet away, where he balanced a moment, then kicked off the face of that into the adjoining field and went on.

I got through all right, and now there were only three ahead. As Scribbler lengthened his stride, we cut it down to two, and as I passed the second, I saw Wise's old black, springing up a tremendous bank, jump off, and drop out of view into the next field.

Scribbler was now keen on his job, and quickening his stride a few lengths he sprang from the ground on to the bank, down the other side, and within one hundred and fifty yards he pulled up beside the old black, while the hounds followed the line into the bog and marked the fox to ground.

Proud indeed I was of my four-year-old that I had bought for two hundred dollars one night at the Bennings race track, Washington. Some one had told my friend, John Daly Murphy, who was horse-hunting with me, that there was a good-

looking four-year-old down the line, and we went out to look at him. He came out of his stall with eyes keen, ears erect, and trotted down and back on his toes and although only half-fed, "class" was stamped all over him and, as events proved, he was one of my most fortunate acquisitions.

That night I dined as guest of the Master at Grove and saw his wonderful collection of furniture, and had the pleasure of again meeting a beautiful Irish belle whom I had met at the Rotunda ball. With ready Irish wit she made the moments fly at table and in the drawing-room, and the next morning I ran down in my motor to Grove, so that she and Miss Burke might go around in the car and enjoy the sport.

Fethard was truly a sporting circle; there were the foxhounds four days a week through the season; there was a splendid pack of harriers at Clonmel for one off day, and another pack of harriers owned by the officers of the barracks for the other open day.

Then, for the seventh day, there was the Sunday pack, which is noted all over Ireland. They were a trencher-fed pack of harriers, owned by the butcher, baker, and candlestick maker in Fethard. They hunt the hare, the fox when "Dick" Burke is not looking, and the deer, and their method of hunting this latter quarry is truly marvelous.

Wheeler told me about a deer down around the horse boxes which was so tame that it would eat out of your hand, and I went down to see him. He was trotting around the yard and right there were some of the harriers which Sunday followed his trail. The deer was taken out in the morning in a small cart, the harriers were gathered together and trotted out to the appointed meet; the deer was given a little start, the harriers were put on the line, and the fun commenced. He would take every bank, wall, and even the wire fences in his stroke, and running straight to Fethard, would trot into the stable yard and then quietly stand and wait. The harriers would run the line to the yard, run up and smell at the deer, as much as to say,

"Tag, you're it", and then disband. I have never seen or heard of such a combination before.

Before leaving Tipperary, I must say a few words about that wonderful horseman, Willie Hanly, for he surely deserves the admiration of all sportsmen. No matter where you were in England, Ireland, or France, when you mentioned Willie Hanly there was always the same feeling of approbation.

I noticed one day when we were hunting that he was riding a young chestnut horse and seemed very intent in getting the horse to the banks on a certain side, so after a field or two I asked why. He said, "This colt has only got one eye, and I just want him to see a little bit where he is going." I remarked that it was rather a dangerous proceeding, and he replied. "Oh, no, I had a one-eyed horse a number of years ago, and this one will come all right."

After I left Tipperary, I heard that the colt evidently did not come all right at once, for he fell on the said William and knocked him senseless for a while, but I presume by this time he has been taught to go to his jumps with his one eye in front like a unicorn, so all is well again.

That evening I received a most attractive wire from Bell of Birchfield; "Will you come after hunting Friday, stop night, mount you, our best country Saturday, see hounds Sunday", so I promptly wired "Yes", and that afternoon saw the yellow motor, loaded with bags, rolling out of Fethard.

CHAPTER X.

THE KILKENNY PACK

BIRCHFIELD, THE HOME OF MR. AND MRS. BELL— CAPTAIN HIGGINSON—WILSON "FLYING" OVER THE NARROW BANKS—TEA WITH MR. AND MRS. MONTMORENCY—PURCHASED BLACK HORSE CALLED SLAVE—INSPECTING KILKENNY PACK—VISIT TO DYSERTMORE, THE HOME OF "NICK" LAMBERT—RUN WITH THE KILKENNY PACK—INVITATION FROM NICK LAMBERT TO HUNT WITH THE EAST KILKENNY NEAR WATERFORD—A DAY WITH THE EAST KILKENNY—STORY OF A RACE BETWEEN THE THREE BROTHERS WILLIAM, CHARLES AND MARCUS BERESFORD—DAY'S SPORT WITH THE QUEEN'S COUNTY, MR. LORRAINE BELL, MASTER—POTATO RINGS—TEA WITH MR. AND MRS. WANDERFORDE AT CASTLECOMER—ANOTHER DAY'S SPORT WITH THE KILKENNY—SIR HERCULES LANGRISHE—DAY WITH NICK LAMBERT LOOKING OVER HIS HOUNDS IN THE KENNEL YARD—VISIT TO WOODSTOCK—ANOTHER DAY WITH THE EAST KILKENNY—DERMONT McCALMONT—A DAY WHEN SIR RITCHIE'S EYES WERE "OFF"—FOOT AND MOUTH QUARANTINE—JOHN FLOOD'S OLD FURNITURE, PICTURE, AND CROCKERY STORE.

AT Birchfield we received a warm welcome from Mr. and Mrs. Bell, and also from Captain Higginson, who was staying with them.

Again, because I was an American, I was given a room with a cozy fire and at eight o'clock we gathered in the attractive dining room. On entering, what first caught my eye was a large silver fox resting on a broad red centerpiece gracing the middle of the table. On the ebony stand I read an engraved silver tablet that this fox was the gift of the members and farmers of County Galway, where "Ikey" Bell, as he is commonly called, had been Master of the Blazers from 1903 to 1908.

Well might the sportsmen of Galway make such a notable present to their retiring Master, for during that five years he had given them the best of sport and one run which no doubt will go down to posterity as the greatest hunt ever seen in the Emerald Isle.

Over the fireplace was a colored engraving of John Dennis, who was the first Master of the Galway, and Mr. Bell told me of a wonderful match he had won riding one of his hunters without saddle, bridle, or whip, guiding him by a cabbage stalk with which he touched him lightly on either side of the head.

ISAAC BELL, M. F. H. AND THE KILKENNY HOUNDS.

Among the beautiful silver cups gracing the sideboard was one of the Oxford-Cambridge Point to Point, in which young Bell was one of the winning riders.

After dinner we discussed the merits of the English and American hounds, and my host at once showed that he was not tied down to any precise points of make or shape but was interested in hounds which should follow the fox and kill him.

The next morning showed Birchfield at its best, and what a complete hunting establishment it was! In the yard adjoining the house was stabling for twenty-five hunters, and adjoining kennels had recently been erected for fifty couple of hounds. It would be hard to say who was really Master of the hounds, for Mrs. Bell, with wonderful executive ability, aided her husband in every possible way. And there is just a little thinking to be done each evening for the coming day's sport, regarding the horses which shall be ridden by the staff; where the second horses shall be sent, where the motor shall go with the terriers, and the make-up of the pack.

After a ten days' stay, during which I watched the wife of the Master arrange everything so perfectly, I was not surprised in the least to learn that only a few years before on the croquet lawn she had won the Championship of Ireland. A good story is told that when "Ikey" Bell went over to London three or four years ago to play polo; one of the crack players there, knowing and appreciating the wonderful ability of his helpmate, wired to Ireland one day, "Better come over; Ikey can't think."

The meet that day was at a green gorse covert in a rather hilly country; the hounds all drew well, and getting close behind their fox, pushed him hard.

I had been given one of Birchfield's best, and over the narrow banks was working my way to the front when a gentleman on a brown mare "flew" by me. I asked who the intrepid horseman was and found they called him "Wilson the flying man", for he had twice flown across the Irish sea. Evidently he was born without fear, for no one in the field could keep pace with him and his gallant mare, while hounds were running.

Following a burst of two and a half miles, they put their fox to ground and after a little discussion, it was decided to draw a gorse on one of the large hills two miles away.

Gorse in Kilkenny, Waterford, and in many of the hunts in the south of Ireland spreads all over the country, and in addition to the regular coverts there are acres of low gorse which oftentimes considerably impedes the progress of the pack, as the hounds are obliged to run singly in the paths through it.

We soon had a fox afoot in the covert and for ten or fifteen minutes he made his way about the straggly gorse, then down the road and up to the top of the hill again. The followers were now more or less strung out, and seeing hounds carrying the line well to the left, with three or four others I galloped hard down the hill to the south, where we got in behind four or five couple of hounds which were giving tongue merrily.

On the top of the hill we could see Mr. Bell and the rest of the followers, and it was some little time before they woke up to the fact that we were having the best of it. Then down the hill they came, and soon the whole pack were hammering on the line. After a few moments, our keen Master espied the fox breaking from a covert in the valley over the brook, and with the toot of his horn he started forward with his pack.

Just then Mr. Higginson's horse landed in a muddy hole over a jump, and down he went; figuring that we had a few minutes to spare before hounds would be hot after the fox, I chased after his mount, caught him, and soon we were galloping together towards the pack, which were now coming with a good head down the hillside.

The run was somewhat checky, but once or twice the hounds did splendid work carrying the line along the road. Finally we came to a big demesne wall about Castlemorris, the property of the De Montmorency family. Hounds were over it in a broken place, and in a few moments we found a convenient gate and heard them opening well in the glade below us. Now the shrill whistle of the "ever in front", "right man on the spot" first whip was heard as he viewed the fox away, and we galloped down the

valley to a small coppice, where the fox was making a ring about with the hounds at his heels. Finding them too close, he made a gallant effort to cross the lawn of the Montmorency's, gave a quick turn back and eluded one or two eager hounds only to fall into the jaws of the third, and soon the whole pack "pivied" him, as the Master said.

Mr. and Mrs. Montmorency sent word to us to come up to tea, and right glad were we to accept.

The mansion itself is a noble one, with a beautiful view towards the east over the adjoining country. We did ample justice to the cold turkey and the hot buttered toast, and then Mrs. Bell and I went to an adjoining house where she knew of a black, Irish-bred hunter which she thought would carry me well and help me out with my horses during my stay in Birchfield, as I had already wired to Fethard to have two of them brought down.

I bought the black horse and named him Slave, and next to my thoroughbreds he was by far the best performer in the Westmeath stables, which showed that the judgment of the mistress of Birchfield was most admirable on horseflesh.

The next day was Sunday, and after church time we went out and looked the Kilkenny pack over on the flags. I found some fifty couple of hounds in good hard condition and among them a number of Welsh hounds, for Mr. Bell, hearing of their wonderful scenting ability, was interested to try some of the blood in order to improve his pack. Kilkenny working hounds were of a medium size, but very varminty; like the hunters in the stables and the family in the house, "never say die" was expected from every animal in the place six days a week.

Later on, we walked out into the fields and saw the polo ponies, and then took to the motor and ran down to Dysertmore, New Ross, the home of N. H. Lambert, Master of the East Kilkenny, who is commonly called "Nick." He hunts the country on the off days of the Kilkenny, so that six days a week can be obtained with Kilkenny as a centre.

Lambert was away, and we took a twenty-mile ride around the country, so that I might form some idea of it. There is almost no bog in Kilkenny or its eastern neighbor, the country is more or less hilly, even more so than Tipperary; the hills themselves are either smooth or gorse grown, and any one with a good stud of horses is sure of fine sport while Bell is Master.

When we reached Birchfield that night and went down to dinner, we were much pleased to see the genial face of "Nick" Lambert come smiling in about nine o'clock. As we sat around the mahogany, they discussed the port and drew from me my ideas of what a foxhound should be. I told them I felt that unless a pack had the ability to hunt and kill their fox on what was sometimes called "a bad scenting day", they could not be called a first-class pack, for, as I said, even a collie will run a hot fox, but it takes a crack pack to account for their fox when everything is against them.

Monday we had the Kilkenny again at the residence of Captain Walter Lindsay, M. V. O., whose wife, Lady Catherine Lindsay, is daughter of the sixth Earl of Carrick, of Mount Juliet. There was a goodly gathering at the meet, including Lady McCalmont, who had leased Mount Juliet for a term of years and who was specially interesting to me from the fact that she was mounted on a beautiful thoroughbred horse with a groom, equally as well mounted, in attendance.

Walter Lindsay I have met in the States through the Carys of Buffalo; for he had been over a number of years, breeding horses in the West, and was well acquainted with the leading sportsmen of the East. We were delighted to see each other again, and a mighty pleasant talk we had over Buffalo, the Genesee Valley, The Homestead, where we both had stayed and hunted, and other sporting friends in common.

Our Master was now trotting down the avenue ahead of the hounds, and after helping his charming wife on to a well-bred chestnut Irish hunter, Captain Lindsay mounted a thoroughbred with the telltale brand of J. B. Haggin under the mane.

AN IRISH HUNT REFRESHING.

A HORSE AND RIDER HARD TO BEAT.

Mount Juliet coverts were first drawn, but like most demesnes gave bad sport. The fox would make across the river now and then, and after two hours of a ringing, dodging hunt we drew the best covert of the morning's programme, namely, Mount Juliet dining room. As in all Irish homes, both hot and cold viands were in evidence and deeply appreciated. Hanging on the wall of the hall I noticed a striking painting of Lady McCalmont's son, Dermot, "the richest commoner in England", made so by the death of his uncle, Harry McCalmont, who was so well known to the turf as the owner of Isinglass and other cracks, and who bequeathed his nephew a fortune with an income estimated at one hundred thousand pounds a year.

The painting showed the young man on the well-known steeplechaser, Vinegar Hill, which he had often piloted to victory, and was by the now celebrated English artist, Lynwood Palmer. Years ago, at the beginning of his career, Palmer visited me at Worcester and there painted Sky High, Sue Woodstock and Sans Reproche, my high steppers and tandem winners at New York and Boston. Then I had the "horse show" fever, and my head was full of "Going to Covert" carts, Stanhope gigs, "Merry" harnesses, and "Callow" tandem whips.

That day I was mounted on Sir Ritchie, as my horses had come down the day before from Fethard, and when hounds broke from the covert in the afternoon, I was glad enough to have the best blood in the States between my legs, for the Kilkenny bitches were as fast as lightning, cast themselves most cleverly, and the country, with smaller enclosures than Tipperary, took some doing.

We finally made across the road into some fields, and ahead of us I could see a railroad line, which always means trouble. Hounds flashed over it, and the ditch beside the railroad could not stop Sir Ritchie, for he flew over, climbed up the bank, jumped a low wire fence, walked over the track, and performed the same operation with perfect ease on the other side. Half a dozen followed on, including the Master and Lady McCalmont, and after a double over a road, which the son of Merry Prince

took without a quiver, the fox led the hounds to a large covert which, being well stopped, afforded no safety; so out he popped, turned right-handed, and soon we were having our work cut out to keep them in view.

Taking a chance over one or two sloppy places, I got in behind with the first whip, and the next up was Lady McCalmont, riding her own line. For a woman whose son was at least twenty-five, it was surprising to see her go. Not only was she putting the thoroughbred horse over the narrow banks and ditches, but now and then she would cheer the hounds on, and never in all my sporting experience have I ridden with one who had carried me to such a high degree of enthusiasm as did this descendant of Burton Persse, who hunted the Galway Hounds for thirty-three years and lived, as I have told in an earlier chapter, at Moyode Castle.

At the Kilkenny Point to Point races, 1914, the Ladies' Steeplechase was won by Lady McCalmont riding her own horse, and the *Irish Field* in comment stated: "Lady McCalmont, although she doubtless held the issue in safe keeping a long way from home, rode a remarkably well-judged finish."

One jump I vividly remember. We landed into a road; the hounds were screaming in front, but the bank out was five feet high and straight as a wall. The first whip, a lightweight, popped on top; Lady McCalmont steadied her mount on to his hocks, called on him and he sprang like a stag, landing on top, and I was left to follow.

Within a field or two the gallant woman viewed the fox in front, and even the whip, catching the infection for a moment, gave me a meaning smile, so pleased was he with the enjoyment of her Ladyship.

Just as we were running to kill, the fox reached the covert, and dodging in somewhere, eluded his pursuers.

Turning to me, Lady McCalmont said, "Where is Ikey", and then continued, "Well, to-day for once we are the engine, and he is the luggage van."

LADY McCALMONT. A RARE ONE TO FOLLOW.

IN PERFECT FORM.

Horse's hocks, back and neck right, chin dropped, ears alert. Rider's seat perfect, hands correct.—A fine pair.

That night I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. G. B. Newport, Honorary Secretary of the East Kilkenny, and his wife, and Mr. W. T. Pillsworth, who did the same splendid work for the Kilkenny.

Little does any one unacquainted with the inside of a Hunt appreciate the value of a secretary, for not only is there the regular work of a hunt to be done, such as earth-stopping, the arrangement of meets, etc., but the success of the hunt depends largely on his ability to smooth down landowners whose property is ridden over and whose banks are broken down, and he must also pay properly and promptly any fowl claims.

I say properly, for if Biddy Magee should receive ten shillings for four fowls which her neighbor says she never had, her neighbor's claim would be proportionately larger at once, and I have before me the following interesting letter which will illustrate the point.

Washfort, Moyvore, Westmeath.

Most honoured Master:

I beg leave to state that the fox has robbed me. I had five geese and he slaughtered four of them on me, the one remained I got 5/– at Christmas for it. This happened in October. He also took three old hens and five or six chickens all of which was a loss to me. I have a witness to the remains of my geese. It was in the gray of the evening he took them. I have frequently seen two or three foxes leaving Glencara and going to Halston. I hope never to have to trouble the honoured Master again. I don't know who was paying for the hunt so I beg to be excused. I am a poor woman living in a cottage and want the boots for my little children as they are in their bare feet. I beg of you to give this your earliest attention as I am in urgent need to provide for my children. I remain your obedient servant.

(Mrs.).....

'Tis needless to say that the good old woman was paid for her fowl. This is only one of the letters that the secretary gets, and there are hundreds more not nearly as honest or as pleasant.

I was looking forward to the next day's sport with eagerness, as "Nick" Lambert had invited us to hunt with him down near Waterford, which is the historic home town of the Lords of Waterford, and the East Kilkenny hunting country corners down to within a few miles of the city.

The Waterford itself is one of the historic Hunts of England or Ireland, and was originally the family pack of the Beresfords, whose beautiful home at Curraghmore is one of the most regal in all Ireland.*

The young Marquis, who for years had looked forward to taking the hounds, as his father and forefathers had before him, took over the Mastership in 1906, and was living happily at Curraghmore with his charming wife and little family, when one night in 1910, while crossing the stream on a short cut from the kennels to the house, he stumbled into the water and drowned within a short distance of the home of his ancestors.

His father was Henry, Third Marquis of Waterford, sometimes called the "Mad Marquis." With a fortune of 80,000 pounds a year he lavished money on his horses, hounds, stable and training grounds. One of his jockeys who rode for him many years said that the most perfect ride he had ever had the luck to gallop on was at Curraghmore. It was one mile and a half round and by making a detour it could be made two miles, and by a water course and the system of dams the entire distance could be flooded at any time during the dry season.

The "Mad Marquis" was every inch a sportsman and as generous and big-hearted a man as ever breathed. He did more by his charitable employment of countless Irish peasants on his Curraghmore estates to put Absentee Landlords to shame than any other man in Ireland.

He was noted for his dare-Devil courage, and for the ingenuity and variety of his practical jokes he never had an equal. While he lived, Curraghmore, bounded by thirty miles of demesne wall, was the garden spot of Ireland.

*The Mastership of this celebrated hunt has now gone back to the family, being taken over in 1923 by the Ladies Blanche and Catherine Beresford.

He kept a big string of race horses in training, which he bred at home and raced all over Ireland and England. For three years he took the Mastership of the Tipperary and took his Curraghmore hounds to that country. He died in the very prime of manhood through a fall from his crack hunter over a wall which a child on a pony might have negotiated with safety. The wall was pointed out to me near Castlemorris, Kilkenny, where a properly marked stone shows where the light of the finest sportsman in the United Kingdom went out. His death so saddened Nick Lambert's father that the former showed me a Meet Card of the Kilkenny Hunt, which the latter had preserved, on which was marked the Mount Morris Meet at which the Marquis was killed.

An interesting story of a race won by Lord William Beresford concerns a steeplechase in which the three brothers, William, Charles, and Marcus Beresford, rode in Ireland, April, 1874.

"The brothers had a sweepstakes of 500 pounds each, play or pay, over the Williamstown Course, three miles, at the Curraghmore Hunt Steeplechase meeting. Lord Charles rode Nightwalker, a black thoroughbred horse bred by Billy Power, the sporting tenant of the course. Lord William rode Woodlark, a gray mare, and Lord Marcus a bay gelding called The Weasel; they each wore the Beresford blue, Lord Charles with the ancestral black cap; the others had white and blue caps as distinguishing emblems.

No race course in Ireland except Punchestown and Fairy House ever had more people on it than Williamstown that memorable day. Old men and women who had never seen a race before came fifty miles to see the three popular brothers race. Excitement rose to boiling pitch as they filed out of the enclosure and did the preliminary. Tom Waters awaited them, ready with flag in hand to send them on their journey.

The only delay was while he delivered a short, but sporting speech to these grand lads, and away they went boot to boot. The pace was a cracker from the start, all three girth to girth most of the journey, and at no time did two lengths divide them till just before the finish. Every post they made a winning post. Fence after fence was charged and cleared, and it was

not until Nightwalker was beaten just before the last fence that they separated. A determined struggle between Woodlark and The Weasel then ensued, and after a desperate finish old Judge Harter gave the verdict to the late Lord William's mount by a short head."

We trained down from Kilkenny to Waterford and breakfasted with one of the members of the Hunt who, although we were strangers to him, showered every possible courtesy upon us; and my pleasant day at Newpark with Mr. and Mrs. Albert Bloomfield will always be remembered. She was a daughter of the proprietor of the *Irish Times*, and freshened me considerably on the news of the day, for in hunting one is apt to let anything except an earthquake pass without comment.

Newpark itself was rich in treasures, and learning that I was interested in them, my host modestly showed me an inlaid Italian Bossi mantelpiece depicting flowers in all their beauty and colors; for this he had been offered five thousand pounds by a great London connoisseur. He also showed me a wonderful enameled cabinet which was filled with drawers and boxes, each of which, when pulled out, showed upon all sides and even at the bottoms perfect enameling in figures. A number of other heirlooms, including a ring given to the family by one of the past kings or queens, together with an inlaid table of remarkable beauty, made up a collection of which Mr. Bloomfield might well be proud.

As we stood on the threshold of Newpark and looked towards Waterford, which lay below us, we could view where the arm of the sea came up and made the harbor for which the town is noted. Emptying into the sea is the river Suir, which is so deep that coal barges can carry their loads half way to Kilkenny.

Our host was soon mounted, and Mrs. Bloomfield took us in the motor to the meet a mile or so distant, where we found our horses. I was riding the new Kilkenny purchase, Slave, and Mrs. Bell was on one of her well-bred cracks.

The first covert was not far away, and a "Tally-ho" told us that the red had taken to the open. In a flash "Nick" Lambert had the hounds on the line, and Slave soon carried me up front, where a well-groomed Waterford sportsman, Mr. Barron, was cutting out the pace. We seesawed back and forth in the lead for two miles or so, until the hounds, running in to a small demesne, turned left-handed. We were directed by a laborer to the right, only to be pocketed in a field entirely surrounded by wire. Back again to the south we went, and Lambert was off down a ha-ha in front of the house with a thruster riding close behind who, in landing, jumped into a huge, galvanized iron watering trough for cattle, and almost came a cropper, and also nearly dismayed us with the strange din as the metallic shoes rattled on the iron.

Quickly we were beside the Master, who, worried by the loss of his hounds just as they were settling on the line, put his good hunter into a sharp canter and led me a school for a couple of miles which I shall never forget,—ditches, broad banks, and narrow banks he took in his stroke, and it was only after seeing a number of followers on the edge of a quarry in the distance that we drew rein where the fox had been run to ground within a quarter of a mile of the small demesne,—so the steeplechase between the Master of the East Kilkenny and the Master of the Westmeath was all for nothing.

East Kilkenny Hunt was handled on truly sporting lines. No Master or huntsman whom I had met in Ireland understood the hunting of the red fox better than its Master and the first and only whip, who acted also as kennel huntsman. He was a worthy servant of such a Master; a lightweight, with an eye like a hawk, knowing his Master's every wish before he spoke, he was indeed a great asset for the country.

"Nick" Lambert told a good story about the peculiarities of the Irish. He said he had a whip once who got an awful fall and was lying on his back on the ground. He rode over to him and said, "Are you hurt?" and the fellow at once replied, "Yes, Sir, I am unconscious."

With such a pair and a pack of hounds, I knew all we needed now, was the fox; the next covert was equal to the occasion and produced a good one for us who broke to the south, then turned west, and then north.

At the whip's cry the Master brought the hounds out of covert with a rush, bent them to the turn of the fox, and soon we were streaming towards the big mountain in the distance which guards New Ross. Our Master, although a heavyweight, was dismayed by nothing and at his side rode Mrs. Bell, with Mr. Barron and myself close up.

My mount had been jumping one or two narrow banks clean without kicking back, and I said to Mrs. Bell, as we were galloping, "Is that not dangerous?" She replied, "Surely", and at the very next jump, down I came in a heap while the others went on.

Lucky as usual, I held on to the rein and was up again in a jiffy, but not until I had noted the fact that the pack had turned right-handed, so by taking a crosscut I was soon up with the leaders. Now the hounds were running in earnest with better cry than any pack, save the Black and Tans; our horses were keen with the spirit of the chase, and four or five abreast we were flying from field to field.

Slave had benefited by his tumble at the narrow bank, and by carrying him a little slower, he kicked back properly and landed me in the field far from every obstacle. Mr. Barron, who had a second horse out, was going brilliantly; the whip on a clean-bred was in his place behind the pack, and just as everything looked good for an eight or ten mile point, the fox popped into a rabbit hole in the bank and the day was done.

We trotted slowly back to Newpark, where the horses were soon loaded and on their way to Kilkenny. Here we passed an enjoyable hour or two before train time in Mr. Bloomfield's garden, of which he and his wife had made a great success.

Gardening is not a new art in Ireland, for from the time when a man's work for a day could be bought for sixpence up to the present, great interest has been taken in the culture of flowers

and vegetables. In the garden wall at Newpark, Mr. Bloomfield showed me where a century ago the owners had arranged to warm the air thoroughly around the entire enclosure of two acres by a system of pipes, so that no sudden cold spell with snow or sleet could harm the fruit, etc., in the garden.

That night, after the twenty-eighth or twenty-ninth fall, the bad ankle went on a tear, and little sleep came to me, as it throbbed hour in and hour out. In the morning it was puffed up again as bad as at first, but I had the one solace that the "investment" was still good.

Our horses for the next day's sport had gone that night to Castlecomer, as we had been asked by Mr. Lorraine Bell, Master of the Queen's County Hunt, to hunt with them when they drew the celebrated Swan Covert, from which, if a fox was found at home, a six-mile point was sure, since there was no covert within that distance.

That night after dinner we sat about the fire in the library, and noticing a first edition of the *Life of T. Assheton Smith* in the bookcase, I took it down and found inscribed on the flyleaf the following:

"Pau, November, 1879.

"Dear Mr. Bell:

"I have much pleasure in begging your acceptance of the accompanying tribute to the memory of a most distinguished sportsman.

(Signed) "John E. Eardley-Wilmot, Bart."

This was given by the sporting author to Mr. Bell's father, a contemporary of William G. Tiffany and Henry Ridgeway, the noted whip and long-time Master of the Pau Hunt.

There were many pictures and articles of sporting interest about Birchfield. On the left-hand side of the hall hung an engraving of Daniel O'Connell, the great Irish orator, and on the right an American flag, for Mr. Bell, although educated in England, is American bred, and his mother is sister of the late James Gordon Bennett, late owner of the *New York Herald.*

After Mr. Bell had talked a little while I was surprised to find that he was well up on the ancient history of Kilkenny Castle, the property of Lord Ormonde, whose daughter, Lady Beatrice Butler (now Lady Pole Carew), I had met in Dublin. He told me about the old Irish round towers, dating from the time of the Conquest, one or two of which are in Kilkenny, and of a collection of eighteen potato rings which his father-in-law had, for which he had been offered some fabulous sum.

These potato rings were used in ancient times as a fence or enclosure to stop the "Murphys" from rolling about the table and were sometimes surmounted by a wooden bowl as is mentioned in the designation of the ring made by John Stoyte in 1788, which is here illustrated, the original bearing the marks of Hibernia for standard and the harp crowned for Dublin. These rings were often made by the fourth sons of the noblemen and gentry. The first son inherited the place, the second son was put in the army, a third son either took Orders, or became a barrister, and the fourth son was educated to the art of a silversmith, hence the wondrous beauty of old Irish silver. Without boasting, Mr. Bell told me of a rare collection of paintings at his father-in-law's mansion, including the "Strawberry Girl" by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and other equally noted paintings by Franz Hals.

The next morning we took an early start and found our horses at the crossroads near Swan Covert. I sent See Saw along, wanting to give him a chance at the narrow banks, and as I looked about at the forty or fifty followers who were dropping in from all sides, it was easy to see that each one was riding his best, as a run from the celebrated Swan would try the strength and wind of any clean-bred.

As we neared the covert, the word went through us like an electric shock that the covert keeper thought it didn't hold, and right he was, as the next few minutes proved.

Lorraine Bell, appreciating that to such a field he must give sport, promptly trotted the hounds to the nearest covert, some

IRISH POTATO RING.

Made in Dublin 1788, by John Stoyte. The ring bears the marks of Hibernia for standard, Harp crowned for Dublin and the maker's mark.

AN OLD GENTLEMAN AND A YOUNG HORSE.

Note the hocks, quarters, the dimple, arch of back, expression of horse, perfect seat of rider, loose rein giving the horse a chance.

six miles away, and on the hack over I had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Bell, who was well acquainted with many Americans.

The next draw brought a good fox into the open, and riding well to the front despite his heavy weight, the Master of the Queen's County showed that the reputation which he had made at Duhallow and elsewhere was not a myth.

The country round about was more or less a coal country, and I remember our coming to one deep gully in which a number of openings were being made to locate the vein. The fox made through this, then over to the road, across which a lady in black, Mrs. Hall, whom few could follow, led for the next mile or so. Not far behind was an old lady on a gray, with a funny hat,—and how she did ride! Once jumping out of a road, her horse missed his footing and came over backwards, which to one over forty is a disagreeable sensation; but to the woman over sixty it seemed only a trifle, for immediately she was up and on again and going as hard as ever. Later on I asked her name, and found she was Miss Dwyer, whose square-topped hat was a well-known landmark.

In the run that day I saw one of the bravest riders I had ever seen in the hunting field,—a soldierly looking man, well groomed, with gray moustache drooped and pointed to a nicety. I noticed that every time he jumped a bank he took hold of the saddle on the right-hand side and sometimes behind. The right leg, encased in white leather, the four buttons showing over the top, with well-blacked boot and burnished spur, was bent just enough at the knee to seem perfectly natural. Not understanding his difficulty, I inquired from a neighbor, who said, "That is Sir Hutchinson Poe, a colonel in the army, who lost his right leg at the hip in the Soudan; that right leg you see is a wooden one, and he has to hold on at every jump, but let me tell you", my informant added, "once in a while he comes down, and then the right leg goes galloping off, and he has to sit down or balance on the other until some one brings the horse and leg back."

Here was I with only a sprained ankle puffing and throbbing a bit, worrying about riding over a few narrow banks, while

beside me was a sportsman handicapped by twelve or fifteen years, riding over the same jumps with no knee grip and just one foot in the stirrup!

The pack was now settling on the line, and the field began to thin out. See Saw, after stopping at a narrow bank or two, began to understand the game. "Ikey" Bell was jumping them like clockwork on his big half-bred with white legs, his charming wife, "Dolly" as he called her, never far behind. Captain Higginson, looking as usual the part of a first flighter from silk hat to spur, was cutting out the pace on the right.

Hounds now turned left-handed, and galloping down the road, I saw a chance to get through a back yard and save a field or two. I could hear the hounds driving from right to left below me as I galloped on, only to reach a stream with a washed-out bank which was fifteen feet down and as straight as the side of a house.

While I was looking at it, the Master of the Kilkenny came up, dodged out under my left side, and put the Irish horse to the bottom with a slip and slide with the Master's velvet cap almost on his tail. Not to be daunted, I followed on with See Saw, but for the next mile we were simply riding at hounds, not to them, as all we could see out in front was a dark habit, never varying a rod to the right or left as her mount stole over the country. See Saw began to draw away from the half-breds when my guide disappeared in a plantation of larches and spruces. On reaching the evergreens, I found that it was Mrs. "Ikey" who was leading us, and she calmly asked where I had been, and said hounds were just ahead in covert. In a few moments the Master was up with a few of the field, and we galloped down one of the rides in an endeavor to locate the pack. Try as we might we could not find them, and except for a few stragglers, they seemed to have taken to flight.

I had rather a delightful experience just then, for walking slowly through one of the rides came a gentleman who greeted me pleasantly. I turned to him and said, "Well, I am glad to see there is one man in Queen's County who takes pride in his

THREE PERFECTLY SCHOOLED IRISH HUNTERS.

The first with a lady just getting into position to arch his back and jump off hocks. The farther two show by eye and ear that they know the game. Their riders are giving them their heads.

(Original photograph loaned Mr. Frank Gray Griswold to illustrate his chapter "A Day with the 'Wards'," in "Stolen Kisses." Privately printed, 1914).

covert, and I have never seen a better laid out one than this just beside us."

He replied, "It is very good of you to say that, for this is my land; I laid out the covert and am so pleased you appreciate it." My companion was Mr. Prior Wanderforde of Castlecomer, who courteously asked us down to tea.

It was raining a bit now, and as horses had had enough, while Lorraine Bell went to look for his hounds, we two visiting Masters rode along with Mr. Wanderforde, who had been Master of the Queen's County for three years, and on his retirement had generously given his hounds to the country.

The little village of Castlecomer is the property of the Wanderforde family, whose fortune has been made from the black diamonds in the ground beneath. It was a pleasure to go through the village street and the stable yard of our host, for we found every inch of the ground as clean as the proverbial whistle. Surely if Castlecomer and Adare were to enter a race for the cleanest village, if I were the judge, it would be a tie.

The willing stud groom took our horses, and I could easily tell from his interested look that a good pail of gruel would be given them, a quart or two of oats and a wisp of hay before they would be allowed to start home.

The days were so short now that we needed the brilliant electric light to guide us as we walked through the beautiful grounds towards the mansion. In our party were two farmer's children, a boy and a girl, both under fourteen, who had come eleven miles to the meet, ridden over the difficult country on their ponies and now, while smiling and happy, were just a little embarrassed as our host asked them to join us, and sent their little mounts to the stable exactly as he did those of the "grown-ups."

Castlecomer was a beautiful home; on the walls hung tiger skins and other trophies of the chase in India and elsewhere. Mrs. Wanderforde was there to greet us, and after the cold rain, which had been dripping on and off all day, the bright fire was

a delight. Soon tea was announced, and leading the way to the dining room, our host, with a smile in his eye, put the two youngsters at a table by themselves, where every conceivable variety of cake and toast was piled up before them.

Soon we were busy while Mr. Wanderforde and his wife urged us to eat this or try that; and it is a wonder to me even yet, how in all these Irish homes, a company of ten or fifteen can drop in at any time of the day, be received with open arms, and find a larder which for selection and capacity is unexcelled.

I looked over at the children; their hunger had evidently driven away their embarrassment, for they had settled to the cakes with the milk and cookies right lustily and smiled back at me as much as to say, "We are right here, aren't we?"

With a long run before us, we bade our hospitable friends good night and we were soon rolling towards Birchfield, and with my usual happy-go-lucky disposition, I was able to snatch a half-hour's nap on the road, as the foot was evidently too tired to throb.

The next morning saw us hunting at another part of Kilkenny, and as I rode to the meet beside Mr. Bell, it was easy to see why his success as a Master in both Galway and Kilkenny was so pronounced. There was always a happy smile upon his face, a pleasant word to the farmer in his cart, and the laborer by the wayside. Located with horses and hounds at his doorstep, with a wife equally as keen, he lived for the sport of foxhunting, and gloried in the work of his pack.

One or two nights after good sport, when we were within eight or twelve miles of Birchfield, he sent Mrs. Bell back in the motor, while he rode among the pack talking to the different hounds; and often he got off his horse and walked among them for a mile or so at a time. No wonder they harkened to the cry of the leading hounds when he cheered them on, or turned to his voice as he galloped to a halloo.

The day's sport was below the average, and while waiting for the fox to be found, I had the pleasure of meeting Sir Hercules Langrishe, Master of the Kilkenny for eight years, and

SIR HERCULES LANGRISHE.
Ex-Master of the Kilkenny Hunt.

IRISH HORSES CAN JUMP CLEAN WHEN NECESSARY.

a celebrated yachtsman who had come over with the Earl of Dunraven when he was racing for the America's Cup.

His striking name brought to my mind one of his ancestors, a former Hercules Langrishe who lived at the time of Grattan, when Lord Townsend was Viceroy in 1771. Somewhere I had read that his ancestor was then known as "Handsome" Hercules Langrishe, and with a score of gallants, including Grattan, followed in the train of the great Irish beauty,—Dorothea Monroe.

Lord Townsend's administration was noted for the political corruption that prevailed, and there was published in Dublin at that time *Baratariana,* a collection of curious letters giving vivid pictures of the administration. Some of the letters were written by Grattan, some by Flood, and others by Langrishe and were entitled "The History of the Island *Barataria.*" In one, the author, being head over heels in love with the beautiful Dorothea, wrote a description of her which Grattan said, "was true to life."

It seems that the charming Dorothea had a conniving aunt—Lady Loftus—who sought to and did marry her ward to Lord Townsend and would hear nothing of her feelings towards the refined, handsome, persuasive, and accomplished Langrishe. The latter's talents, however, received proper recognition when he became a leading member of the House of Commons, where his keen wit was hard felt by his opponents.

We chatted beside covert, until finally a ringing fox was put on foot, only to dodge about two or three coverts and give up his life in the road after a run of only two or three miles.

Later on, a better one was started, and throughout the run two sisters held the lead,—one on a gray going as few women can. I was rushing Scribbler and came to one jump which was a poser. The gray (which I later learned had been one of the best hunters for miles around for a number of years) jumped on to the bank, took off from the far side, and seemed to make a great effort as he sprang into the field. The reason I soon knew, for no sooner was I on top of the bank than I saw beneath

me a ditch over ten feet wide, full of water, over which the old gray had bounded.

It was up to Scribbler then; I gave him his head, he coiled back like a spiral spring, then launched himself out like the gallant thoroughbred that he was; as he landed on the other side, he gave a little buck jump as much as to say, "That's not so bad, after all." I patted his arched neck as he strode up the field, and felt that I had a worthy companion to The Cad and Success, who could not only race "Between the Flags", and give their best, but also enter into that sweet companionship in the hunting field which makes a day behind hounds doubly attractive.

Let hounds in Ireland run for fifteen or twenty minutes, and invariably you will find some one on a good cob who will hold his own as long as half-breds can run; that day brought a brown cob out, and the way his owner popped him at the banks was a caution. After Limerick and Tipperary, I felt quite sure of Scribbler, so I gave him his head and let him follow the young sportsman on the cob, and for a few fields he held his own before me. Then the superior blood of the thoroughbred began to tell, and just as I flattered myself that for once I was going to spread-eagle the field, the hounds checked.

I saw the Master with the rest of the field going at my left; figuring that the fox had crossed the road, they started towards it, but stopped a minute before jumping off the bank, straight down ten feet to the macadam road below. But it was only a moment. I saw Mr. Bell's knees tighten, his heels move, his head come back, and the big hunter dropped down into the road like a slate off the roof of a house. The rest of us, craning our necks, found a low place rather than attempt to follow the hard-riding M. F. H. who, after a few casts, gave up the chase for the day.

On the intervening Sunday I ran down to spend the afternoon with "Nick" Lambert and look over his hounds in the kennel yard, and there appreciated what a keen sportsman he was. He hunted the country two days a week with little sub-

scription, but his heart and soul were in the sport, and if the horses had hay and the hounds oatmeal, little did he care for frills, or new bridles while the old leather held.

He was happy indeed in the fact that his mother was still alive and well at Dysertmore. As her husband was a fox-hunter, she knew every inch of the country, and was interested to hear at night about every run and the work of the hounds through the day.

Later on we drove over to Woodstock, which is one of the show places of Ireland, the property of Edward K. B. Tighe, Esquire. It is situated high up on the banks of the Suir and from its lofty location has a commanding view of the country round about. The house is of stone, the usual square Irish type, with a walled garden just behind beautifully arranged in terraces. Mr. Lambert told me that on account of the southern exposure and the hills to the west, the cold is kept off so that many tropical plants which were elsewhere in Ireland a failure grow there in perfection. The Tighe family from time immemorial have held the right to net salmon in the river, which is worth a good many hundred pounds per annum.

The following day saw us hunting again with the East Kilkenny in some of their best country. A day or two before I had purchased the brown thoroughbred mare that carried the flying man up front so bravely and named her Scud, for like a scudding cloud she could sail, and I threw my leg over her for the first time with "Nick" Lambert's hounds.

The first three coverts were blank, and I felt sorry for our Master, who was so interested to give me another good day with his sporting pack. The next covert drawn was the best in East Kilkenny, and there was a sad look on every one's face when a toot of the horn drew the hounds out.

Just a little impatient now, the Master hurried the pack to the next covert, which was a straggling haven of wild gorse in a low valley. We waited on the outside while the Master worked down through with the hounds in front of him. Suddenly with a "Tally-ho" which made every horse start, the Mas-

ter proclaimed the fact that he had viewed the fox, the hounds streamed to his cry and were soon on the line, while he worked through the wet bottom to the firm ground. My little mare was as good as she looked, and after a spurt of a mile, the fox ran to the first covert we had drawn early in the day with the hounds close on the line. Just outside the covert he sidestepped and then went on. This threw the pack off, but the Master made a swinging forward cast, cut the trail, and soon they were opening on the line in earnest.

Young Dermont McCalmont (owner of the best two-year-old out in 1913, The Tetrarch, by Roi Herode, which was so ably trained by that rare good sportsman, "Atty" Persse) was out, and a dozen others; sitting in behind the pack, we followed close up to where a road checked them for a moment, then touching the line on the far side, they tied to it and raced up the hill. McCalmont had a few refusals with his chestnut out of the road, but I gave him a lead and led the way up the hill.

Two or three good fences made my foot wince a bit, and then the cry of wire caused us to pull up till some one cut it, when on we went to the top of the hill, looking for hounds to right and left, but we were unable to see a horseman or the flying pack anywhere. For fully five minutes we rode to all the points of the compass, but worry was our only companion, and if ever there is intense worry it is when you lose hounds just as they are well settled on the line, and you know you are in for a good thing.

Finally, far to the south, I saw a rider or two galloping, and settling Scud into a hard gallop, at the end of ten minutes I reached them; in a few moments more I found myself with "Nick" Lambert, whose horse, done to a turn, was gasping for breath.

The pack, it seemed, turned under our noses while we were cutting the wire fence and headed back across the road, where the rear enders got on, and they had a spin of two or three miles as fast as horses could gallop to the crack covert in the valley below us, where the pack were giving beautiful tongue. It was

raining torrents, but one good sportsman had worked through and stood guard at the farther end. He "Tally-hoed" the fox away, Lambert took his hounds through the covert and quickly put them on the line, but the never-ceasing rain had done its work, and he determined to call the day's sport off, well satisfied with the two splendid spurts which had been shown us.

Next morning the foot was a little better, and I managed to coax it down into a big old boot by the aid of talcum powder and gritted teeth. Sir Ritchie was the mount of the day, and the meet was at Eyre Upper Court, where I had the pleasure of meeting W. E. Grogan, the Master of the Carlow Hounds, who had been showing wonderful sport during the season of 1912-1913.

Eyre Upper Court was another large stone mansion, and no wonder the master and mistress were proud of it. I noticed that the floor of the large room into which we were ushered was a beautiful mosaic, and I remarked to our host that it was rather strange to find such work in Ireland. He drew back the light carpeting which covered the mosaic from the heels of the guests and showed me that the pattern of the colored inlaid work was an exact reproduction of the pattern of the ceiling, and he informed me that it was done when the Italian masters of inlaid work were visiting Ireland. He also led me to the library, the ceiling of which was a masterpiece of its kind.

On the tables of the dining room lay the customary creamed turkey, the glossy, brown, cured ham, together with tea, coffee, and hot breads of which we all partook heartily.

The time for feasting was soon up, and Mr. Bell brought the hounds to the woods at the back of the house, where a sure find was promised. Sir Ritchie had been bothering a bit, and I kept well back of every one while the covert was being drawn. The fox was viewed out at the farther end, and running a short distance to a large covert of rhododendrons, again brought the hounds' noses to the ground.

At the side of the second covert, I had the luck to meet a gallant sportsman, Pat—(his surname I can't remember) but he

wore a pair of top boots with patent leather half-way down the leg, weighed fully eighteen stone, and at every start was off in front, like a sprinter from the mark at the flash of the pistol. I had seen him one other day when hounds were running, and the whole crowd was stopped where some thorn bushes were cut and laid up in an opening,—a great way in Ireland of stopping lanes. He never hesitated a moment but plunged his horse ahead, urging him in and pushing the boughs to the right and left like the *Lusitania* going through a field of seaweed.

As we grew better acquainted, I spoke of his ability of opening out the way. "Yes", he said, "I have been doing it for years." I finally drew from him a good story of how, when hounds were running a few seasons ago, he came to a demesne wall five feet high which was the only possible chance on to the road. Seeing the Master coming up, and not to be stopped by any wall made by human hands, he steadied his horse, who taking off exactly right, carried eighteen stone over the top and landed on the far side. But he was promptly followed by "Ikey" Bell, M. F. H., who has never been known to decline a dare.

The fox had now broken from the rhododendrons and had made back to the first covert, and the hounds slowly picked the line. I was well behind, talking to Mr. Grogan, when we heard them speak up a bit. He trotted on in front and popped over what seemed to me to be a low place into the adjoining field. I cantered Sir Ritchie along, and just as we came to the bank saw that it was a low one with a narrow, deep ditch on the far side. Sir Ritchie's eyes were, as they say about tennis players, evidently "off" that day, for he stumbled going off the bank, landed in the ditch, threw me on my shoulder and with his head struck me full in the chest, knocking me flat and almost unconscious. My ribs felt a good deal like the sides of a bushel basket kicked by an elephant. Staggering to my feet, I drew in a breath or two, only to find there was a sharp pain in the right side, while my right foot was throbbing like a motorcycle cylinder.

Misfortunes never come singly, and often by rule of three, for as I galloped through the wood to find the hounds, my hunter evidently forgot that my right leg was on the right side and went too close to a tree, so that my swollen foot hit it with full force. Then how the water did fly from my eyes as I pulled Sir Ritchie up to take an account of stock of my injuries, and balance my nerves and feelings again until nerve should triumph.

Again the old foot puffed and throbbed and filled the whole boot up as a sausage does its skin, but just then I heard the hounds open strong behind me, and forgetting all else, found a path through the woods. Holding on like Colonel Poe, with one hand behind and another in front, I scrambled over the banks to see the pack driving hard in the field beyond. Three or four fields and as many jumps brought me to the bottom of the valley, and I was just forgetting to feel when before me appeared a deep ditch four or five feet wide, but covered with green weeds which gave it the exact appearance of grass.

Again trusting Sir Ritchie to look out for himself, I galloped along a little sharper; but this was his day for dreaming, for into it he cantered and cannoned against the further bank, throwing me eight or ten lengths into the field, while he wallowed in the slime. I rolled over on the ground and simply growled like a dog; the foot was worse than ever, and my ribs were hurting excruciatingly, and for five minutes I lay there, while the cause of my recent troubles munched grass beside me. Pulling myself together with a mighty effort, I stood up and hung on to the saddle for a while, and at last crawled up into it and walked my horse up the field, my teeth chattering with intense pain.

After half an hour I found the hounds and learned they had done nothing good for themselves, as the fox was a "ringer", and it was late in the afternoon when we landed at a good covert three miles away in a splendid country for galloping.

The wind had dropped, and the damp of evening just coming on made scent perfect; all were eagerly waiting around the cov-

ert, and when hounds opened and went to the left, we charged along at the edge of the covert up on to a hill, hoping that the fox would break above us. Ill luck still pursued us, however, for he turned back, made a complete ring in the covert, then broke in another direction and popped into a freshly made hole within one hundred and fifty yards of the covert. Hounds flashed over the earth, then one or two looped back on the line and marked well.

Disappointed as every huntsman is who tries to give six cracking runs in six hunting days, an impossible average of one hundred per cent, our Master had hounds put behind him, and slowly we rode to Eyre Upper Court.

Here tea and buttered egg were awaiting us, and our attractive hostess who, they told me, was half Russian and half French, charmed us with her hospitality. I was sorry that my breaks and bruises made it impossible for me to enter into the spirit of the occasion.

Another fight with the boot was necessary that night, and again the knife cut the back stitches. The lower leg, and ankle looked truly angry as I pulled the stocking off. Anywhere I could pit my finger in the flesh for half an inch, but with warm water, warm clothes, and "Eliman's Embrocation", I managed to elude my feelings, and dropped asleep from exhaustion, never waking till my man started the fire at half-past seven. The broken ribs put sneezing and coughing out of the question, but by working my right lung half a stroke at a time I was fairly comfortable.

The morning mail brought a report from Westmeath that foot and mouth quarantine was to be cut down to five miles, so I started the horses for Mullingar, while I went to town to inspect the stock of old furniture, pictures, crockery, etc., of which John Flood was said to have a most valuable collection.

Flood proved a most interesting collector and had a wonderful fund of information as to old castles and mansions in Ireland and the furniture, hangings, and silver which were in each. With great pride he told me of some priceless treasures

which his daughter had, and which she refused to sell and even refused to show, in fact she walked out of the house with the key of the room in her pocket when I entered, rather than take the chance of being tempted. I selected two splendid pieces of Waterford glass, one of which I found, on consulting the splendid work on Irish Glass by Mrs. Gradan Stanus, to be almost a duplicate of one of the beautiful Turnover Bowls which she illustrated as an example of the highest Irish art. It has the wonderful metallic ring when struck, was flat cut and possesses the green tinge which the Irish artisans for years endeavored to eradicate but which is now a hall-mark of their earliest and best work. I also selected a few dozen Masonware plates, and finally bargained for a beautiful mirror fully five feet square, framed in gilt carved woodwork instead of plaster of Paris, as is usually the case.

Flood confided to me the fact that he only had this mirror a few weeks and that the family whom he got it from was so proud that he was obliged to go at midnight, wrap it up carefully, and bring it to his store under cover of darkness, so that no one might know they were selling their heirlooms. He promised to pack it thoroughly for me, and I took a chance on it at seven guineas. Then I limped to the motor and headed north to Mullingar by the Bog of Allen, reaching Ballyglass at four in the afternoon, after a five weeks' trip through the best hunting countries of Ireland, among sportsmen who had never known me before, but who invariably offered their best. During the whole trip, only three or four nights had been spent in a hotel,—McCarthy's in Fethard. My mind treasures those happy, care-free days with the Limerick, John Ryan's Black and Tans, the gallant Tips headed by "Dick" Burke, and many friends made in following the Kilkenny, East Kilkenny, and Queen's County packs.

CHAPTER XI.

FIRST MEET OF WESTMEATH HOUNDS

RETURN TO WESTMEATH FROM TOUR OF THE HUNTS—PORTLOMAN HOUSE COMFORTABLE—MEET OF THE WESTMEATH HUNT COMMITTEE AT THE GREVILLE ARMS, MULLINGAR—MEET AT LOUGHNAVALLEY, THE FIRST MEET OF THE WESTMEATH HOUNDS—MEETING WITH "ATTY" PERSSE, WHOM I HAD MET IN THE STATES—HARD RIDING SCOTCH OFFICER—MY FIRST DAY TO WEAR THE LIVERY OF THE WESTMEATH—MEET AT DRUMCREE, THE FIELD INCLUDING LORD FARNHAM, MRS. NAPER, THE MASTER OF THE BALLYMACADS—REGGIE WALKER, THE STEEPLECHASE RIDER—MEET AT MULTYFARNHAM—GREETING BY FATHER MURPHY.

ON returning from my tour of the Hunts, we found the foot and mouth ban still on, but as Portloman was almost ready for occupancy, the next few days were spent in moving out of Ballyglass, getting fairly comfortable at the mansion made famous by Lord de Blacquiere and the Duke of Richmond, working the American hounds on the roads, and thoroughly breaking them from riot against goats, cattle, and horses by turning a number into the walled garden with them.

Portloman House itself was now very comfortable, with its heating plant and sufficient hot water so that after a cold, wet day's hunt, our four baths could be filled without feeling that we were depriving the others in the house.

Tiring of the enforced idleness, I called a meeting of the Committee and asked for further instructions as to sport, as I had been told by the Board of Agriculture in Dublin that although we could hunt outside the eight-mile area, they could not cut the limit down to five miles as yet. The meeting at Greville Arms was fully attended by all the members of the Committee.

The Arms itself was most unattractive, and Lord Greville, its proprietor, (in fact he owns the entire town of Mullingar), should pattern after Lord Dunraven who, as previously mentioned, had made such a beautiful village of his town, Adare.

The meeting was rather an eventful one, as the first vote passed was one instructing me as Master to hunt the American and English hounds distinctly separate throughout the season; the second vote directed me to hunt the American hounds down about Moate, twenty miles away, a country seldom hunted by

MULLINGAR · IRELAND

WESTMEATH HOUNDS

WILL MEET

JANUARY, 1913.

Monday,	20th	Loughnavalley	11.0 a.m.
Wednesday,	22nd	Turbotstown	,,
Friday,	24th	Glascorn X Roads	,,
Saturday.	25th	Riverstown	,,
Monday,	27th	Middleton	,,
Wednesday,	29th	Drumcree	,,
Friday,	31st	Moyvoughley	11.30 a.m.

FEBRUARY, 1913.

Saturday,	1st	Baronston	11.0 a.m.

HARRY WORCESTER SMITH, M.F.H.

Reproduction of typical card of "Fixtures" and emblem adopted by the Hunt and used on the buttons of their livery.

the county pack, being a wild and boggy one, and I was only to hunt my American hounds up about Mullingar by invitation from some of the noblemen and country squires. This showed me at the outset they were determined that I should have no opportunity of hunting my own hounds in any acceptable country in the county, for as to invitations to hunt my pack, they knew full well where they would be asked to hunt, and of the impossible bog lands about Pakenham Hall or Middleton Park.

To these motions I made no comment, as I had agreed to hunt the country in a manner suitable to the Committee, and had at the time accepted from the Committee some fifty couple of English hounds, and had agreed to return the same number to them at the end of my Mastership. I had not journeyed to Ireland to complain, but naturally deeply regretted that after nine months of quarantine and a three-thousand-mile ocean voyage the Grafton pack should at the outset be so handicapped that any comparison of their work with that of English hounds would be impossible.

After a long discussion, it was voted that we start hunting the following Monday outside the eight-mile circle, and the moment the five-mile area was set apart, the opening meet would be held at Reynella, six miles from Mullingar.

I selected Loughnavalley as the best meet outside of the area. It was here, I am told, the hounds met when the Duke of Marlborough, then the Lord Lieutenant, hunted with the Westmeath pack in the early seventies. Monday at eleven o'clock saw the sportsmen arriving for the semi-opening day, pink coats and silk hats being in order for the occasion. Every man had his crack horse out, and the Middleton contingent, regularly made up of Mr. and Mrs. Boyd Rochfort and the Messrs. Bayley, was further augmented by Mr. Cecil Rochfort,—trainer for Sir Edward Cassel,—who was over for the holidays, and Henry "Atty" Persse, who was third in the list of winning trainers in the United Kingdom.

The last time I had seen "Mr. Persse", the name he always rode under in the States, was fully fifteen years before, when he headed the list of gentlemen riders in America. Robert Chamblet Hooper of Boston brought him over and his good horses and Persse made a most successful combination. Never shall I forget seeing him come down at the last hurdle on the track at The Country Club, Brookline, on Trillion, who a year or two later won the Grand National with his owner, Billy Hayes, up. The fall was a "purler", and they picked Persse up for dead, but within thirty minutes he was walking about the club house none the worse for it.

While going down towards the first covert Persse and I talked over the days of long ago when the Duke of Abercorn and Kilkenny were the crack jumpers of America, carrying the cherry and white hoops for Mr. Chamblet. Then the Messrs. Hitchcock raced under the name of the Broad Hollow Stable, and their "all green" was worn by Bazil and well carried by the pony chaser, The Peer, who beat the giant, The Duke of Abercorn, over the big jumps on his own course at Brookline, built by his owner just to suit the latter.

I can still see the little chestnut, bought for a song by Tommy Hitchcock in Georgia, fighting for the lead over the entire course, and never letting the Duke of Abercorn, with Mr. Persse up, show his nose in front.

Mr. Persse recalled with great pleasure the good times he had in the States, but fifteen years of a trainer's life had put more weight on him, and from the clean-bred horse he had gone to the Irish half-bred, one of which he was then riding. I was mounted on Success, the best of the Grafton stud.

The first draw was a blank; in the second a fox was found by Mr. Pollok in a most amusing way. Hounds were all over the covert, and in the midst of a bog he saw the fox asleep, when one of the bitches grabbed him by the back to kill him; the fox, in his struggle to get away, pulled her into the water, where he eluded his captor and jumped into covert, only to be turned back by little Jackie Brown, who was holding Mr.

Pollok's horse while he was walking the boggy ground,—for often it is impossible to make the hounds draw properly without the huntsman dismounting and going into the covert with them.

After a ring or two about the covert, the fox finally broke to the north, and we viewed him across the open field. Holding the eager horsemen back, I waited until Mr. Pollok drew the hounds out of covert with the toot of his horn, and soon they were on the line, and the Westmeath cracks were streaming after them.

Mrs. Batten's mother, Mrs. Locke, was on a four-year-old, and cut out the pace, with Dudley Fetherstonhaugh, on Mrs. Batten's best, close behind.

Hounds swung to the left, and Mrs. Locke told me to follow her, as the right was impossible, and she proved to be correct. Before us was a wall four feet six inches, and at it she went with no gain, Mr. Fetherstonhaugh then tried it, but with no better result, and finally they turned to me and said, "Let America have a try."

Success with the touch of the steel bounded over it, and I found the hounds exactly as Mrs. Locke hoped, turning towards us with a few riders well in front.

The scent was good, and hounds raced hard for a mile or more, when before us lay fields with appearance of wire on all sides and a railroad embankment beyond. Rather than go into the network of wire, I tried a ditch to the left that looked like a possible place only to find that it was impossible, as I landed in the bottom. Picking myself up, I was soon on again, but not knowing exactly why I had fallen, called to a Scotch officer who was looking at the jump that it was all right. On he came, to land exactly as I had done.

Later a sportsman came up to me and said, "The American horse does not know all about it, does he?" and I replied, "No, and neither does the Irish horse",—for the officer was on an Irish one. Another sportsman spoke up and said, "I watched you both fall, and no wonder, for right at the edge of the bank

was a lot of brush, and when the horses tried to kick back to get a leverage to propel themselves to the other side, they simply kicked back against the branches and fell into the ditch."

Not a word of complaint came from the sporting officer, however, and together we galloped across the field with our ears keen for the cry of the hounds. Suddenly we were confronted by the biggest stone wall I have ever seen laid in cement, running right and left as far as one could see, and with stone coping that allowed no interference. I looked at it, so did my comrade, and without a word we turned away. Then I gave Success twenty yards to gather headway; he sailed at it and took off just right, landing on the other side. Before I could say "Jack Robinson", the man from the land of the cakes was just beside me, thanking me for the lead. After another brook and ditch we caught up with the tail hounds, only to find that the leaders had marked to ground near the railroad embankment.

What a pleasurable feeling there is in being absolutely fit, and hard as nails, and what a feeling of respect and admiration one immediately feels for those whom he finds riding in front. The Scotchman and I were never introduced, but I could see he was my kind, and from that day on I never missed him when hounds were running hard.

It takes a number of months of hard riding to "come back", so that no matter how often you fall you still have a hungry feeling for the next jump, and for me to be really good, I must get thoroughly mad and be more eager for the next jump than ever. So it was with the stone wall after the ditch for both the officer and myself. What splendid sport it is that can yearly put so many men in fighting condition, so to speak. Day after day all over Ireland and England, men are falling in the hunts; a few are killed, a number are injured and badly hurt, but eighty per cent. get up with a shake, pull themselves together, and go at it again.

This was the thirtieth fall I had had on the sod of the Emerald Isle, and it was only that morning I had got into a regular

hunting boot. My right foot was swollen from the fall in Tipperary, and my ribs, which were cracked in Kilkenny, still made me wince at a sneeze, yet my mind was without worry,—except that I might lose the hounds.

That day for the first time I discarded the gray coat of the Grafton livery, which I had worn during the cubbing, and put on the full pink, white breeches, top boots, and black velvet collar of the Westmeath Hunt, and as we rode up to where hounds were standing about the den, the black soil marks on my coat showed every one that it was properly christened.

After a two-mile trot on the road, we reached the next covert and soon heard the welcome "Tally-ho" from Tom's lips on the farther side. Fitz Russell from near Moate, on a five-year-old which he bred himself, showed us the way around the covert, where the hounds with glad cry were running hard across the field, only to throw their heads up at the edge of the bank. Mr. Pollok was swinging them to the left when a whimper or two showed the line to the right up the field, and on they went over another good wall which Fitz Russell and I took in our stride. Settling down behind the hounds with Henry Bayley on his little gray for company, we rode neck and neck for the next few fields, only to have the fox pop into an open earth, which on account of some disagreement with Mr. Barbour, the late Master, and its owner, had been left open out of spite.

The short day was about spent, and in a few moments we were at the little Inn at Loughnavalley, where tea, toast, and dropped eggs put a smile on every one's face.

Drumcree, which had given us good sport during the cubbing, was the meet on Wednesday, and a fair field was out,—one or two from Meath, Lord Farnham, and Mrs. Naper, the Master of the Ballymacads, and Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Fetherstonhaugh.

Drumcree gorse held our good game fox, and he ran the same line to Lough Lene, and hounds threw their heads up exactly at the same spot as before. Here Mr. Pollok, evidently forget-

ting where the line was lost on the previous run, spent a lot of time casting to the left, but the moment he brought them down to where the fox had run the last hunt, they caught and carried the line field by field, as before.

I was riding Scribbler, the first time he had been out since Kilkenny, and he had profited well by the rest, going resolutely and perfectly throughout the run, which terminated by our fox getting back into the gorse where he had been started. Mr. Pollok went down on Sherwood by not giving him a fair chance at a big ditch. He had been accustomed to riding thick-set Irish horses, who have a great trick of slowing up at their obstacles, jumping off their hocks, and landing well over the ditch, and was plainly not accustomed to riding thoroughbred horses who, before they are thoroughly broken to Irish banks and ditches, want to swing along in their stride, and then they will cover anything.

Barbavilla was the next draw. One cub ran to the left with one hound behind him, and two fled to the right with the main pack following. The jumping was good, and the hounds ran hard for fifteen or twenty minutes, but the field was in difficulties most of the time, as the wire on all sides made it impossible to know where you could go.

I had noticed early in the day one young chap going valiantly on a thoroughbred horse. In the second run he cut the work out, and I dropped in behind and found I had a worthy leader. When hounds were checked, I inquired who he was, and was told there was no better horseman in Ireland, that he was Reggie Walker, the well-known steeplechase rider, on one of his best, and so I felt that Scribbler had done well to patter along behind so able a pair.

Hounds had been cast to the left but were now running with less head and going towards a field at the far side of which was a sloughy looking brook which had been wired to a certain distance, so that the bullocks could not cross. Mr. Pollok, who had changed on to one of the Irish half-breds, took a chance, only to get to the farther bank and fall back. His horse

wandered down the stream, while the rider called for Sherwood, which the second horseman was riding.

My steeplechase pilot, with cool head and on a perfectly mannered hunter, by this time had waded out into the brook where the bottom was gravelly, cut the wire, and clambered up the other side, and soon we were all over to find the hounds checked and unable to regain the line.

We were now in the Meath country, and the Master of the Ballymacads told me that not far from where we were (they were annually given permission to hunt a part of the Meath country) his hunt had enjoyed within a few days the greatest run of a number of seasons,—fifty minutes straight away with no semblance of a check.

Again the short day was closing in, and we sought the motors and warm coats for home.

Friday saw us at Multyfarnham, where Father Murphy was again on hand and greeted us warmly. A fox was found and went to ground in Donore after running half a mile.

We then went to Delamere's bog, where that keen sportsman, Mr. Delamere, had asked us to draw before Tyfarnham, the regular route of the day. As usual, it was teeming with foxes, and soon they were looping out from all sides. The field were kept well in hand until one went over the hill, and when the hounds were on the line, we started up towards the brow.

A number of my hunters were down at Moate with the American hounds, so I was mounted on Nattie Bumppo, the crack race galloway, just under fifteen hands, who had beaten Raymond Belmont's Culvert and as good a field of galloways as ever sported silk in the States, at the Country Club, Brookline, in June 1912.

In his schooling, Nattie had shown a wonderful ability to jump and also wonderful ability to charge any obstacle before him at a headlong pace. Exactly like The Cad, when he first took to jumping, he seemed to believe the more haste the less waste, and in all his schooling he would pivot round and

stamp his dainty feet, as much as to say, "Let me at it", and then he would boil at the jumps like lightning. Hoping to slow Nattie down, I had sent him out to Mr. Large to be roped while I was off on the tour. Large said, "He has never been down while I have been roping him, but neither have I been able to make him check himself, it will take a few falls to teach him his lesson", and so it proved.

The first jump was a big bank, and I was led well over it by a lady in black. Nattie jumped on the near side, sprang to the top and off into the field, and I said to myself, "At least he is eager for them." I tried to steady him as he raced up to the leaders, believing he was on the race track again. A touch on the gag snaffle rein soon quieted him, and for a field or two we had plain sailing behind the hounds, which had crested the hill straight before us.

At the next jump one or two showed me the way. On the far side was a cabbage patch guarded by a ditch. The little galloway went at it all too fast, and down in the ditch he landed in a heap. The ground was soft, no harm was done, and in a trice I was up again, only to find that the hounds had run the fox to an old honeycombed earth which Mr. Delamere had tried his best to stop.

Taking the hounds behind him, Mr. Pollok started to the bog again, making his way over a part of the Ladies' Steeplechase Course of the year previous, one of the jumps of which was a wide, deep ditch, a broad bank, and on the far side a wider, deeper ditch. Mr. Pollok was on an Irish horse which had been well schooled and took it like a clock, Nattie swung at it as impetuous as ever, sprang high on the big bank, put in a short stride, jumping off his hocks, and landed well into the farther field, so his fall had taught him something.

After a trial or two at the bog, hounds were taken to Tyfarnham on the east side, where in a moment they found a strong old red who set his face towards the east and led us a merry chase. All the field were well up, and how Nattie did scamper! As I went by Father Murphy, he called out, "The ground is

[illegible] you must not go that way", but finding that Nattie [illegible] mettle, and that the fall had done him good, I swung [illegible] the lead so that I might earn my place up front if pos- [illegible] and write to "Hay" Bell, the Master of the Kilkenny, that [illegible] place Nattie Bumppo was as good as the best. It [illegible] that well known riding man in the Westmeath Hunt, [illegible] talking about the mounts which I had given at times to [illegible] and servants said, "Why, he has got a lot of wild [illegible] thoroughbreds; and there is Nattie Bumppo, who is [illegible] and whom no one can ride over a country." That [illegible] was on Sherry, who had been hunted only two [illegible] times, and little Jack Brown was on Spiltwood (both [illegible] thoroughbreds who had been well roped and schooled), so [illegible] that if any of the so-called experts had anything to say [illegible] how the youngsters were mounted, they would at least feel [illegible] that I was not picking the best for myself.

[illegible] good one and maintained his point to the east, and [illegible] I held after him. Dropping my hands, I let the [illegible] have his head pace and in the next field or two only [illegible] eight thousand to six. Now we were up with them, and [illegible] moment hounds checked as they swung right-handed as [illegible] ran through an opening in the next fence. We raced [illegible] field to the left of them, Mr. and Mrs. Pollok and my- [illegible] riding in the order named.

[illegible] only place out was by a stone-faced bank in the corner. [illegible] Pollok topped it and disappeared into the ditch, while his [illegible] galloped riderless up the field. Mrs. Pollok was nerve- [illegible] ought for a minute or two until she saw him on his feet, [illegible] with a splendid spring her hunter was over. Taking her [illegible], Nattie went at it, and never was I so proud of the grand- [illegible] of the mighty Meddler.

[illegible] was a solid stone wall four feet six inches straight up and [illegible] wn, but three or four feet wide on the top and a wide ditch [illegible] the far field, an obstacle that any trained hunter might [illegible] turned from. But Nattie's blood was up; he sprang at

it, landed on top, and without a step, jumping from his very footsteps, he threw himself far into the field and raced on. Father Murphy, who was at my right in another field, said that he never saw him touch the top.

As I galloped at the farther corner, the welcome cry of the hounds greeted my ears, but I met some laborers who showed me wire in front and a way over a bank to my right. There was not a moment to be lost, and letting Nattie stride away, I went to the front, racing to the tail of the hounds who were now three fields ahead.

The next boundary was a brook of ten or twelve feet, which I saw glistening beneath me, then going through a gateway or two which were fortunately open, I began to rest easy and look round for the field. Not a soul was in sight, and the bitches were still streaming ahead out over the field on to the main road and up the farther side into a long hazel covert which grows along Poulnagorth Hill. It was then I pulled Nattie down to a walk and popped him into the road.

The first up was Harold Large on an Irish hunter. He knew the way and opened a gate or two, so parelleling the covert called Poulnagorth we galloped beneath it as hounds were working through. Large endeavored to mount the hill on the far end but found his good horse had had enough, for, kneeling down on the path, he declined to go on. Nattie was still game, and just behind now came Tom Jenner and a few riders, and as far back as I could see were pink coats dotting the fields.

Turning to Tom I asked him how Sherry went, and he said, "Like a bird, Mr. Smith." Admiring the whip who had been with the Westmeath eighteen years, I said, "You can keep him for your best, as no one could school him half so well, and no one but you shall throw a leg over him this season." The look in his eye showed how deeply he appreciated this.

Mr. Pollok came up in five or six minutes and found the hounds still working in the covert. Then out bustled the fox, right under his feet, and took a short bow round the top of the hill into covert again. As hounds were working assiduously

in the covert, it took three or four minutes to get them on the line in the open, and then they worked slowly to the gorse, where old Tom, who knew the country, had taken his post. Hardly had the hounds entered at our end, when we heard his "Tally-ho", which the hounds raced to; promptly he clapped them on the line, and down the hillside we raced.

The third or fourth obstacle was a deep ditch and a high bank. An Irish horse refused it until I begged his rider to give some one else a chance, and put Nattie down into it, hoping that he would make a try. But he refused and as much as said, "If that big fellow can't do it, how do you expect me to." I pulled out and called for the next, and Mr. Pollok was soon at it and over. Nattie followed his lead as game as a pebble, and for the next half mile we raced, searching for hounds. As two or three horses were galloping to the left, I looked in that direction and finally saw far ahead the whole pack spread-eagling the field.

Mr. Dudley Fetherstonhaugh by this time had joined us on Mrs. Batten's clean-bred, and together we descended the hill and through a lucky gateway nicked into a field and saw the hounds running along the hedgerow. Then I called on Nattie for his best, and the gallant little chap galloped clean away from the others, and I found the hounds on the edge of Tyfarnham, having run their fox to earth.

CHAPTER XII.

AMERICAN HOUNDS IN IRELAND

AMERICAN HOUNDS IN WALLED GARDEN AT PORTLOMAN—JACKIE BROWN, FIRST WHIP—AMERICAN HOUNDS AT PAKENHAM HALL—THEIR FIRST HUNT—ANOTHER DAY WITH THE AMERICAN HOUNDS AT PAKENHAM AND KINTURK—GORSE COVERTS WHICH THE HOUNDS WERE NOT AFRAID TO WORK THROUGH—AMERICAN HOUNDS AT MOATE—MEET AT MR. WAKEFIELD'S GATE, DRAWING THE OLD HALL AND NEW HALL COVERTS—MEET AT MARSHBROOK GATE—MEET AT JOHNSTONE'S FURZE—MEET AT THE DOONS BY INVITATION OF CAPT. O'DELL OF KILCLEAGH PARK—GUEST OF CAPT. AND MRS. O'DELL—FIRST DRAW THAT DAY BEING BALLINAHOWN, A GRAND DEMESNE THE PROPERTY OF "THE O'DONOGHUE"—MOATE COUNTRY AT ONE TIME HUNTED BY ASSHETON BIDDULPH.

WHILE getting settled at Portloman, I had plenty of opportunity to see how the American hounds exercising in the walled garden were coming to hand after their nine months' quarantine, the last three in solitary confinement.

My kennel huntsman with the Westmeath packs, Jack Brown, had got for me a very good under kennelman who had been with the Meath Hunt, and while I had been in the south hunting he had been working hard with my American kennelman, Saxby, to drill the hounds so that they could be taken to covert without couples and handled properly when in covert.

Of the old pack which I had in Virginia two years before there were but seven couple left, and as these had only been hunted a few times in the two years, naturally they lacked that attention to discipline which I had been so proud of when Master of the Loudoun.

Hounds which are regularly hunted and have the edge off them are simple to handle, if they have the proper spirit and are not cowardly. I could see that it was necessary for them to become well accustomed to the crack of the whips and the cries not only of the Hunt servants but the members of the field, for invariably, when a fox is "Tally-hoed" away, the entire field try by voice and crack of whips to urge the hounds out of covert. Should the Grafton hounds drop their sterns and make for home, I should be very much ashamed of them.

The big garden was suited admirably for this purpose, and day in and day out they were walked about, being put to Saxby by the under kennelman and Jackie Brown, the fourteen-year-old son of Jack Brown, who was to act as first whip for me.

Although only fourteen, Jackie Brown had the head of a man of thirty, and was endowed by nature with a wonderful voice. His father had brought him up with a thorough knowledge of kennel deportment and control of hounds, and it was surprising to see how he picked up the names of each of my hounds and became acquainted with their peculiarities. Before the month was over, they were giving perfect satisfaction in their work inside the garden walls.

Twice a day they were taken out coupled; once to be walked in the demesne and in the afternoon to be exercised on the roads with the horses for six or eight miles. This exercise was gradually increased, so that at the end of six weeks after they were released from quarantine, we were able to give them twelve miles of a trip at a time.

At first their feet were soft and tender, but they gradually hardened up, and when on the seventh day of December I decided to take them to Pakenham Hall for their first hunt, they were in fairly hard condition. They had been roaded out towards the Hall day in and day out, so that they might know the route, and the day before the hunt I trotted them the twelve miles to Pakenham and back, so as to take the edge off them, if possible.

The trip to covert on the first morning was uneventful, but the moment the couples were loosed, what a wild rush there was from the fifteen couple, the first time they had been released in the open for nine months! They made through the woods, giving idle tongue and chasing each other for fully thirty minutes; then the older hounds began to be ashamed of themselves and came to my whistle, and we moved along with them to where a fox might be started, interested to note how they worked under the new conditions.

At Pakenham, as I have shown, walks were cut in the rhododendrons, which were kept even and looked like a green bank each side, about three feet high. Being entirely unaccustomed to such ornamental shrubbery, the hounds would run up and down the walks, not knowing that they could push through to the right and left. As a last year's puppy gave tongue on a rabbit, both old and young harkened to him and burst through the shrubs to the centre of the ride. Then one and all, seeing what seemed to be a green bank (really made of the rhododendron leaves) in front of them, jumped up on top of it, only, to their great chagrin, to fall through the branches to the ground.

Lord and Lady Longford had gone over to their English home for the winter, but Mr. Lyons, the steward, had told the neighboring gentry and sportsmen that the American hounds were coming, and there were fully one hundred scattered about the rides and lawns, so that sport was impossible. We were mighty busy till late in the afternoon training the young hounds from riot, to turn to whistle, and trying to draw some likely spots with the old members of the pack.

Nothing was done that Saturday, and I told the steward that I should be back the following Monday, and again brought the full pack to covert at eleven o'clock. Another disappointing day, however; hounds were wild, riot plenty, and no sport.

Up in the evergreens northwest of Pakenham the old pack drew well, started their fox and ran him to the open, where Tom "Tally-hoed" him away, only to have the young hounds run babbling here and there until he looped back into covert, where he was headed half a dozen times by laborers.

The hounds were then taken from Pakenham to Kinturk, a neighboring demesne, the property of Mr. Pollard Urquhart, the town of Castlepollard being named for his family. It is a noble home, beautifully kept up even at this time, although about three years before the master had a falling out with his tenants, closed the house, and left the neighborhood for England, never to return.

By this time the older hounds had become tired of harkening to the cry of the puppies hunting rabbits, and I felt that if we could get them on to the fox, they would show some sport. Urging my horse into the rhododendrons on the hillside, I drew it carefully and was rewarded by seeing a good red sneak out across the ride towards the bog; just at that moment I heard a "Tally-ho" from the second whip below.

I at once figured that he had viewed another fox and so held the pack on the line of my fox; but here a strange thing happened: evidently the fox which he saw started out of his bed, ran from my right to left going directly in front of him and crossed the line of mine. When the hounds running the line of my fox came to the line of his they swung right-handed and took the trail of his fox heel ways for a quarter of a mile to his kennel or bed, then threw up their heads and were unable to do anything with it. It was only the next day that I thought out what must have happened, and at the moment I continued to cast the hounds forward from the bed, hoping to cut the line, but of course my efforts were futile.

Upon the hillside, however, I saw a small gorse covert, and thinking he might have dropped into that, I took the hounds through the gate and cheered them into it.

Gorse is an evergreen, and there is an old saying that "When gorse is out of bloom then kissing is out of favor"; and therefore it must bloom every month of the year. It has an attractive yellow blossom scattered here and there, and wherever you find gorse, you will always find some place where it is in bloom. It is more like our ground hemlock than anything I can think of, except that it has sharp barbs; as a covert to hold foxes, it must be cut and pruned back so that it does not grow high and afford a chance for the wind to blow underneath.

Many were the arguments which I had had in the States as to whether the American hounds would brave the gorse or not, and I was delighted when old and young rushed in without a murmur. For a moment my heart was in my mouth as they gave cry and ran about, until I saw a rabbit hopping here and

there along the edges. Wishing to give them a good trial on the gorse, I allowed them to run him for three or four minutes. Finally the whips cracked their whips, and I blew the whistle, the old hounds came out with downcast looks on their faces, and the young hounds trooped after, some of them with red marks on their sides, the majority of them with their tails tipped in red by the deadly work of the sharp barbs. But it proved that the American hounds would face any covert that the English hounds would face, and I was pleased beyond expression.

I then sent eight couple of hounds over the road to Moate, and through Mr. Wakefield, by courtesy of Mr. Dudley Fetherstonhaugh, we planned four days' hunting in and about that district. Meeting at eleven o'clock at Mr. Wakefield's gate, with a fair turn-out, we first drew the Old Hall covert. Here again the young hounds spoke to a rabbit, and the old hounds came out of covert disgusted with their young friends.

We then went to the New Hall covert, which was said to be a sure find and right enough, for although only three or four acres square on the edge of a bog, it held a good cub, and the cry of the whole pack round and round the covert made my heart glad. Now and then the fox would start out and be "Tally-hoed" away, only to loop back into the covert.

The planting was principally gorse, and again the hounds gamely stuck to their task. Finally the cry ceased; I heard Stars' steady note and decided that the fox must have gone to ground. This proved to be the case, and I sent for the terrier and took the hounds to the edge of the covert. Tom soon bolted the fox, and in a moment or two I had the hounds on his line.

This time the red was well scared and headed for the Old Hall covert, three quarters of a mile away. Spreading out well at each loss, the hounds hunted the line, sticking to it closely and giving splendid cry, which pleased the followers. I allowed them to do their own work, and they ran with a good head into the first covert and later on worked the line well, but on account of the rain, we were unable to do much, although

at one road they did admirable work where the fox had run it and then jumped off. They held the line closely, worked down the road carefully, and did not run over where the fox had dodged into the field. Rain had now made the following of this line impossible, and I drew a neighboring covert, but it was too late for sport, so with all the hounds behind, I trotted back to Moate, feeling that with proper conditions I need not be ashamed of the hounds from Grafton.

The next hunt two days later was at Marshbrook gate. Here we found nothing except the line of a cur dog, which the eager hounds started on, only to be stopped by the energetic whips.

The question of riot in America is very different from that in the United Kingdom, and especially in Ireland, where there are cur dogs without number, sheep everywhere, and droves of cattle in the fields. At night, when one donkey starts to bray, there is a braying party which echoes from hilltop to hilltop, as the neighboring asses voice their good night in the most unearthly noise.

All packs in Ireland are most carefully and thoroughly broken; the young hounds are put out to walk, two here and two there, and become accustomed to all barnyard trouble. They are then brought into the kennels, where they are put under a systematic training against rabbits, by turning plenty before them in the kennel-yard and severely rebuking them. Through the late spring and summer they are walked day in and day out among sheep and cattle and in deer parks, of which there are numbers in England, but none to speak of in Ireland. Where there is coursing and hares, hounds are taken by permission to the coursing grounds, and there at any time fifty or seventy-five hares can be put up within a radius of half a mile. All this tends to make them very steady, and it is seldom indeed that a good pack of English hounds will speak in covert to anything but the trail of a fox.

By this time my hounds had become thoroughly accustomed to the cracking of the whips and turned promptly to the whistle.

The first day at Moate I worked them without couples on the roads, and they began to fall into the good form which they showed at home. Throughout the fall season we had run twelve brace of cubs to earth with the English pack, dug them out, and blooded the hounds, and I felt that if I could only run three or four to earth with mine, dig them out and blood them, they would soon attend to foxes and not bother with riot.

The next draw was in Johnstone's Furze. It was a rainy day, and with well-soaked livery and rather downcast feeling, I put the hounds into covert. Mr. Fetherstonhaugh felt sure that we would find, and Mr. Clibborn, a hard-riding "Vet", guided me about,—and these bogs take some guiding! You can go only in certain places, although you may see the marks of an ass's cart here and there, for the horses go through at once where the little donkeys, with their clever, short steps, patter over the crust.

From the continual chastisement, the hounds had become a little downcast and dared not go far from me; this made the drawing of the present furze very difficult, as it was a scattered wild place, mere patches here and there in the bog. This time there were a number of natives out, whom Mr. Fetherstonhaugh lined up on one of the rides, so that the fox would break to the good galloping land if we were fortunate enough to start him.

For an hour I worked assiduously, ferreting my way about as best I could on the firm ground and finally dismounting to walk part of the bog and urge the hounds on. Suddenly to the back of us came the welcome "Tally-ho", and I hurried back, whistling as I ran, with all the hounds close on. Little Jackie Brown had seen the fox cross the ride a hundred yards farther down, and another man said he saw him in another place; so calling the hounds, I put them on the last spot, only to see them take it up and run it heel, for the man had seen the fox before little Jackie saw him, and he put me on the line wrong.

This shows one of the great difficulties of carrying hounds to a "Tally-ho", as a majority of the natives and others, who are

out, see the fox and then carelessly point to somewhere near where he went; so that even the best huntsmen sometimes find it exceedingly difficult to know exactly what to do, for after the natives view him, they will halloo too soon and make the start more difficult by heading the fox.

Going back to the road, I tooted the whistle merrily, little Jack cracked his whip, and the hounds, finding they were wrong, came out of covert, and we were able to put them right. Still a little eager, they ran over at the turns here and there and were getting into the covert when the fox was hallooed back to my left.

A few blasts of the whistle made Tom's whip crack, and Simpleton and two or three other hounds came to me. I led them to where the fox had been viewed and cheered them on. They raced into covert, throwing their tongues merrily, and in the next three or four minutes we had two races, the small pack following the fox, and the main pack working on his old line below.

Little Jackie, with the wisdom of an expert, gave his horse to a native, ran out on the bog, and with Tom on the other side of the covert finally stopped the main pack and put them on to me. I soon brought them to the big covert, and they harkened to the cry of Simpleton. Then how the bog did ring as the hounds all got on, and I knew the fox would have to go somewhere.

Soon out of the covert flashed Scarecrow, leading the pack with his half-white face down on the line, working out every turn; next was Simpleton, crying with joy, and then Stars and Superb, the latter letting out a cat yawl which made Tom roar with laughter. The rest crowded on behind, and we galloped on to the firm ground, for the fox was now heading for the open land. They ran to the west, when a jump or two put us behind them for a little distance; then the fox ran the hedgerow, and with a quick dodge out, threw their heads into the air until Shamus hit the line, and then how they did run!

We rode hard, and they were gradually drawing away from us across the valley up to the hillside where Tom espied an open earth. The pack ran by it and gave cry beyond, and we hoped for a good run yet, but no, evidently in his haste or endeavoring to lead the hounds astray, the fox ran beyond the earth, then dodged back behind a wall and sneaked in, for little Jackie called out that he could see his footsteps in the wet sand.

Standing still, we allowed the pack to work out the line, and Stars, Scarecrow, and Shamus soon marked him to ground. It was a sandy earth, and Stars was able to get in out of sight, while Scarecrow took charge outside and warned every member of the pack to keep back.

I dispatched Tom for the terrier, and in a few minutes some laborers came up with shovels, together with Mr. Fetherstonhaugh, Mr. Clibborn, and Father Magee, a young priest who had been of great service to the Hunt by his hold over his parishioners, when there had been any trouble among the earth-stoppers or covert-owners. Every soul was interested to get the fox out so the hounds might be blooded, and it was a long hour we waited before Tom returned.

It was surprising to see how the hounds fell into the new customs. Desiring to get them away from the cold winds which were blowing from the west, I took them over a quarter of a mile away in lee of a big wall, but in view of the earth, where little Jackie's boyish personality was able to hold them all in check, for by this time Tom had come back with the terrier whose short yelp showed "Charley" was under ground.

After a few moments we located him, and almost immediately Tom cut his tunnel and got in behind the terrier, who was facing the fox, barking merrily. Tom then sank another hole at the rear of the fox right at his brush, and when he had worked his hand up his back and got his fingers about his neck, he said, "Now, Mr. Smith, call the hounds over, and we will let the first pack of American hounds that ever came to the United Kingdom taste the blood of an Irish fox."

Two blasts of the whistle, and the whole pack came like greyhounds from the leash. Tom gave him a fair start but Scarecrow soon caught him; then Signal had him by the head, and in another second the whole pack had a hold somewhere, and his life was extinct.

We let them pull and haul to their hearts' delight, but they refused to eat the carcass, although Tom tried hard to tempt them by cutting the fox up,—then taking off the pads, the brush, and the mask, we started back to Moate at half-past three, heartily pleased at the day's sport.

Two days later we hunted The Doons, and the evening before, by invitation of Captain O'Dell, Mr. Fetherstonhaugh and myself dined at Kilcleagh Park and spent the night there.

It is the charming custom in Ireland, when the hunt is in your vicinity, to offer the Master the hospitality of your home, so as to save him the ride in the morning. The motors have lessened this a good deal, but it is a time-honored custom and one that gave me a great deal of pleasure and enabled me to become acquainted with Irish home life as I could in no other way.

Kilcleagh Park was most attractive, with Mr. and Mrs. O'Dell taking intense interest in their home. A strong stream runs through the park at the edge of the lawn, giving twelve-horse power for all farm purposes. The house itself, located on a charming eminence, is built of stone, as is always the case in Ireland, and when I entered it, I could not but be strongly impressed with the fact that the house was lived in the year round, and that it contained every possible comfort.

My valet soon had the clothes laid out, and in fifteen or twenty minutes we were at the dining room, doing justice to some delicious oysters which Mr. O'Dell had brought down from Dublin. After a pleasant dinner and a short evening, as dining at eight o'clock makes bedtime close at hand, we turned in.

Few of the houses I visited were heated, but there were always fireplaces in each room, well provided with coal, and

each bed was heated with hot-water bottles which took off the chill. In the morning your own man woke you up and lighted your fire, and after the room was warm you arose, he drew your bath for you, for there was generally one bath at least in the house, and by nine o'clock you were in the breakfast room.

Breakfast over there is a movable feast. Always on the side-table are spirit lamps which heat the plates and the different breakfast dishes, and the fireplaces are generally arranged so that the tea and hot water are placed near the blaze; thus, even if you are a half or three-quarters of an hour late, your breakfast is kept warm and tempting.

Fruit of any kind is seldom served, but all manner of marmalades and jams are displayed in profusion, and a surprising amount of sweet stuffs are eaten for breakfast; eggs, kidneys, or the bones of chickens or turkeys devilled in mustard together with strips of bacon form the essential part of the morning's meal.

By ten o'clock everyone has finished and gathered in the smoking room, and surely the life of a sportsman in the British Isles is one of luxury and pleasure, especially now that motors have come in. On being asked to a mansion for the night, you motor out with your chauffeur, driving or not as you please, but always accompanied by your man-servant who takes charge of you and your effects wherever you are. You step out at the door, go into tea, your luggage is taken up to your apartment and your clothes laid out. At the stroke of the dressing gong you go to your room, your man gives you what help is necessary and, previous to that, has put on his evening livery and when the dinner gong rings you go in and find him standing behind your chair, and if there are half a dozen gentlemen visiting there are often half a dozen of their own servants waiting at the dinner. In the Life of William Bewick by Thomas Landseer we find the man-servant really appreciated, for he states:

"My Lord's servant, too, was a rare character, also dressed in black with shoulder knots. He was present with other men in livery to wait at table."

The evening dress for sportsmen is a velvet tuxedo, commonly called a smoking jacket, with trousers of the same material, and as often different sportsmen choose attractive colors for their velvet costumes the table is most picturesque with a brown here, a dark gray there, next a bottle green, and then perhaps a black or blue, all set off with silk facings, following the color of the Hunt. These velvet suits are most livable, being very warm, comfortable and lined throughout, including the trousers, with silk.

Dinner is invariably at eight o'clock and lasts with fish and roasts till nine-thirty, when the ladies retire; the gentlemen sit about the table drinking port and smoking, going to the drawing room in a half an hour or so, depending upon how interesting the story of the day's sport holds the listeners.

Hardly anyone hacks to the meets but the hunters are sent on with light riding boys, and by leaving your night's resting place by ten or ten fifteen you arrive at the meet by eleven o'clock; you then mount your hunter, your riding boy gets into the motor, or rides your second horse along the road keeping in touch with the hunt, your motor then goes with the other motors to some village adjoining the last covert probably to be drawn for the day.

This was sometimes difficult to settle upon, but as certain chauffeurs were known to be expert in divining where the hunt would probably end, you would tell your man to follow them. Often, although the hunt was finished eight or ten miles from where you expected, someone had passed the word along, and within thirty minutes the flock of motors was seen coming in the distance.

The riding boys, who had been warm and comfortable in the motors, then took the hunters slowly home, after giving them a good drink of gruel at the neighboring inn, while you slipped on your great coat and generally, within half an hour, were in your warm bath, forgetful of the cold rain and damp air which begin to rise early in the bogs in Ireland, especially at the time when the days are so short.

It is interesting to note how much the motors have done to change the methods of hunting. They have also brought a considerable amount of money to the neighboring villages, for the occupants of thirty or forty motors running into a town must invariably spend some loose change for handkerchiefs, straps, liquid refreshment, and so forth. Then the chauffeurs spend more or less as they wait around.

That day our first draw was Ballinahown, a grand demesne and splendidly arranged estate, the property of "The O'Donoghue" of the clan of that name, the oldest son of whom of course follows the ancient tradition and is called "The O'Donoghue", and in this family he is privileged, as a distinguishing mark, to line his black evening coat with red silk, and by the edict of Queen Victoria the wives of all the Irish chieftains who have the hereditary right to the word "The" before their names, are entitled to the style of Madam in lieu of Mrs. at Court and on all official occasions.

Ballinahown house stands on a gentle rise and is flanked with the usual high walled garden, splendid yard with extensive stabling, farm buildings, a bell to call the laborers to work, and a clock to show the time to all. The house was perfectly kept, the walls about the demesne and all the cottages and stabling being made of stone laid in cement a century ago, when laborers could be procured at fourpence (eight cents) a day, and then the gentry certainly lived in great style, as help was so cheap.

On a wage of eight cents, the laborers existed on what is called stirabout (oatmeal porridge) eaten three times a day with goat's milk and potatoes to help out, and is it any wonder, with possibilities opening on every side in America, where one man was as good as another, and each could earn one dollar fifty cents a day, where the sun shone twenty-eight days out of thirty, while in Ireland it shone only five out of the month, that two-thirds of the population of the Emerald Isle should have come to the land of the free.

Ballinahown coverts yielded nothing; the hounds spoke to a rabbit or two but soon ceased cry at the crack of the whip.

The next draw was The Doons, and rightly is it named,—a long hog-back running far out into the bog, which was very wet and covered with heather. To drain the land ditches have been made all over Ireland, and it is the dirt from the ditches that makes the banks. The ditches drain the soil and are invariably filled with water, and the bogs themselves are full of water holes which make the following of the fox very difficult. Oftentimes the hounds would get into the ditches and holes, although the American hounds pulled themselves out more quickly than the English. The hog-back was well wooded, with a good ride down the centre for fully half a mile.

The Moate country had not been hunted regularly by the Westmeath, and a few years ago was drawn by Assheton Biddulph, who used to come up from near Birr for that purpose, but the previous Master, Mr. Barbour, had taken back the country, and Tom Jenner had hunted The Doons a few times. He said to me, "There are plenty of foxes, but you can't run them and get any satisfaction; we've never had a run in it while I have been hunting here."

It was a wild looking covert, very much like what we have in the States, and I felt that if we could get a fox up, the Grafton hounds would show some sport.

Down at the lower end on the right I saw Scallywag stop and sniff; Simpleton ran to him and worked on a few yards farther; others came up, and then Scallywag cried the line, evidently one made the night before. For half a mile they followed it diligently and then worked up to their fox, for with their broadening cry we knew the fun had commenced. It was just a quarter after two by my watch when they started, and it was three o'clock when we had finished, and this forty-five minutes gave me the opportunity to show to the few gentlemen who were out that the American hounds could follow the line, make their own casts, and not lose their fox, no matter where he might go.

By going up and down the road on the hog-back, we could keep in touch with the sport. What a grand chorus they gave as they ran parallel to us, and through the trees we could see them as they drove like demons! The fox was viewed four or five times, and Tom Jenner was now taking as much interest in the hounds' work as myself. He said:

"Well, did you see them when they came to the farther end when the fox turned right-angled and ran along the edge of the wood? They did not overrun the corner fifty yards! I stood right there, and he came within three yards of me, and in five seconds they were back on the line and fairly racing by me. I have been fox-hunting seventeen years, and I never saw hounds drive a fox like that; they swing back to the line in a twinkling and when one gives a cry they hark to him like lightning."

As the race began to be faster, they were soon pressing the red hard, and now he looped out into the bog on to the heather and dodged back in an endeavor to throw the hounds off the trail, but they clung to the line. At three o'clock they ceased cry down near the edge of the bog, which was so wet that we could not get out on it, and thus were uncertain where they had denned him.

With only forty-five minutes more daylight, as it was the nineteenth of December, we turned for home, but met a man at the edge of the covert who said he had seen a fox go out shortly after I had started the first one, and asked if I would put hounds on the line and see what they could do, although it was thirty minutes old.

Mr. Fetherstonhaugh was also interested to see how they would behave, so I took the pack down towards the edge of the bog where the fox had gone, and in a few seconds they began to honor the line; in a moment or two more they gave cry and ran hard for half a mile, then suddenly ceased.

By taking a chance, I got out on Sir Ritchie and found that they had come to the edge of the bog where the peat cutters had cut the peat and piled it up to dry. The fox had gone on to

this black surface to save himself, knowing right well that hounds could not follow. With only ten minutes of daylight left, and not time enough to take them beyond and find the line, I whistled them to me, but before going back to Portloman that night, I made an appointment to hunt the hounds at twelve o'clock the following Monday, as I wanted, if possible, to account for a fox in that country, where all said it was so difficult to show sport.

CHAPTER XIII.

MY IRISH HOME

CHRISTMAS AT MIDDLETON PARK WITH MR. AND MRS. ARTHUR BOYD ROCHFORT—SHOOTS AT MIDDLETON PARK—INVITED GUESTS FROM ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND—MEET OF THE ENGLISH HOUNDS AT LOUGHNAVALLEY—REFRESHMENTS AT MRS. MAHER'S—MRS. O'DELL HAD A BAD FALL—THE MARQUIS OF HASTINGS—OPENING OF PORTLOMAN HOUSE WITH TWENTY SPORTSMEN AND WOMEN.

CHRISTMAS Eve I spent at Middleton Park, and one away from his own family could never find a more congenial and jolly household than that made up of Mr. and Mrs. Boyd Rochfort, Major and Henry Bayley, Mr. Cecil Rochfort, and "Atty" Persse, with their love of horse, hound, rod, and gun.

Christmas morning we all turned out for service in the little church in the near-by village of Castletown-Geoghegan, the property of the Rochfort family before the land division. We sat in the balcony at the end of the chapel, which was given up to the Rochforts, and as the sun shone through the stained-glass windows, my thoughts went back to the land of the Stars and Stripes and the Christmas mornings in Worcester.

In the afternoon we shouldered our guns and walked about the park, picking up a few pheasants, woodcock, and rabbits which had been left from two or three shoots of the month previous. These shoots are one of the most interesting events on the country gentleman's estates in the United Kingdom and well merit a few pages of explanation.

When visiting Middleton Park in the fall, I had noticed on the drive and the lawn a large number of pheasants which were exceedingly tame, and it was a pleasure to come down to the breakfast room in the morning and see through the window a dozen beautiful cock birds pluming themselves on the balustrade, or hear their rough crow in the rhododendrons in the early morning.

The season begins October 1st, and I went to the first shoot simply as an onlooker and was well repaid by an insight into the English method of driving pheasants and to see the splendid

KING GEORGE V.

One of the crack shots of the world.

The King uses a hammer gun. The picture shows two loaders with two additional guns, which by training they hand to him instantly.

sportsmen shoot, as the crack shots of the United Kingdom are asked here and there as guests, so that the bag of the shoot may be as grand a total as possible. Hence bad shots naturally are not wanted, but a man who can kill his eight out of ten has a full book throughout the season.

Mr. Rochfort, like his father before him, was a splendid shot, and many times throughout the fall had been over to England and Scotland. To this shoot he had asked a number of guests who were equally proficient with the gun, one of whom, young Shirley, with his left arm half gone, was a wonder even with that handicap.

Shirley's father had been breeding retrievers for years and was interested in the Kennel Club Shows in London, and the young man himself had inherited a beautiful place in County Monaghan, where he hunted the fox with a pack of harriers.

Eight, I think, gathered about the festive board the night previous to the shoot, and the next morning the number was augmented by a few county sportsmen who drove up in their motors. Every crack man had his valet, who also carried his cartridges, but not a second gun, as Mr. Rochfort did not allow one. Surely the sport seemed very comfortable as we walked down the beautiful steps on to the avenue where an army of beaters and boys from the neighboring town had gathered.

The park itself was planted, with special reference to shooting, into strips of woodland, and the birds, having been regularly fed there, naturally confined themselves to these localities and so would run down the narrow woods where they had been brought up when the beaters walked after them. These strips when not intersected by rides had openings cut through them, and in these openings the different guns were placed in a line, the various positions being allotted according to the courtesy which was to be extended to the guest.

Mrs. Rochfort, three or four others, and myself watched the sport from the side lines, so to speak. When all was ready, the beaters came towards us, thoroughly beating out the bracken, brush, and undergrowth with their sticks.

About fifty yards between us and the beaters pieces of white paper had been put on sticks a foot from the ground and fifteen paces apart; this was done so that the birds running along the ground before the beaters would be frightened at the paper, take flight, and so give a good shot going over the guns.

It certainly worked to perfection, for in a few moments first one pheasant came down, took off, so to speak, and set sail in the air, only to come down at the left as Mr. McGrath's charge met him. Another one, and Mr. Hudson nailed him! Then came two or three, one of which Mr. Bayley stopped. Half a dozen followed,—two shot coming on, and two as Mr. Shirley and Mr. Rochfort wheeled on them, and the drive was on in earnest.

In a few minutes the beaters appeared. The shooters were now taken to another stand, and after being properly located, another wood was beaten.

After each drive, the bag was collected and laid out on the ground, the beautiful cock birds side by side, the woodcock, of which there are a number at Middleton Park, next in line, and at the end a stray rabbit or two. At none of the Middleton shoots were the hen pheasants shot, but they were allowed to fly by and thus were saved to breed from. Even in the air they were easily distinguished from the cocks by their plain plumage and short tail feathers.

In the three drives, some eighty-five pheasants were shot, a dozen woodcock, and six or eight rabbits, and at each of the four shoots which were held at Middleton Park throughout the fall, about the same number were bagged.

One or two good retrievers were used to collect the runners, and a day or two after each shoot, special pains were taken to beat out the covers, so that any injured birds not picked up at the shoot might be put out of misery.

Truly Middleton Park is a sporting home! Not three miles away is Loughnavalley, northeast and west of which is six miles of as good fox-hunting country as a man ever rode over.

In the bogs to the south are snipe in abundance during the season, and many a day have my friends gone out for three hours to pick up a mixed bag of half a dozen pheasants, a brace or two of snipe, three or four woodcock, and as many rabbits.

The Irish woodcock are a quarter heavier than their American cousins, and the greatest number of "cock" brought to bag in the United Kingdom, if not the world, was on February 1, 1904, in Lord Ardilaun's famous covers at Ashford, County Galway, where two hundred and eleven were killed over six guns; in 1802, Lord Clermont knocked down one hundred and two "cock" single-handed before three o'clock at Farnham, County Cavan, using only a couple of flintlock guns.

I well remember Mr. Bayley and Mr. Rochfort shouldering their guns one evening and stating they were going to try their luck at some duck, and it was not forty-five minutes before they returned with nine.

Everywhere abounds that wonderful hospitality for which Ireland is famous. Drop in any day after a hunt, and before the fire will be found the Irish stew,—warm, fragrant, and delicious; on the side-table cold ham and pheasant and the ever-present tea, with thick cream and toast.

Meets at Middleton Park and the vicinity were all well attended, and no covert was oftener drawn than the dining room, and that never blank. Often have I seen twenty gathered around the table, and an invitation to spend the night there seemed to extend indefinitely, for the next day and the day after you were invariably met with the statement, "You are staying to-night, of course; don't go yet."

The household from Christmas to February 10, was a right merry one, and in the evening the smell of the fragrant peat cut from the bog, together with the smoke of the Havanas and odor of the delicious coffee made an atmosphere which tempted one and all to be cheerful and jovial, making sport of the falls of the day, and figuring what the next day's adventures might be.

December 28 saw the hounds at Loughnavalley, and by special invitation of Mrs. Maher, whose husband while alive had been a strong supporter of the Hunt, we had refreshment at her home, and I had the pleasure of seeing that sweet old lady of the old school.

Fitz Russell, who lived not far away, took charge of the hunt and first put us on an outlying fox which he thought would give us sport. The latter ran like a racehorse for half a mile, when he dodged into a hole in a hedge-row, which no one knew about, and the game was up. Then we went to a neighboring covert which had not held a fox for years, but where Fitz Russell had at last got a young vixen to take up her abode.

Hounds soon gave tongue in covert, and the cub broke across the brook into the open fields. Down we went, only to find there was but one place across the stream, and it was a question of single file. Two or three couple of hounds were racing the fox hard, and Mr. Pollok, guided by Fitz Russell, was blowing his horn merrily to bring the rest into line, we slipped through the brook and had galloped hardly half a mile before Lady Levinge, Mrs. O'Dell, Mr. Pollok on Sherwood, and "Atty" Persse on a well-known Irish Point to Point winner, with Fitz Russell and myself, were out in front.

The latter was the best heavyweight, I believe, I had ever seen,—prompt, decisive, knowing every part of the game, as he had hunted hounds for thirty years in the very same country, and splendidly mounted on a home-bred hunter which only lacked a name or two to be in the Book!

The main body of the pack had now come up, and it was a question whether we could stay with them, for with the recent rains the ground was very deep, and as the cry of the English hounds was very light, they had to be kept in view to be followed.

"Atty" Persse, sitting down into his horse, sent him along as he had in the steeplechases in the States years before. Mrs. O'Dell with a light rein, as a woman rides, was bubbling along in front, and now one and then another rider dashed ahead.

FITZ. RUSSELL, POLO CRACK; "ATTY" PERSSE, THE TRAINER; DUDLEY FETHERSTONHAUGH, A CRACK SHOT.

DIGGING "CHARLEY" OUT.

Just before us was a wide brook. One or two of them were over and Scribbler, in jumping, slid back. I had just time to push off the saddle on to the bank when, with a mighty struggle, he stood beside me. I was on his back in a moment, riding hard, for now the pace was fast and furious.

The wet ground made the footing treacherous, and at the very start of the chase a farmer's horse had slipped in jumping a narrow brook, and dropping his hind-quarters, broke his back. One or two riderless horses were seen, and as I let Scribbler stride along to make up the lost ground, I found that the crack men and women had gone on, leaving a dozen beside another brook, evidently wondering who would be the first to try. Putting the spurs to Scribbler, I pulled him to the right, knowing full well the danger of a tired mount and refusing horses.

He saw the stream glisten before him, took the bit in his teeth, strode at it and over it, and within a field or two we were with the leaders again.

The deep going and the struggle from the brook were slowly telling, however, on the four-year-old, and just as I was saving him a little, there loomed up a stone wall four feet three inches, absolutely straight up. A little pause as each looked for a good place, then Sherwood tipped it, as he kicked back over the ditch into the other field. Fitz Russell was over, but Scribbler, all too eager, boiling at it with a start of only three strides, caught in front and threw me fully ten lengths before him into the field.

As I landed on my head, I felt the steel-lined hunting cap crunch over my hair down to my ears. Jumping to my feet, I ran to my mount, which was lying in the ditch unable to roll himself out, with two or three farmers grabbing at his hind legs, —a most dangerous proceeding for them. Finally I got them working on his front legs, and soon he was on his feet again, only to break away from one of the men and gallop off into the field. I stood there mighty crestfallen when Tom Jenner came

up, and giving chase, brought him back to my side in a minute or two.

Quickly mounting again, a stern chase began, and I passed rider after rider who, strange as it may seem, were perfectly content to jog along in the wake of the others; for after thirty or forty people have been through a country, especially if the lands are wet, there is a regular path trodden, and the jumps are cut down to a third. But these plodders have none of that delicious, excited feeling experienced when you are fighting it out in front with two or three of the best men. It is no child's play for there was danger behind every bank, and it takes a quick eye, a game horse, and one who can come again and not lose his nerve, even after a mistake and a hard fall or two.

No one rode better that day than Persse, who had ridden third in the English Grand National in 1906 on Aunt May, when Ascetic Silver won, and had been offered the mount on Drumcree the year the latter won the great race, but the owner of Marpessa, another entry that year, held him to his promise to ride for him. Any sportsman can imagine the feelings of the valiant Irish crack "Between the Flags" as he worked his way along in the ruck that day, to find that Drumcree had won the blue ribbon of the steeplechase world, and but for the unfortunate desire to keep his word as a gentleman, he might have been on his back and been the recipient of those cheers which are so sweet to the ears of one who had ridden over such a course with the best jumpers in the whole world falling on all sides.

Tired as Scribbler was, his blood and stride again carried him to the front, and when we ran back to the gorse at the end of thirty-eight minutes, he was up in his usual place with the best.

Missing Mrs. O'Dell, I asked Lady Levinge, who had been in the first flight all the way, what had happened. She said that Mrs. O'Dell had had a bad fall just after I had gone down and had been taken to one of the laborer's cottages unconscious.

That day I had my thirty-third fall, and as I write, the verse of Adam Lindsay Gordon comes before me:

"No game was ever worth a rap
For a rational man to play,
Into which no accident, no mishap
Could possibly find its way."

In hunting, accidents will surely happen, for from Tipperary came the sad news that C. J. Stevens, one of the best men there, whose wonderful jump from boreen bank to boreen bank I have written about in my southern tour, had a terrible fall and was not expected to live.

In Limerick County, Tom Harding had a broken arm; at Drew's Court lay Mr. Drew with a badly broken leg; Robert Marshall was walking around with a broken collarbone, and Miss Furnell, I noted by *Irish Life,* had broken a limb. The great Point to Point rider, Jerry Howley, was kept out of the saddle by a hard spill, and from England came the report that that veteran sportsman, Henry Chaplin, whose rose-colored jacket had honored the turf since the sixties, had had a bad fall.

The life of the veteran Henry Chaplin spans back into the middle of the last century, when high life and high play walked, or rather ran, hand in hand, a time when many of the young bloods of Britain, in whose veins ran the bluest blood, walked on the broad highway of sport, only to fall by the roadside choked by the tentacles of vice.

When Chaplin won the Derby with Hermit, it certainly was the last straw that broke the Marquis of Hastings' back, for the latter had been a strong competitor of the former not only on the race course but in the path of love, and after wagering over one hundred thousand pounds against Hermit, he ran away with Chaplin's fiancee only a few months before the race.

"The Druid" sketched the life of the sporting Marquis so vividly that I cannot forbear quoting a part of what he said in the *English Daily News* of November 11, 1868:

THE MARQUIS OF HASTINGS

"The Earl's year has reached a sad climax in the death of its leading actor. 'The Spider and the Fly' drama is ended.

That poor coroneted youth who had crowded into six years more Corinthian excitement and weightier Turf cares than many 'fast men' knew in a lifetime, has laid down the weary load at last.

He was only twenty-six in July and had already frittered away two fine family estates. He worshipped chance with all the ardour of a fanatic. His wits were, he considered, worth to him in the betting ring twenty thousand pounds a year, and he sometimes treaded his way through the mazes of trials and public running with all the sagacity of a wizard.

His public coups were often so brilliant that it was hardly to be wondered at that he believed in his own destiny and at his power to break the ring.

It mattered nothing to him whether the draining or other improvements on his Donnington estate were stopped, if he only got fresh supplies for another Newmarket campaign.

The ring on the other hand had marked him for their own and never left him. They would cluster beneath the Jockey Club Balcony at Epsom holding up their hands to claim his attention and catching at his replies like a flock of hungry hawks.

There he stood smiling at the wild tumult below, wearing his hat jauntily on one side, a red flower in his button-hole, with his colors around his neck, perfectly cool and unruffled while 'the talent' made his horse a hot favorite at once and a few slipped back to the ring to follow his lead.

The Marquis's taste for the Turf was not a hereditary one. His father's heart was with horn and hound. He loved to halloo 'the red rascal' over the rides far better than to watch the Leger horses close up round the red-house turn.

The Monday after the terrible loss on Hermit his bankers and solicitors had been consulted and the whole of the Marquis's losings were found for him, but the fair lands of Loudoun passed from his hands for ever.

At Ascot his lucky star arose once more. Lady Elizabeth and Lecturer were both in form and his Lordship kept backing them and piling on the winnings again by a sort of geometric progression, gambling till he had won nearly half 'his ain again.'

It is now the turn for reverses and the Middle Park Plate brought him back again to the same 'agony point' in finance as when he saw the 'all rose' handed home for the Derby.

A weary winter followed. He was so driven from pillar to post by money troubles and creditors that he lost his interest in Turf matters and his head for calculation with it.

He went abroad that summer in his yacht but no northern breeze could fan him back his health. The first of October he was on Newmarket heath in a basket carriage, and at Doncaster he did not go beyond 'a pony' or two. 'Mind, I'm to have this paid', said one vulgar ring-man when he booked it to him; and after that week they saw him no more.

Nearly seven seasons had passed by since he first came, a lad of nineteen, fresh from Eton to Newmarket, and he left it a shattered man only to die.

A few friends dared to hope that he might come back after a winter's sojourning with his wife on the Nile and live quietly in his old country home and train foals by The Duke and Lecturer.

It was not to be. 'All the wheels were down' and now the fourth and last Marquis of Hastings lives only in a race-course story."

As you read these reports given here of accidents on all sides, for a few minutes at the covert side a spirit of caution enters your mind, but the moment hounds cry, then the love of the daring dash takes command, and with a pulsating thoroughbred beneath you, you fight for the front again.

That night saw the opening of Portloman House, which with its splendid bathrooms, ample hot water, and heating arrangements, made it by far the most comfortable quarters in Westmeath.

Wishing to honor properly the old mansion which had been closed for seventy years, I had written to America and had received, the last of December, a shipment of delicious confectionery from New York by courtesy of that good sportsman, Mr. Meredith; Rokeby hams from Virginia; and Deerfoot sausages from Massachusetts. I arranged a menu of the above together with chicken a la Maryland, golden plover, Irish oysters, cigars from Havana, and grape fruit from Florida, which I thought would tempt the palates of the cheery hunting men and women round about.

Lord and Lady Longford could not come, as they were in England, but twenty made up a happy party who sat down at the festive board where Lord de Blacquiere had entertained the Duke of Richmond and Arthur Wellesley, later the Duke of Wellington, over a century before.

They were loud in their praises of the viands and the efforts of my colored cook; and between the courses Wheeler, my trainer, charmed them with his beautiful double-note whistle, and time and time again the colored quartette would sing and all hands join in the chorus. Finally, after coffee, the table was moved and the rugs withdrawn, and such step dancing as only a Southern darkie can give was shown to those assembled.

It was the most beautiful night I could imagine, the moon in its first quarter shining out over Lough Owel directly into Portloman. Surely the old mansion had every blessing that nature might bestow upon it at its christening after so many years of loneliness.

Harry Worcester Smith

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December 22, 1925

Miss Ruth S. Grannis,
Librarian, The Grolier Club,
47 East 16th Street,
New York City.

Dear Miss Grannis:

As promised, I am enclosing you, carefully packed, my sporting bookplate in two sizes by Sidney L. Smith and description by Alfred Fowler.

I am ordering forward the two volumes of my "Sporting Tour" as per prospectus enclosed. In the second volume, page 314, you will find in chapter XX a number of pages on books and prints and devoted principally to Kaehnsdorf's bindery. This chapter might make the work eligible for The Grolier Club.

I will send you a list in a day or two of the subscribers which shows that the sets put aside for America have all been taken, and up to date there are only 35 or 40 of those reserved for England left.

I expect to be in New York on Monday and will drop in to see the Gosden exhibition.

Very truly yours,

Harry Walter Smith.